

April, 1911.

Price 6d.

The QUIVER



**Grandpa's still on the
Census form**



**and if you had as much census he
has, you would all take**

BEECHAM'S PILLS



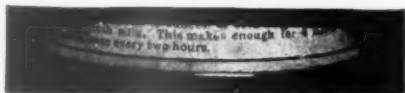


By means of
Mellin's Food

the difficulty which infants generally find in digesting cow's milk alone is entirely overcome.

FREE. We have told you already how Mellin's Food is starch-free, how it nourishes a baby from birth, how, when mixed with fresh milk, it is an exact substitute for mother's milk. Free sample on receipt of 2d. for postage. Apply, Sample Department, Mellin's Food, Limited, Peckham.

Mellin's Food



"THE CARE OF INFANTS," a work of 96 pages, dealing with the feeding and rearing of infants from birth, will be sent free on receipt of 2d. for postage.

"HINTS ON WEANING," a work of 64 pages, treating of the care of infants during and after weaning, with recipes for simple diets, will be sent, post free, to those who have charge of young infants, on application to MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, PECKHAM, LONDON, S.E.

One Shilling

will feed and clothe

One Child

for

One Day

The Orphan
Working
School and
Alexandra
Orphanage at
Haverstock
Hill, London,

N.W., provides a Home and Education for 500 Fatherless Children.

Will you kindly help this good work, which has been carried on by the Charity for over 150 years? How many of these children will you feed and clothe for a day or more?

**I shall be most grateful
for your gifts.**

ALEXANDER GRANT,
Secretary.

Office:—
73, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

THE LONDON

City Missionary is a Friend in the Homes of the People, where he daily expounds the Word of God to all and sundry who are outside the Churches of this great

CITY

HOUSE-TO-HOUSE VISITATION of this kind is one of the very best and most fruitful means of reaching the hearts of the people, and for 75 years has been the distinctive feature of the

MISSION.

**410 Missionaries
now employed.**

**FUNDS MUCH
NEEDED.**

Treasurer—
F. A. BEVAN, Esq.
Secretaries—
Rev. T. S. HUTCHINSON,
M.A.,
Rev. MARTIN ARSTEV,
M.A., B.D.
Bankers—
BARCLAY & CO., LTD.

Office: 3, BRIDWELL PLACE, LONDON, E.C.



"THE BIBLE IN THE HOME."

THE QUIVER



Dr. R. Maroche, M.D., B.S.C.

"The accuracy with which he depicted my life, facts known only to myself, leaves me somewhat perplexed."

Capt. A. R. Walker, R.E.—"He told me of events my most intimate friends could not be cognizant of, and things are happening exactly as he foretold, in spite of the fact that he has never seen me."

Rub some stove black or ink on the thumbs, press them on paper; send, with birth date and time (if known), a P.O. for 1s. for cost of chart, etc., to be sent you, and stamped envelope. I will give you a **FREE READING OF YOUR LIFE** from chart, to advertise my success.

PROF. Z. T. ZAZRA, 90, New Bond St., LONDON, W.

A Professional Man writes:—**YOU**

ASTONISH & HELP

Page XXXV is at the end of this Magazine :

Turn to it



I'm the only man in the world who sells brand new **SWIFT, HUMBER, COVENTRY-CHALLENGE, TRIUMPH, PREMIER, PROGRESS, ROVER, REMINGTON, CENTAUR, SINGER, QUADRANT**, and other Cycles at 5/- monthly. **Twelve Years' Guarantee** given. Strictest privacy assured. **HIGH GRADE COVENTRY CYCLES** From £3 10s. cash.

Sent on Approval, **W.R.I.E FOR LISTS.**

Edw. O'Brien, Ltd.

The World's Largest Cycle Dealer, (Dept. 172), COVENTRY.

W. HARBROW, Iron Building Works, S. BERMONDSEY STATION, S.E.

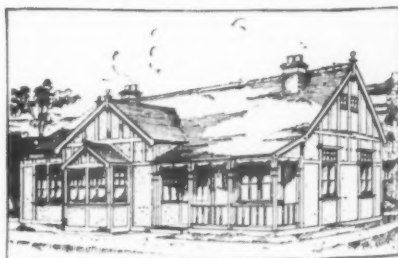
Telegrams—"Economical, London."

Telephone—Hop 17.

Design 139a.

BUNGALOW, containing Drawing Room, Dining Room, Three Bedrooms, and usual Offices. Constructed of timber framework, roofing red diagonal asbestos tiles, walls "Rough Cast" plastering.

Price £280, including foundations, chimneys, and fittings.



Design 328.

BILLIARD ROOM, 26 ft. by 20 ft., with verandah. Constructed of timber framework, lined internally with match boarding, painted rusticated boarding to external walls, and galvanised iron roof with Lantern Light.

Price £100, erected complete upon purchaser's foundations.

100 PAGE CATALOGUE of Churches, Chapels, Mission Halls, Bungalows, Cottages, Billiard Rooms, Stables, Sanatoria Stores, Club Rooms, Farm Buildings, Sheds, Gymnasiums, Aeroplane and Motor Garage, Skating Rinks, and Electric Theatres, &c., **POST FREE** on mentioning this Publication.

SPECIAL EXPORT CATALOGUE.

SCHEMES AND ESTIMATES SUBMITTED FOR CORONATION STANDS.



I OFFER YOU HEALTH BY POST

I have made arrangements to utilise the Postal Organisation throughout the world to spread my invaluable Health Knowledge to the ill or 'unfit' wherever they live.

I will send gratis and Post Free a full description of my Medicineless Treatment, which is working such Marvellous Cures in all manner of cases where everything else has failed.

My plans for bringing within reach of all the knowledge of how they may cure their illness entirely by Natural Means, without a single dose of Medicine, and for affording sufferers the means of regaining perfect Health, are so thoroughly organised that all who are ill or ailing, whether they reside in London or the Provinces, anywhere in the United Kingdom, in the Colonies, or abroad, can not only learn free of cost how they may cure



their complaints and improve their health, but can take the treatment in their own homes, wherever they live. By means of twenty-four Books (titles given below) I have covered separately the illnesses and conditions in which my Treatment is so successful, so that each inquirer, without any unnecessary expense of time, may receive a careful explanation of his or her health trouble, and learn how my treatment would be applied.

A BOOK AND A PERSONAL LETTER OF ADVICE FREE.

Choose whichever of the Books you require from the List below.

- | | | |
|-------------------------------|--|--|
| 1. Indigestion and Dyspepsia | 10. Rheumatism and Gout | 17. Circulatory Disorders |
| 2. Constipation and its Cure | 11. Anæmia: Its Cause and Cure | 18. Skin Disorders |
| 3. Liver Troubles | 12. Kidney Disorders: Functional and Chronic | 19. Physical Development for Men |
| 4. Nervous Disorders in Men | 13. Lack of Vigour | 20. Everyday Health |
| 5. Nervous Disorders in Women | 14. Physical Deformities in Men | 21. Boys' and Girls' Health and Ailments |
| 6. Obesity in Men | 15. Physical Deformities in Women | 22. Figure Culture for Women |
| 7. Obesity in Women | 16. Functional Defects in Speech | 23. Insomnia |
| 8. Heart Affections | | 24. Neurasthenia |
| 9. Lung and Chest Complaints | | |

Wherever you live you can secure, without cost or obligation, my valuable Health Advice by filling in and forwarding the Form below.

Post to EUGEN SANDOW, 32, St. James's Street, London, S.W.

Please send me gratis and post free Vol. No. in Sandow's Health Library, together with an opinion upon my case.

Name
(Please say whether Mr., Mrs., Miss, Rev., or other Title.)

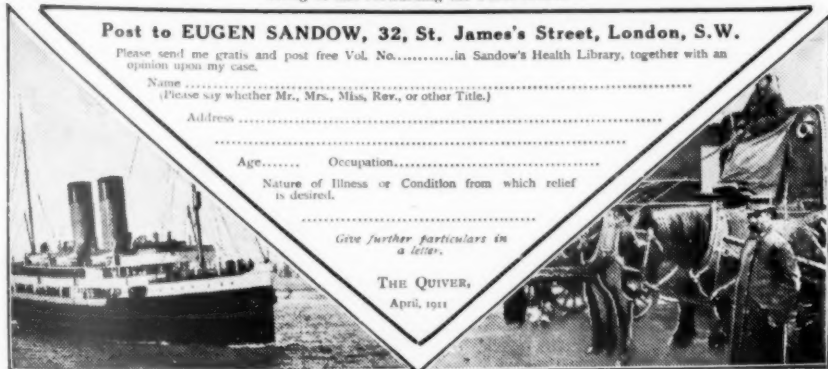
Address

Age..... Occupation.....

Nature of Illness or Condition from which relief is desired.

Give further particulars in a letter.

THE QUIVER,
April, 1911





"HARLENE HAIR-DRILL"

GREAT CORONATION OFFER.

A Crown for Every British Subject Free.

Mr. Edwards' first step in this great Coronation Offer is to send free supplies of his famous preparation, "Harlene," to every person who desires this crowning glory, a luxuriant, healthy head of hair.

This is the great Coronation offer made by the world-famous hair specialist, Mr. Edwards, of "Harlene Hair-Drill" Fame.

No matter what the present condition of your hair may be, no matter how thin or weak, or how worried you may be with scalp trouble, such as scurf, dandruff, greasiness, etc., this promise of a crown is made to you.

Every person who desires to acquire the personal crown has only to fill in and forward as directed the free gift coupon below to receive in return a full supply of the necessary preparations for the cultivation of hair growth. Not only will a supply of "Harlene" be sent, but also a box of the delightful shampoo powder, "Cremex," for the cleansing of the head. There will also be sent an interesting manual of instructions on the "Harlene Hair-Drill" method.

This is the Coronation Year Gift made by the proprietor of the world-famous specific "Harlene," and the inventor of "Harlene Hair-Drill." Is it not more than sufficient to induce you to begin at once to cultivate a new growth of hair by securing the necessary preparations now offered gratis?

One has only to examine the tell-tale brush or comb to realise that hair trouble has set in. Those few hairs in the teeth of the comb and in the meshes of the brush prove conclusively that the hair is beginning to thin and needs immediate attention.

The "Harlene Hair-Drill" method will and does grow hair. Not only does it grow hair on those places from whence it has fallen, but it strengthens the remaining

hair, and by systematic application will turn dull, fading locks to their natural fresh, full-coloured condition.

The gifts that the inventor of "Harlene Hair-Drill" makes in order to assist you to secure your crown are:

1. A special supply of the world-famous hair-grower and scalp tonic, "Harlene," the preparation that does actually grow hair in splendidly abundant masses.

2. A supply of "Cremex," a delightful shampoo powder, the use of which clears the hair of all loose scurfy matter, dandruff, dust, dirt, etc., and prepares the scalp for the practice of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

3. An interesting book which tells you just what to do in order to grow strong, healthy hair. This book is of the utmost interest, for no matter what your particular hair trouble may be, the method of ridding yourself of the same is clearly indicated.

It is sufficient, in order to secure this gift, to fill in the coupon given below, and to post to the address indicated. With each application must be enclosed three penny

stamps to cover the actual cost of postage on the parcel.

For the convenience of readers it may be mentioned that further supplies of "Harlene" are obtainable of all chemists and stores in bottles at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d., and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders, in boxes of six, at 1s. per box, or direct from the proprietors on receipt of P.O. addressed to the Edwards' Harlene Co., 95-96, High Holborn, London, W.C.



A GREAT CORONATION COMPETITION WITH £500 CASH PRIZES.

LADIES—1st Prize, £50; 2nd Prize, £25; 20 Prizes of £1 each; 200 of 10s. each.

GENTS—1st Prize, £50; 2nd Prize, £25; 20 Prizes of £1 each; 200 of 10s. each.

CHILDREN'S SECTION.

GIRLS—1st Prize, £25; 2nd Prize, £10; 10 Prizes of £1 each; 20 Consolation Prizes of 10s. each.

BOYS—1st Prize, £25; 2nd Prize, £10; 10 Prizes of £1 each; 20 Consolation Prizes of 10s. each.

Full particulars of this competition can be obtained from your chemist; direct from Edwards' Harlene Co., on receipt of stamped envelope, or same are enclosed with every sample outfit.

**THIS COUPON
ENTITLES
YOU TO THE
FREE TRIAL
OUTFIT.**

FREE TRIAL OUTFIT COUPON.

This Coupon entitles its Holder to a Free Outfit for Increasing the Beauty and Growth of the Hair.

To the EDWARDS' HARLENE CO., 95-96, High Holborn, London, W.C.
Kindly send me one of the Toilet Outfits as per your offer in above article. I enclose 3d. in stamps to cover the postal charges to any part of the world.

Name.....

Address.....

THE QUIVER, April, 1911.

**FILL IN
AND
SEND
THIS COUPON
TO-DAY.**

THE QUIVER

THE PEN THAT NEVER NEEDS "COAXING"!

THE SWAN

Every "SWAN" contains to perfection the two essentials necessary to a perfect pen—gold nib and feed.

Mabie, Todd & Co.'s gold pens were famous before fountain pens were made, and they are still recognised as being the foremost for durability and finish. They will easily last a lifetime, accidents barred. Styles to suit every hand.

The DOUBLE FEED ensures perfect flow, no shaking to start, no leaking. Just put pen to paper and write. With gold pen and ink flow perfect, holder symmetrical, beautifully balanced and finished, the "SWAN" has no equal.

Prices from 10/6.

Sold by all Stationers and Jewellers. Write for Catalogue, Post Free.

MABIE, TODD & CO., 79 & 80, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Branches: 93, Cheapside, E.C.; 95A, Regent Street, W.; 3, Exchange Street, Manchester; 10, Rue Neuve, Brussels; Brentano's, 27, Ave. de l'Opera, Paris, and at New York, Chicago, Toronto, and Sydney.



USE "SWAN" INKS.



"EMPIRE" or STERLING SILVER PLATE SPOONS, FORKS, AND TABLE SERVICES

"EMPIRE" PLATE is treble plated on pure Nickel Silver. The patterns are reproductions from the old Silver models, and have all the beauty of line and form of the Silver of 150 years ago; apart from the Hall Mark, no difference is visible.

"EMPIRE" PLATE, owing to improved methods, is the most economical fine quality plated ware, as it keeps its original colour and appearance after many years of exceptionally hard service.

The prices are, quality considered, strictly Moderate, either for Cash, or on "The Times" system of MONTHLY PAYMENTS.



"THE VILLA" Solid Oak Case, with Lift-out Trays, containing 110 pieces of "Empire" Plate and Sheffield Cutlery. From £12 10s.

FULLY ILLUSTRATED AND PRICED BOOKS sent Post Free.

No. 1, Watches, Self-Fitting Bracelets, and Jewellery, Rings (with size card), &c.

No. 2, Clocks, "Empire" Plate, Sterling Silver for Household Use, and Pretty yet Inexpensive Presents, Travelling Cases, &c.

J. W. BENSON, Ltd., 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

And 25, OLD BOND STREET, W.

TATCHO'S ASTONISHING OFFER.

THE GREATEST FREE GIFT OFFER EVER MADE!

To every reader of "The Quiver" will be presented a King Edward Model Tatcho Hair-Health Brush—the acme of scientific perfection.

The response to the unprecedented offer contained in the Tatcho announcement which appeared in last month's issue of THE QUIVER was overwhelming.

Applications for the King Edward Model Tatcho Hair-Health Brush, which is being presented free to users of Tatcho, the hair grower, discovered, used, advertised, and originally gratuitously distributed by Mr. Geo. R. Sims, teemed in by every mail from every part of the country and from all classes.

The offer of the Tatcho Hair-Health Brush—a brush that is the acme of scientific perfection—is still open to readers of THE QUIVER who decide to become users of the hair-grower—Tatcho.

Why, it may be asked, should those who preside over the destinies of the hair-grower present its users with so valuable a brush, positively free of charge?

There are two reasons.

First: the Tatcho Hair-Health Brush is an ally of Tatcho. You will understand why this is so if you examine your old-style hair-brush, packed with masses of germ-laden scurf, which cannot be dislodged, germs which are brushed back to the hair each time the old-style brush is used.

Though Tatcho is a hair-grower, hair-preserver, and hair-beautifier of very remarkable powers, its curative properties are handicapped when the old-style germ-laden brush is used.

With the King Edward Model Tatcho Hair-Health Brush, the hair and scalp can be sweetly clean. By simply drawing the thumb across the bristles, which are set on a pneumatic air-pad, all impurities brushed from the scalp jump from the vibrating bristles, leaving the brush sweetly clean for another time.

The second reason why the Tatcho Hair-Health Brush is presented free to users of the hair grower is that for five long years this valuable brush remains on the dressing-table of the thousands who make application for the brush, thus providing an unique reminder of Tatcho.

Every day on your dressing-table—twice or thrice a day—for years, you avail yourself of its soothing, health-tingling action.

During all this time it is a constant reminder of the good of Tatcho—a silent rebuke if your hair needs Tatcho, and you can always tell when Tatcho is needed.

The Tatcho Hair-Health Brush prepares the hair and scalp for the administration of Tatcho. The hair is then assiduously brushed, and a health flush, a glorious sense of tingling vitality suffuses the scalp,

and Tatcho, unhampered by moribund or partly destroyed germs, and other injurious flotsam, does its great work of preserving, beautifying, and cultivating the hair.

TO OBTAIN THE FREE BRUSH

There is but one condition laid upon the gift of this Tatcho Hair-Health Brush. That condition is that you become a user of Tatcho, the true hair-grower.

FREE

To Users of
TATCHO
Mr. Geo. R. Sims'
Genuine, Good
True
Hair-Grower.



Mr. Geo. R. Sims.

You do not know what luxury there is in brush-tugging until you have used the Tatcho Hair-Health Brush, with its soothing, health-tingling action. It is the only brush that can be kept sweetly clean, all dandruff and other impurities brushed from the hair being instantly dispersed by simply drawing the hand across the bristles—a Hair-Health Hair-Brush indeed!

the true hair-grower. All you have to do is to cut out and post the coupon below to the Chief Chemist, Tatcho Laboratories, 5, Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, accompanied by a postal order value 3s. 1d. This is 2s. 9d. for the bottle of Tatcho, plus 4d. for postage.

If you prefer to test the superlative merits of Tatcho before purchasing a full-size 2s. 9d. bottle, ask your chemist to supply you with a 1s. bottle. Preserve the carton in which the 1s. bottle is contained, and when you have four of these cartons mail them to the Tatcho Laboratories, and a Hair-Health Brush will be sent to you per return, post free.

By availing yourself of this unique offer you will enlist the services of the strongest hair-health combination in the world, that is, the true, genuine, and proved hair-food—Tatcho itself—assisted by its ally, the Tatcho Hair-Health Brush.

This is an honest advertisement. It is so because

Tatcho is honest. The very meaning of the Roman word "Tatcho," chosen by Mr. Geo. R. Sims, the discoverer of Tatcho, means "true," "honest," "genuine." In keeping, therefore, with a true and genuine and honest article, such as Tatcho, this unique offer is a true, genuine, and honest offer. This is why the fact is emphasised, this is

AN HONEST ADVERTISEMENT

FREE BRUSH COUPON.

One brush only will be supplied to each user.

THIS COUPON entitles the holder who desires to benefit by Mr. Geo. R. Sims' discovery of Tatcho (the true Hair-Grower) to One Patent Hair-Health Brush FREE OF ALL CHARGE, in terms of the special announcement set forth in the April issue of THE QUIVER.

The Geo. R. Sims
Hair Restorer Co.

Growing Children

develop sturdy bodies and clever brains when reared upon proper food.

One child, properly nourished, will grow to splendid manhood—strong and rugged as a young oak ; another, carelessly fed, is handicapped through life.

A child's future depends largely upon the mother's careful selection of its food.



Grape=Nuts

is a scientific food, contains the vitalizing elements in wheat and barley, so prepared as to supply true nourishment for the child's rapidly developing body and brain.

This nourishment is derived solely from Nature's laboratory—the grain-fields—thus it is Nature's gift to mothers for the highest development of growing children.

"There's a Reason"

The Grape-Nuts Co., Ltd., 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

A New Invention—Free

To introduce our wonderful Dry Shampoo, ICILMA HAIR POWDER, which cleanses the hair without wetting, without trouble, and without danger, we are including one full-size packet in every free sample outfit of Icilma Toilet Preparations—for a short time only.

Icilma Hair Powder is simplicity itself—a small quantity is applied with spray or powder-puff and then brushed out—that is all. This removes dust, grease, or grime, and leaves the hair beautifully clean, fresh, and silky. Quite harmless and quite cheap.

Icilma Hair Powder

2d. per pkt. Large Box, 1/6. Spray, 1/-

FREE OUTFIT The box containing one 2d. Icilma Hair Powder for Dry Shampoo, one 2d. Icilma Shampoo Sachet for Wet Shampoo, Icilma Fluor Cream, the face cream without grease, Tooth Powder, Soap, etc., is sent free on receipt of 3d. stamps to pay postage and packing.

ICILMA CO., LTD., (Dept. 72), 14a, ROSEBERY AVENUE, LONDON, E.C.

Colonial Depots—Australia: 13, York Street, Sydney, N.S.W. New Zealand: St. George's Buildings, Brandon Street, Wellington. Canada: 544, Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.



FATE

THE
STARS
TELL
YOU.

6,000 TESTIMONIALS.

I will send a **TEST HOROSCOPE** comprising seven pages and cover on receipt of 1/- P.O. and 1d. stamp for postage. Simply give date, month, and year of birth—time if known. Mr. Newton Verity (C.A.) 58, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

NO LANCING OR CUTTING



Required if you use the world-renowned **BURGESS' LION OINTMENT.**

It has saved many a limb from the knife. Cured others after being given up by Hospitals. The BEST REMEDY for WOUNDS and all SKIN DISEASES. A CERTAIN CURE for ULCERS, TUMOURS, ABSCESSSES, ECZEMA, &c.

Thousands of Testimonials from all Parts. Sold by all Chemists, 7d., 1/4, &c., per box, or post free for P.O. from Proprietor, E. BURGESS, 89, Gray's Inn Road, London. Advice gratis.

Time will make your writing blacker if you use Onoto Ink.

Unlike ordinary ink, it cannot fade, but gets blacker the older the writing is.

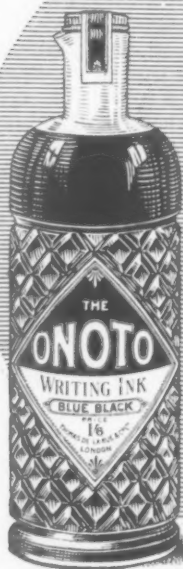
Onoto Ink is so good because of the way it is made. Here is the science story.

The actual ink is colourless, until the colouring matter is added. But this added colouring matter is only needed to let you see what you write. The permanent and rich black colour is due to a change brought about by the air in the colourless ink, which age keeps turning blacker.

It is the clearest, cleanest ink to use—and will not corrode or spoil your pen. Ask your stationer or store for

Onoto Writing Ink (Blue-Black).
Onoto Writing Ink (Black).
Onoto Writing Ink (Red).
Onoto Copying Ink (Blue-Black).
Onoto Copying Ink (Black).

In bottles, 6d., 1/-,
1/6 and 2/- each.



Onoto Ink

THE QUIVER



From top to bottom of a House

Hall's Distemper is the quickest, cleanest and most healthful form of decoration, as well as the one which conforms most to the requirements of modern fashion and good taste.

Hall's ^{Sanitary Washable} Distemper

(Trade Mark)

makes beautiful washable walls.

It is applied with a white-wash brush, disinfected, and destroys all microbes, dries like flat paint, and sets hard as cement. It contains no lead and therefore does not discolour or turn black, nor crack, scale or peel off.

Made in two qualities for inside and outside work; sold and used by decorators everywhere.

Write to-day for sample, shade card and beautifully illustrated pamphlet, "How to Decorate Your Home," shewing, in colours, how to artistically decorate every room of the house. Sent post free from the Sole Manufacturers:—

SISSONS BROTHERS & CO., Ltd., HULL.

London Office—190^B, Borough High Street, S.E.

STAMMERING CURED.

Personally or by correspondence the "NORMAL SYSTEM" will give a permanent cure. Resident pupils received. Boys educated during treatment.

Full particulars on application.

Principal—HAILSHAM COLLEGE, SUSSEX.



A SEWING MACHINE FOR 6/6

Patronised by H.M. the Empress of Russia.

This Machine has an established reputation for doing good work speedily and easily on thick or thin materials. No experience necessary. Sent in wooden box, Carriage Paid, for 7/6. Extra needles, 6d. per packet. Write for press opinions and testimonials, or call and see the Machine at work.

(PATENTED.)

SEWING MACHINE CO. (Desk 10),

32 & 33, Brooke Street, Holborn, LONDON, E.C.

5/-
'Jewel' Pen

THE 'JEWEL' PEN IS DIFFERENT

to other Fountain Pens in this respect, that whilst it will do the work that is claimed for high-priced pens, and do it well, it costs only 5/-

DON'T FORGET A 'JEWEL' FOR 5/-

Of all Stationers or post free from sole makers:

JEWEL PEN CO., (Dept 102),
102, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.



MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT

"Uses PROCTOR'S Pineyptus Pastilles with great success for Throat, Voice and Chest, and recommends her friends to use them."

PROCTOR'S PINEYPTUS PASTILLES
(Broncho-Laryngeal).

For
**CHEST,
THROAT,
VOICE,**



For
**ASTHMA,
COUGH,
CATARRH.**

A BOON TO SINGERS, SPEAKERS, TEACHERS, &c.
Sold by Chemists and Stores, only in Boxes, 1/- and 2/6.
Based on having "Pineyptus."

STEPHENSON'S
WILL CLEANSE, POLISH, PRESERVE, DISINFECT & BEAUTIFY EFFECTUALLY ALL
FLOOR
OAK & STAINED FLOORS, LINOLEUM, OIL CLOTH &c. AS NOTHING ELSE CAN
POLISH
STEPHENSON BROS. LTD. BRADFORD

DOOM of the PILL
Carna
SALTS TABLETS

If I were really very ill,
And asked to take the nicest pill,
I fear I'd have to sadly frown,
And say "I could not get it down."

CARNA SALTS TABLETS have come to the relief of those who dislike taking Pills. They can be dissolved in a cup of tea, coffee, cocoa, or hot water, and being tasteless, they will not spoil the flavour.

CARNA SALTS TABLETS are a purgative and a tonic, not a purgative. They purify the system but do not strain the organs.

CARNA SALTS TABLETS are especially good in cases of Indigestion, Constipation, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Giddiness and Nervousness. They are absolutely harmless.

CARNA SALTS TABLETS are a Blood Purifier, and when it is remembered that the blood traverses every organ of the body, it will be seen that the benefits they confer must be priceless.

CARNA SALTS TABLETS give you a BRIGHT, BUOYANT FEELING.

IN BOXES, 1s.

Of all Chemists, or post free of
CARNA MANUFACTURING CO., Ltd., 110, Strand, London, W.C.

Her best friend -
There's no friend like an old friend
Dr. MACKENZIE'S
SMELLING BOTTLE
IS A VERITABLE BOON
IN CASES OF
HEADACHE, CATARRH,
Cold in the Head,
DIZZINESS, and FAINTNESS.
TRY ONE. Of all Chemists. Price 1s.
or post free, 14 stamps, to the United Kingdom.
TUNBRIDGE & WRIGHT, READING.

SALMON & ODY'S
FAMOUS ELASTIC HOSE.

PERFECT FITTING & MOST DURABLE

STOCKINGS, LEGGINGS, KNEE-CAPS, ANKLETS, &c., WITH SEAMS, SEAMLESS AND TO LACE.

INVENTORS AND PATENTEES OF THE FAMOUS
SELF-ADJUSTING TRUSSES.

FEMALE ATTENDANT FOR LADIES.

EST. OVER 100 YEARS.

SALMON & ODY, 164, STRAND, W.C.

TEL. 14947 CENTRAL.

WRITE FOR LIST F.

AND BOMBAY, INDIA.





The Woman of To-day

Leads a busier life and has far more strain on her physical resources than a generation ago, and is therefore more often liable to get run down, sluggish and constipated.

When such a condition occurs a gentle laxative is needed to free the clogged-up organs and stimulate their action, and the safest remedy—the one which millions use and which the highest medical authorities have always approved—is

CALIFORNIA SYRUP of FIGS

"NATURE'S PLEASANT LAXATIVE."

It neither purges nor strains the system, but acting quietly, cleanses, soothes and strengthens the organs at fault and restores the whole system quickly to its proper working state.

Of All Chemists, $1/1\frac{1}{2}$ and $1/9$.

You must ask for California Syrup of Figs.



DON'T WEAR A TRUSS!



Brooks' Appliance is a new scientific discovery with automatic air cushions that draw the broken parts together, and bind them as you would a broken limb. It absolutely holds firmly and comfortably, and never slips. Always light and cool, and conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting. I make it to your measure, and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and I have put my price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. Remember, I make it to your order—send it to you—you wear it—and if it doesn't satisfy you, send it back to me, and I will refund your money. That is the way I do business—always, absolutely on the square—and I have sold to thousands of people this way for the past ten years. Remember, I use no salves, no harness, no lies, no takes. I just give you a straight business deal at a reasonable price. Write at once for my Illustrated Booklet.

C. E. BROOKS, 80, Bank Buildings, Kingsway, LONDON, W.C.

EVERY BRAINWORKER

(MAN OR WOMAN)

Should Eat Freely of

REYNOLDS' WHEATMEAL BREAD.



Rich in Brain Food.
Palatable and Easily Digested.

75 GOLD MEDALS.

From Bakers and Grocers.

J. REYNOLDS & CO.,
53, Albert Mills, Gloucester.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1 1/2 2s 6 & 4s.

“ ”



STANDS FOR

PLASTICINE

HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE.

The Nursery Favourite. A Grand Playing for a Wet Day. Child's Delight Box, Post Free, 1/3.

WM. HARBUTT, A.R.C.A., 27, Bathampton, Bath.

DEAF or BLIND



The IRON METHOD WITHOUT OPERATION effects marvellous cures in Eye and Ear Diseases, both those in its varied forms, Noise in the Head and Ears, Ear Discharges, etc. Write for testimonials and printed form of questions to be answered, sent free. Mr. IRON, Oculist and Aurist, Iron's Eye and Ear Dispensary, Ltd., 71, Gt George St., Leeds (Established 1871.)

Will not turn black or rub off. Has been sold for thirty years, and is STILL THE BEST.

ARDENBRITE LIQUID GOLD,

for decorating Chairs, Frames, Fenders, Gas Brackets, Hot Water Radiators, Figures, Cornices.

Sample sent free on request.
T. PAVITT & SONS, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.

KITCHEN PESTS.

Black Beetles scientifically exterminated by the UNION COCKROACH PASTE. Guaranteed by E. Howarth, Esq., F.R.S.

Cleared the Sheffield Union Workhouse after all other preparations had failed. These insects had invaded the bedrooms, mingled with the food, and the Government Inspector suggested the buildings should be pulled down. The Inspector and Guardians surprised at marvellous result. 13, 23, 46. Post Free, with interesting particulars.



J. P. HEWITT, 68, Division Street, SHEFFIELD.

OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT.

Persons wishing to receive full value should apply to the actual manufacturers, Messrs. E. & A. Browning, instead of to provincial buyers. If forwarded by post, value per return, or offer made. Chief Offices: 63, Oxford Street, London. Est. 100 years.

LETTERS COPIED WHILE WRITING

By using your own Letter Paper, Invoices, etc., with the

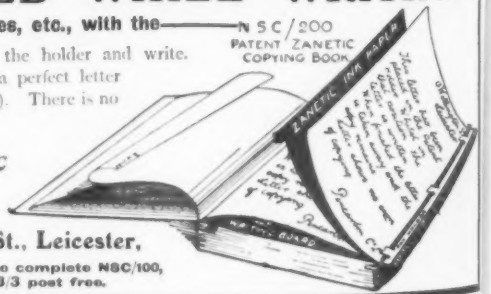
N S C / 200
PATENT ZANETIC
COPYING BOOK

You simply insert your writing paper in the holder and write. Whereupon you secure by the act of writing a perfect letter and a perfect copy (which remains in the book). There is no sign of copying, no perforated edge.

Sample of the CELEBRATED ZANETIC PAPER which produces this result, free from

Q. ZANETIC, 13, Wellington St., Leicester,

If stamped addressed envelope enclosed. One complete N S C / 200, copying 200 full size 10 x 5 in. letter, for 3/3 post free.



THE QUIVER

24th ANNUAL CLEARANCE SALE.



Greenhouses, from 45/-



Complete Incubators, 22/6



Cucumber Frames, from 13/6



Portable Huts, 32/6



Iron Buildings, £5



Poultry Houses, from 10/-



Dog Kennels, 7/6



Rustic Houses, from 27/6



Garden Lights, 1/8

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.

W. COOPER, 761, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.

PATON'S ALLOA Knitting Wools



Little girls take kindly to knitting,
if you give them the best wools.

They will take a pride in making mother's stockings and daddy's socks with PATON'S REAL SCOTCH FINGERINGS, the best of all wools, obtainable in illimitable shades and tints.

Patterns on application to
PATON'S Alloa, Scotland or 192, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

REDFERN'S

The heel that saves you
physical wear and tear,
and saves you money in
2½ boot repairs.

There are no "just as
good" — they must be
"Redfern's."

"NAVY"

Men's 7½d. per pair.
Ladies and Children's
5d. per pair.

Boot Repairers everywhere.

£ 11

Write for Booklet—
Redfern's
Rubber Works, Ltd.,
Hyde, near Manchester.

"LAITOVA" LEMON CHEESE,

"the new food dainty with the more-ish flavour."

"Laitova" is "just the thing" for your boys and girls. It is a new food dainty as nutritious as it is pleasing, as wholesome as it is tasty. The children will enjoy it on bread for breakfast—cheaper than butter and far more enjoyable; they will enjoy it at tea-time—it is a delicacy which is dainty enough to be a treat; they will enjoy it at supper-time—it is an ideal supper food—light enough to leave the digestive organs but little work during the night, and nutritious enough to satisfy until breakfast-time.

And, mothers and fathers, you would enjoy it too! Remember, "Laitova" Lemon Cheese is a nutritive, wholesome, dainty food—ideal for your children and for yourself.

Get a trial jar from your Grocer—he can supply it in large jars at 6½d., and in smaller jars at 2d. and 3½d., etc.

SPECIAL SAMPLE OFFER, CARRIAGE PAID.

Those experiencing any difficulty in obtaining "Laitova" Lemon Cheese should send name and address of grocer and 1/- P.O. or stamps to the manufacturers, and they will receive two large jars of "Laitova"—the new Food Dainty, and a pint packet of delicious Kkovah Jelly, carriage paid.

SUTCLIFFE & BINGHAM, Ltd.,
3 Cornbrook, Manchester.



HAVE YOU ECZEMA?

ECZOLINE TREATMENT—WHAT IS IT?

1st. A Wonderful Healing Ointment. 2nd. Blood Cooling and Purifying Tablets. 3rd. Specially Prepared Soap.

THE SAME IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR ECZEMA, SORES, BAD LEGS, RASHES, IRRITATION, CHILBLAINS, AND KINDRED COMPLAINTS.
THE FIRST thing done is to STOP the Irritation, then HEAL, and finally give the Skin a Soft and Clear Complexion.

TESTIMONIAL.

"It is the only ointment that gives relief. My face is clear. I have never been so clear for years. Only those who know it worth can value it most."

"January 20, 1910.

We will send you a trial treatment, post paid, for 3s.

Prices separate:—Ointment, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d. Tablets same price. Soap, 6d. Veterinary, made for Animals, Dogs, Cats, Horses, etc., Ointment same price; Soap, 1s. per lb. A specially prepared Shaving Soap for tender skins, 9d. per stick. Send to-day to Proprietor,

W. W. HUNTER, Regent Street, Swindon, Wilts, England, or inquire of your Chemist.

ECZOLINE TREATMENT post paid for 3s.

**SMEDLEY'S
PASTE**

Smedley's Paste
gives instant relief in

**RHEUMATISM,
LUMBAGO,
OHILBLAINS,
BRONCHITIS,
SORE THROAT,
NEURALGIA,
SCIATICA, &c.**

If applied when the first symptoms appear, it will avert what might otherwise be a severe illness, producing a healthy and vigorous circulation of the blood. In such cases one application is usually sufficient.

As many worthless imitations are being substituted, ask for SMEDLEY'S PASTE, and have no other.

*Sold by all Chemists in 1/1½,
1/6, and 2/9 bottles, or from*

**Hirst, Brooke & Hirst, Ltd.,
Leeds.**

Reaches the Pain
and stops it at once

PAIN

ALEX. LEFEVER, ESTABLISHED 1842.

Wholesale Cabinetmaker and Complete House and Office Furnisher,

226, OLD STREET LONDON, E.C.

(Opposite Old Street Electric Railway Station).

£30,000 STOCK TO SELECT FROM.

CALL AND INSPECT.

Being actual makers we supply the latest designs direct to the public, at prices about 25 per cent. under the usual.

1911 Designs Now Ready.

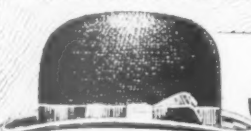


Solid Fumed Oak Bedstead,
fitted with Improved
Double Woven Wire Spring
Mattress, complete, **35/6**
4ft. 6in. by 6ft. 6in.

Hundreds of others from
12 9

Catalogue (No. 38) and
Guide, "How to Furnish
from 25 Guineas," Post
Free.

Country Orders over £2
Carriage Paid.



JACKSONS'


3/9 Hats for the man of moderate means. Distinctive in style and shape, and exceptional in wearing qualities.

JACKSONS' 10/6 Boots

for country roads or city streets, wet or dry. For men or ladies there are suitable boots at Jacksons', all at one price, 10/6, and they have the Jackson quality throughout.

Jacksons', Ltd., have branches in all large towns. Please visit one, or send direct for illustrated style book.

JACKSONS', LTD.,
VICTORIA WORKS, STOCKPORT.



GALAXY BARGAIN SALE

CONTAINING

12 Blankets, 21/-



**OFFERED
BELOW
WHOLESALE
PRICES.**



**MONEY
RETURNED
IN FULL IF
NOT FULLY
SATISFIED.**

The lot, packed free, and sent on receipt of amount.

- 2 **LARGE COLOURED SHETLAND BLANKETS**, very durable quality, soft, warm, and comfortable, full size, 45 in. by 60 in.
- 2 **WARM WOOLLEN BLANKETS**, soft Twill make, splendid durable quality, size 82 in. by 54 in., weight 2 lbs. Very warm.
- 2 **CREAM-COLOURED WARM, FINE QUALITY CRIB BLANKETS**, soft as velvet, wash well, and beautiful finish, full size.

All orders executed in rotation as they arrive by post.

FREE





**12 WHITE BEDROOM TOWELS
GIVEN WITH EACH PARCEL**

Illustrated Bargain Catalogues of Carpets, Heavyweights, Quilts, Table Linen, Bedsteads, Overmantels, Curtains, &c., post free, if, when writing, you mention "The Quiver," E/1911. Address—

F. HODGSON & SONS,

DEPT. Q. MANUFACTURERS,
IMPORTERS AND MERCHANTS.

WOODSLEY RD., LEEDS.

Sozodont

Buy Sozodont now and use it night and morning.

Buy it because the tin is convenient and handy.

Buy it because Sozodont has a pleasing flavour.

But, more than all, buy it because it is the dentifrice that possesses antiseptic and cleansing properties of inestimable worth.

It frees the entire mouth from impurities it prevents decay and it never contains anything that will damage the delicate enamel of the teeth.

As good for artificial as for natural teeth.

Sozodont Tooth Powder, in 6d. and 1/- hygienic tins. Also in Liquid and Paste.

Chemists and Stores everywhere.



HALL & RUCKEL,
London and
Manchester.

G1

Q.—April, 1911.]



Electrolysis at Home.

Removal of superfluous hair at home by Mme. Tensfeldt's perfected process, exactly as used by her for many years. Recurrence physiologically impossible; every hair root completely destroyed.

Mme. Tensfeldt gives lessons by post enabling every lady to remove superfluous hair herself or have it done by a maid. Perfectly easy; practically painless; no shock or electrical sensation.

Complete Apparatus lent on Hire and forwarded in perfectly plain package. Absolute privacy, and the opportunity afforded to remove every hair completely, permanently, and without haste, make this home electrolysis treatment the one perfect method.

Particulars free in plain envelope. Use coupon or write.

COUPON.

Mme. P. S. F. Tensfeldt, 71, Princes St., Edinburgh.

Please send me free of charge in plain envelope particulars and terms for hire of your perfected apparatus for permanent removal of superfluous hair by self-treatment.

(x) Send (M) ...

(x) Please strike out one of these. Write very plainly.

Address.....



PEACH'S NEW CURTAINS

As shown, 1 ft. 6 in. long 5 ft. wide, 10 9 pair, Jacquard Curtains, 6 9 pair; Hemstitch Muslin Curtains 5 9 pair; Lace Net, 13 yd.; Unseamed Curtains, Hemstitch, 2 9 pair. PRICE LIST of Lace Curtains, Muslin, Bands, Unseamed Fabrics, Linens, Laces, etc., Post FREE. S. PEACH & SONS, Dept 120, The Looms, NOTTINGHAM.

THE QUIVER

BY APPOINTMENT
TO



HIS MAJESTY
THE KING.

ARE YOUR DOGS FED ON

SPRATT'S

Dog Cakes or Puppy Biscuits?

The Question of Quality of the Food for
"MAN'S BEST FRIEND"

does not always receive the attention it merits. Not infrequently an order is given for a "Bag of Dog Biscuits," with the result that in many instances biscuits made from the commonest materials are supplied because of the extra profit to the trader.



Make it a rule to specify SPRATT'S

which are made from wholesome materials only, and

**CONTAIN NO CHEMICALS,
NO ADDED SUGAR.**

SAMPLES OF FOOD SUITABLE FOR YOUR DOG
will be sent **FREE** if you will state breed.

SPRATT'S PATENT LTD., 24 & 25, Fenchurch St., London, E.C.

**TO BIRD
LOVERS**

WRITE TO

ALWAYS
ORDER
SPRATT'S

SPRATT'S

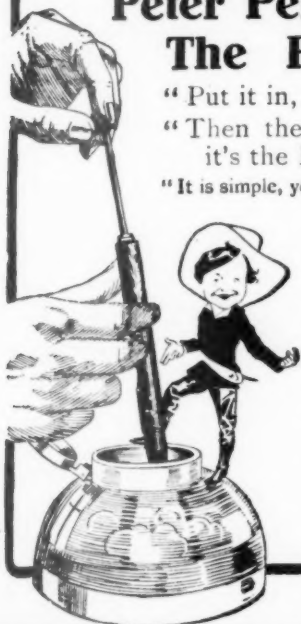
24, FENCHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.

BIRD SEEDS, PARROT FOOD, DOG CAKES.

32 PAGE BOOKLET, "A Few
Simple Hints to Bird Lovers," sent **FREE**



Peter Pen says "Come And See The Pen That Fills Itself."



"Put it in, pull and push—and the deed is done.

"Then the Pen is full and ready to write. I know—it's the Pen I own, and Peter Pen knows Pens.

"It is simple, you see. No filler or squirt.

"The Pen is all you need, for it fills itself.

"And it cannot leak. Oh, yes, it's quite true. It can't—I know—take my word it's so.

"Or much better still—if you like a good Pen—one that will write well without splutter or scratch—get the British made

Price 10/6 and upwards of all stationers, jewellers and stores. Booklet about the Onoto Pen free on application to—
Thos. De La Rue & Co., Ltd.,
235, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

Onoto

Self-Filling - - Pen
Safety Fountain

IMPORTANT.—For those who require a larger pen with a very flexible nib, a special model—the new "G"—has been put on the market. It is exceptional value for the money. Try this new "G" at your stationers.

Ask your stationer for **ONOTO INK**—best for fountain and all other pens.

THE "QUEEN" RECOMMENDS JOHN BOND'S "CRYSTAL PALACE" WITH OR WITHOUT HEATING, WHICHEVER MARKING INK KIND IS PREFERRED.

FREE

Awarded 45 GOLD Medals and Royal Appointments for Superiority.
AND ENCLOSED WITH EVERY BOTTLE A VOUCHER ENTITLING PURCHASERS TO THEIR NAME OR MONOGRAM RUBBER STAMP, WITH PAD AND BRUSH. ALSO WITH 1s. SIZE A LINEN STRETCHER.
100 YEARS' WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION. Price 6d. and 1s. Sold by all Stationers, Chemists and Stores.

NORWELL'S, PERTH.



LADY'S SPORTING FOOTWEAR WITH CHARACTER.

Our long business life has been a concentrated effort to improve and make special footwear for the needs of outdoor service. Our special Scotch Brogues, either Boot or Shoe, are the best in the world of their class. Beautifully made, dry, flexible, leather lined or unlined.

The Lady's "Perth" Golf Brogue Shoe 12/9
The Lady's Superior Golf Shoe - - 15/-
The "Perth" Ladies Field Boots, 16/6 & 20/-
Free Price List No. 122 (profusely illustrated) mailed anywhere.

Norwell's BOOT FACTORY, **Perth, N.B.**
Established over 100 years.

POND'S ARCH SUPPORTS



FOR FLAT FOOT & WEAK ANKLES

THOUSANDS HAVE BEEN CURED!
RECOMMENDED BY MEDICAL MEN.

Worn by Children or Adults. Cures and Prevents Flat Foot or Weakness in the Ankles. They can be worn unobserved in any boot.

Ladies', 4/9; Gent.'s, 5/6; Child's, 4/6 per pair.



POND'S TOE SPRINGS

AS USED BY ROYALTY.

The best remedy for deformities of the toes and for the CURE OF BUNIONS. Recommended by hundreds of users. Can be worn at night without inconvenience.

Price 3/9 Send outline of foot for size.

Sold by all Bootmakers, or of—

H.J. POND 21-23 CASTLE MEADOW
DEPT.  **NORWICH**

Post Free
1/3
and
1/9
Respec-
tively

CASSELL'S GARDENING HANDBOOKS

Paper
Covers,
1/- net
Cloth
Covers,
1/6 net

Profusely Illustrated

**A Series of Practical Manuals
for all Classes of Horticulturists**

SWEET PEAS AND HOW TO GROW THEM.

Tells how to grow Sweet Peas for home and garden, for exhibition, and in the suburbs. It tells also how to raise new varieties, how to prepare the ground and sow the seed.

GARDEN PLANNING AND PLANTING.

The chief feature of this work lies in its numerous sketch plans and designs, which show how to lay out all sorts and sizes of gardens.

GARDENING DIFFICULTIES SOLVED.

Consists of questions on all sorts of gardening subjects which have actually been asked, together with replies thereto by the best authorities.

PICTORIAL PRACTICAL BULB CROWING.

All the salient points in the culture of bulbous, tuberous, and allied plants, with explanatory illustrations.

PICTORIAL PRACTICAL VEGETABLE CROWING.

Directions are given for laying out kitchen gardens and allotments, and advice given as to the destruction of pests.

FIRST STEPS IN GARDENING.

The work shows beginners how to succeed with all the most popular flowers, fruits, and garden crops.

LITTLE GARDENS: How to Make the Most of Them.

The contents include the making and maintaining of lawns and small rockeries, the culture of flowers, fruits, and vegetables.

PICTORIAL PRACTICAL CARNATION CROWING.

The work practically illustrates every important cultural item in every class of Carnations and Picotees worth growing.

PICTORIAL PRACTICAL CAR- DENING.

Directions are given for the selection and culture of the leading flowers, fruits, and vegetables.

PICTORIAL PRACTICAL FLOWER GARDENING.

The contents of the book include advice as to all phases of flower gardening, given in a concise and easily understood form.

PICTORIAL PRACTICAL TREE AND SHRUB CULTURE.

A practical manual, giving directions for propagating and pruning trees and shrubs, and selections for various purposes.

PICTORIAL PRACTICAL POTATO CROWING.

Forms a complete and concise guide to the growing of potatoes. Among the matters dealt with are fertilisation, propagation, forcing.

PICTORIAL PRACTICAL FRUIT CROWING.

A concise manual, giving instructions for the management of every important fruit in cultivation. The work contains upwards of 100 illustrations.

PICTORIAL PRACTICAL CHRYS- ANTHEMUM CULTURE.

Dealing with every important point in the culture of Chrysanthemums for show, flower gardens, and greenhouses.

PICTORIAL PRACTICAL GREEN- HOUSE MANAGEMENT.

Directions are given for the general management of greenhouses, conservatories, and other glass structures. The only book on greenhouse management of the kind published.

PICTORIAL PRACTICAL ROSE CROWING.

Describes the whole art of Rose culture, how to prepare the soil, plant and prune, how to exhibit Roses, and other matters.

Write for List of Gardening Books, post free on application.

CASSELL AND COMPANY, LIMITED, LA BELLE SAUVAGE, LONDON, E.C.



CROWN 5/-

New Eclipse - - 6/6
Junior - - 8/6
Midget - - 8/6

The Jewelled Ingersoll Trenton watches are as eminent in quality and economy as the Ingersoll. From 21/- and up, from Jewellers only. Send for booklet, "How to Choose a Watch." It is Free.

Skin Deep Beauty.

It is not always the best looking watch that gives the greatest satisfaction. A smart looking case does not necessarily mean Time-keeping Quality. Accuracy and Reliability of movement or works, and the reputation of its makers should have first consideration.

The discriminating buyer has a way of looking deeper than the outward finish of a watch. He is not misled merely by pretty outward appearance.

Over 23,000,000 discriminating buyers have tried and tested

INGERSOLL WATCHES

and have found them exactly as represented by the makers.

The most practical, economical and perfect watch that a crown will buy. Now, if you are ready for a cheap watch, and believe that 5/- entitles you to a reliable time-keeper, be sure to ask for an Ingersoll, and look for the name on dial and guarantee in back of case. They are there for your protection.

INGERSOLLS ARE SOLD BY OVER 12,000 BRITISH DEALERS.

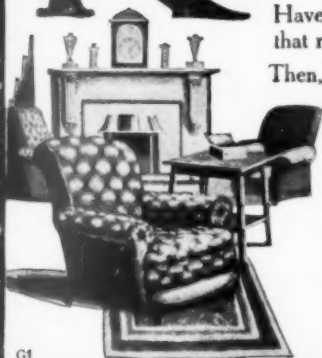
Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro., 410 Audrey House, Ely Place, London, E.C.

INGERSOLL WATCHES

FROM 5/- TO 8/6. ALL FULLY GUARANTEED

113

Rexine



G1

Have you a suite of leather-upholstered furniture that requires recovering ?

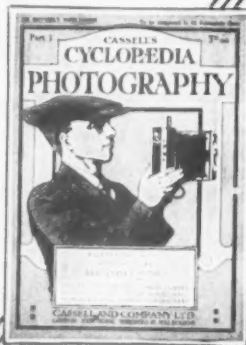
Then, before giving the order, ask your upholsterer to shew you "Rexine" Leather Cloth.

It will cost you about one-fourth the price of leather.

But whilst it is cheaper than leather it is also better. It is more lasting in wear. If it is soiled you can wash it with soap and water and it is like new.

Any furnishing house &c., will supply you with patterns and estimates. In case of difficulty write to
The British Leather Cloth Manufacturing Co. Ltd.,
Rexine Works, Hyde, near Manchester.

An Authoritative Work
By Leading Experts.



This Splendid Serial is
just in time for the
Easter Holidays, the best
time to start Photography

CASSELL'S CYCLOPÆDIA OF PHOTOGRAPHY

Edited by BERNARD E. JONES

Assisted by a large staff of the Leading
Experts in all branches of Photography.

FOR years a really complete dictionary of photography has been demanded. This work is the first attempt, *on the grand scale*, to meet the demand. It will be produced in a high-class manner.

The text is plainly worded and as non-technical as possible, the needs of the amateur being always borne in mind, though the work makes its appeal to every photographer without exception. Whatever the photographer's need, he will find it here, as the book happily contains the most exact information, contributed by the leading photographers of the day, in a simple and easy style. From the most ordinary operations of putting a plate into a dark slide, or trimming a print, to the best means to adopt in taking a photograph of the moon or of a stage scene, all is explained fully, amply, and authoritatively.

IN 12 FORTNIGHTLY PARTS

Each Part **7^d**. net

Each part contains 48 pages, and 2 full-page plates, and numerous line drawings.

PART ONE NOW READY

At all Newsagents', or 9d. post free from

CASSELL AND CO., LTD., LA BELLE SAUVAGE, LONDON, E.C.

ORDER FORM

To
New agent,

Please supply Part 1 of
"Cassell's Cyclopædia of Photo-
graphy," and subsequent
Parts as published.

Name

Address

Date

Illustrated Prospectus free
on application.

THE QUIVER

CURE THE DRUNKARD

With or without his knowledge, by a simple and inexpensive Home Method, which can be administered in Tea, Coffee or Food.

If you have anyone dear to you afflicted by the terrible drink habit, this remarkable drink cure will more than interest you. We will give you positive proof of the wonderful cures effected by this remedy; in fact, we not only tell you, but give an opportunity of testing it free of charge. Even with the trial package we have heard of many who have received benefit; it can be used without fear of detection, and is quite tasteless, and has cured hundreds of cases without the patients' knowledge. A recent testimonial, No. 1353, says:—

"I am happy to be able to tell you now with confidence that a cure has been effected by use of your Antidipso, and the patient is now permanently cured. Since he commenced taking the powders and up to the present time he has had no desire for intoxicants. I am very grateful to you for your help, and will do all I can on your behalf, and will endeavour to get others to try your wonderful and sure remedy." (This testimonial and hundreds of others can be seen at our offices.)

FREE

It now rests with you. Write to-day for a free trial, enclosing stamp for postage, and test it for yourself. We will send a free trial, instructions, booklets and testimonials, to all who write to-day. Do it now; to-morrow will bring the remedy. Correspondence strictly confidential.

The WARD CHEMICAL CO., 597, Century House, 205, Regent St., London, W.



The Imperial Typewriter

All British Made

Has an efficiency standard equal to that of the highest-priced machines.

It combines lightness of touch, rapidity and ease of manipulation with perfect writing which is at all times visible.

There is no machine that can turn out better work, quicker or easier than the Imperial. Yet it costs less than half the price of the ordinary typewriter.

Price £10 Direct from the manufacturers under their guarantee.

IMPERIAL TYPEWRITER CO. LTD.,
(Dept. B), Leicester, England.

Gold Medal,
Brussels,
1910.

B11

Write for
Illustrated
Price List.
P



The FOSTER CHILD'S WAIST



for boys and girls supports the underclothing direct from the shoulders and removes all pressure from the delicate abdomen. The knickers can be attached to the lower row of buttons, and the underskirts to the upper row, while the Foster Pin Tubes provide a secure and effective fastening for the Hose Supporters. All buttons are **strongly taped on**.

PRICES: 1/- & 1/6 each.

Fitted with Hose Supporter,
1/5 & 1/11 each.

For sale by principal dealers, or sent post free on receipt of price.
Foreign postage extra.

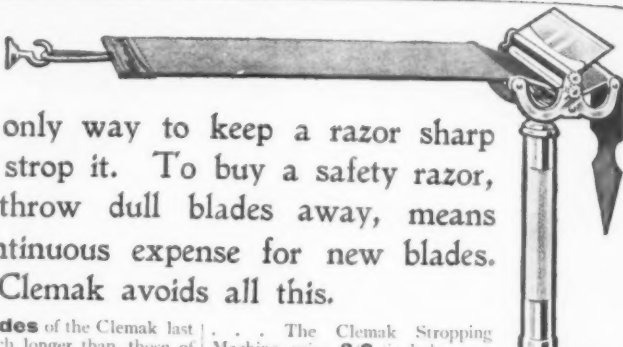
J. H. B. DAWSON, LTD. (Dept. 31), PARKESTON, ESSEX.

Analysis proves that

PLASMON COCOA

is **10 times more nutritious** than ordinary cocoa.—*Vide "Lancet."*

A Delicious Beverage. 9d., 1/4, 2/6.
PLASMON is used by the ROYAL FAMILY



The only way to keep a razor sharp is to strop it. To buy a safety razor, and throw dull blades away, means a continuous expense for new blades. The Clemak avoids all this.

The CLEMAK Safety Razor

The **Blades** of the Clemak last much longer than those of other Safeties—**because you strop them.** The Clemak is the **only** first-class Safety Razor sold at a **FAIR** price—**5/-**. It is made as well and shaves as well as any Razor sold at a guinea. This is a provable fact.

The Clemak Stropping Machine, price **3/6** (including good leather strop). . . . The Clemak Stropping Machine compels you to strop at the **correct** angle and pressure. Ensures a **keen** blade for **every** shave—saves its cost many times over. . . . The Clemak Safety Razor and Stropping Machine is a perfect shaving outfit.

The CLEMAK Stropping Machine

Combination Case, 12 Blades, Stropping Machine, and Strop, 10/6 post free.

Booklet Free.



OF ALL CUTLERS, OR IRONMONGERS, ETC.

CLEMAK RAZOR CO. LTD. LILLITER, S.E.C.

THE CHURCH ARMY.

LABOUR HOMES throughout the land for reclamation of criminals, tramps, loafers, and social failures of both sexes. **HOMES FOR YOUTHS.** Fifty per cent gain a real **fresh start in life.**

Relief by work for respectable **UNEMPLOYED. FARM COLONY.**

EMIGRATION for Men, Families, and Lads.

MISSIONS IN PRISONS, WORKHOUSES, and SLUMS, on invitation of responsible Clergy. **TRAINING HOMES FOR EVANGELISTS AND MISSION-SISTERS.** Hundreds working in parishes under Clergy.

67 MISSION-VANS continually itinerating.

MISSIONS TO SAILORS AND SOLDIERS.

FUNDS, OLD CLOTHES, FIREWOOD ORDERS (3s. 6d. per 100 Bundles), and WASTE PAPER and RAGS (for sorting), URGENTLY NEEDED.

Cheques crossed "Barclay's a/c Church Army," payable to PREBENDARY CARLILE (Hon. Chief Secretary), or Mr. W. F. HAMILTON, E.C. (Hon. Treasurer), Headquarters, 55, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W.

Help the Children!

Your aid is once more asked by the

Ragged School Union

AND

Shaftesbury Society

for the purpose of supplying to the hungry, crippled, and badly clothed children of London necessary comfort and uplift in life. This noble work deserves everyone's support, and contributions are now urgently needed, and should be sent to

SIR JOHN KIRK, J.P.,

Director,

32, John St., Theobald's Rd.,

LONDON, W.C.

Bird-mark Underwear

BEARS THE STAMP OF

DELICACY and REFINEMENT.

Of superb texture, and the mode of manufacture is such that it conforms to the figure without a crease; produces warmth without bulkiness.

UNSHRINKABLE, SEAMLESS.

If you would have the best, ask your draper or outfitter to-day for



BIRD-mark Underwear

and be sure you obtain it.



Jewsbury & Brown's Oriental Tooth Paste



Let the children use it daily. It will keep their mouths and teeth hygienically clean and avert decay.

It will give them sound, useful and beautiful teeth.

Tubes, 1/- Pots, 1/6 & 2/6.

JEWSBURY & BROWN,
K2 Ardwick Green, Manchester.



If Your **EYES** Are Weak

We Can Make Them

STRONG

WITHOUT { SPECTACLES
OPERATION or
MEDICINE.

If your Eyes are affected you need Dr. Gilbert Percival's Book on "Eyes," describing a method by which you can strengthen the eyes and restore the vision without operation or the aid of drugs or glasses. It is in the nature of a gentle massage which stimulates the action of the blood in the eye arteries, with the result that natural sight is restored, and the eyes become painlessly and surely moulded to perfect shape. By this means near-sight, far-sight, astigmatism, and other defects are corrected and cured. You can discard your glasses and counteract headache and eyestrain by five minutes' manipulation twice a day in your own home. Guaranteed absolutely harmless.

See Nature with the naked eyes—not through glass windows.

A 1/- BOOK on the "EYES" FREE.

This book is published at 1/-, but its contents are of such vital importance to all sufferers from eye defects that we have decided to give away 10,000 copies. If you would like one send your name and address with 3 crossed 6 foreign stamps for expenses. Defers not till to-morrow; be wise to-day and write—

C. J. PERCIVAL, NEU-VITA EYE INSTITUTE,
(ESTABLISHED 1904)
55-119, Exchange Buildings, Southwark, LONDON.

THE QUIVER

Will not blister the most delicate skin.

'CAPSICUM VASELINE'

The modern substitute for Mustard and other Plasters.

It has all the healing qualities of the old-fashioned mustard plaster, without its disagreeable features. It is the safest, simplest, and best remedy for all pains and colds in the chest, throat, and lungs, stomach cramps, chilblains, and all **rheumatic, neuralgic, and gouty complaints.**

Put up only in Collapsible Tubes, 1s.

'VASELINE' HAIR TONIC

The World's Best Preparation for the Hair.

Ordinary washing and brushing are not effective for preventing germs attacking the hair—those germs which destroy the roots and prevent growth. The hair can be kept perfectly clean and the roots healthy, by using every day a little "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. No need for vigorous rubbing or to use large quantities. It will restore and preserve the strength of the hair.

Price 1s., 2s., and 3s. per bottle.

If not obtainable locally, either of the above will be sent post free on receipt of P.O. or stamps.

FREE—A descriptive pamphlet, explaining the uses of all the invaluable "Vaseline" Home remedies, will be sent post free on application.

The word "**VASELINE**" is the Registered Trade Mark of the

Chesebrough Manufacturing Company,

42, Holborn Viaduct, LONDON, E.C.

Disordered Digestion

The natural cure is special attention to diet thereby allowing the organs to recuperate. The "ALLENBURYS" Diet is the ideal food for dyspeptics, invalids, and those with impaired digestion, nourishing and invigorating the whole system.

MADE IN A MINUTE
Add boiling water only.

Send 3d. Stamps
for large sample.

III
Of Chemists
1/6 and 3/-
per Tin.
III

'Allenburys'
The **A** **DIET**

ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD., LOMBARD STREET, LONDON.

THE QUIVER

CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1911

Frontispiece: "Spring Posies." <i>Drawn by Percy Tarrant.</i>		PAGE
The Persecutor's Stone. A Long Complete Story. By H. HALYBURTON ROSS. <i>Illustrated by A. C. Michael</i>		515
Passover in Palestine. By S. L. BENSUSAN. <i>Illustrated by Photographs</i>		528
The Fool of the Family. Complete Story. By ANNIE S. SWAN. <i>Illustrated by Malcolm Patterson</i>		533
The Power of the Risen Lord. An Easter Message. By the REV. J. R. MILLER, D.D.		540
Letters on Life and Love. No. 9.—To a Mother who Thinks her Children do not Love Her. By "AMICA"		543
CYNTHIA CHARRINGTON. Serial Story. By MRS. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY. Chaps. XII.—XIII. <i>Illustrated by John E. Sutcliffe</i>		546
"And the Desert shall Rejoice." Queer Gardens in Waste Places. By H. C. CROSFIELD. <i>Illustrated by Photographs</i>		557
Jorrocks. The Story of an Unpromising Hero. By MARY BRADFORD WHITING. <i>Illustrated by H. M. Brock</i>		561
Life's Tangled Thread. III.—What Does Life Mean? By THE BISHOP OF RIPON		569
That Boy. A Full, True, and Particular Account of a Day in his Life. By WALTER G. BROWN. <i>Illustrated by E. S. Hodgson</i>		574
Beside the Still Waters		579
Temperance on the Line. By GREGORY BLYTH. <i>Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo</i>		581
THE HOME DEPARTMENT:—		
Amateur Laundry Hints. By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR		586
First Aid in Emergency. By ELIZABETH SLOAN CHESSEY, M.B.		588
Our Toy Competition. Final Notice		591
Conversation Corner. By THE EDITOR		593
A Wife's Pocket Money. Letters from Readers		596
YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES:—		
How, When and Where Corner. Conducted by "ALISON"		597
The Crutch-and-Kindness League. By the REV. J. REID HOWATT		601
Sunday School Pages		603

Registered at the General Post Office for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post.

All MSS. submitted to the Editor must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, and should be addressed to "The Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C." While every care is taken to ensure the safety of MSS., the Editor can accept no responsibility for them.

Issued Monthly. Subscription Price, post free, 9s. per annum, or 4s. 6d. for six months.

WHAT RECOMMENDS ITSELF? "MELANYL" THE MARKING INK

REQUIRES NO HEAT. WARRANTED INDELIBLE
NEW METALLIC PEN WITH EVERY BOTTLE

NICKEL LINEN STRETCHER WITH EACH 1-SIZE
OF ALL STATIONERS CHEMISTS & STORES OR POST FREE
FOR 12 STAMPS FROM THE INVENTORS.

COOPER DENNISON & WALKDEN LTD 7 & 9 ST BRIDE ST.
LONDON, E.C.

The League of Loving Hearts

THE following are the sums received from old and new members up to and including February 28th, 1911:—

- 20s. from X.Y.Z.
10s. from B. P. Dickson.
4s. each from Mrs. Stowards, L. Cocks.
3s. each from E. Jones, J. A. Bodily.
2s. 6d. each from E. L. Boswell-Stone, Mrs. Valentine, "Epworth," A. L. P.
2s. each from Mrs. Cundell, Miss E. R. Hilton, Miss Katie Davies, Mrs. Santer, M. Norton, H. B. S.
1s. 6d. from Miss F. Perrin.
1s. 4d. from Mrs. Youngson.
1s. each from Miss B. Perrin, M. Cookesley, Mrs. J. J. Trask, Mrs. A. Melrose, Mrs. S. Hallimond, Miss Mary Davies, Mrs. Evans, Christine E. M. Bury, Miss F. St. Aubyn, Elaine S. C. Richard, Louie Gittas, Mrs. F. E. Mill, Margaret F. Mill, Miss Brown, Nellie H. Kirkham, Eiretta Fraser, Mrs. Groves, Miss Gladys Groves, Miss Kathleen Groves, Mrs. W. Marsh, Hilda M. Slader, Mrs. E. Polkinghorne, E. A. Gilbert, L. M. Smith, Miss K. E. Wells, James N. Leslie, R. C. D. Igar, Miss E. Webb, C. Smith, A. Norton, E. Jacob, Mrs. J. A. Smith, James Stay, Janet Spencer, Arthur R. Knowles, David Grainger, Lucy J. Smith, Charles R. Bown, Mary Fox, Miss K. Waller, Miss M. J. Waller, Miss G. Waller, Miss J. Robertson, Mabel A.

Dean, Mrs. S. M. Watson, Dorothea Thomas, Miss Louisa R. Douglas, Kate Stewart, Mrs. Buckton, Miss Collinson, Lily S. Evans, Mary Emma Angell, Hubert Tollit, Mary E. Nottle, D. W. Davenport, Miss Rankins, Miss Hilda M. Coley, Helen D. Pittilo, Ethel J. Tyack, Bertha Tyack, Miss E. Steff, Constance E. Jervis.

"THE QUIVER" FUNDS

THE following is a list of contributions received up to and including February 28th, 1911:—

- For Dr. Barnardo's Homes: H. D. 5s., E. G. G. 5s., M. A. F. 5s. Total, 15s.
For The Ragged School Union: Mrs. M. Hunt 1s., Miss C. E. Jervis 1s., "Inasmuch" 2s. Total, 4s.
For Miss Weston's Sailors' Homes: M. A. F. 5s.
For Mr. Groom's Mission: M. A. F. 5s.
For The Quarriers' Homes: "Inasmuch" 2s.
For The British Home and Hospital for Incurables: E. G. C. 5s.
Sent direct to Dr. Barnardo's Homes: M. O. B. 12s.
Sent direct to The British Home and Hospital for Incurables: "A Quiver Reader" 4s., "Anonymous" 4s., "An Incurable" 10s.

Baby ought to have Neave's Food.

Neave's Food

Sold in tins and 4d. packets.

A Perfectly Safe Food for the youngest and most delicate child, which has for nearly 90 years been the infant diet of hundreds of thousands of strong and healthy men and women.

USED IN THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL NURSERY.
GOLD MEDALS, LONDON 1900 & 1906, ALSO PARIS.

SAMPLE TIN sent Free on receipt of two penny stamps for postage—Useful Booklet "HINTS ABOUT BABY" post free. Mention this publication.
JOSIAH R. NEAVE & Co., Fordingbridge.

For those requiring a Milk Food for Babies from Birth, Messrs. Josiah R. Neave & Co. have introduced

NEAVE'S MILK FOOD.

It is free from starch, rich in fat, and very closely resembles Mothers' Milk in composition.

Instantly made by adding hot water only.

A Doctor, Birmingham, writes, 5 April, 1910:—"A safe substitute for a doubtful milk supply."

A LONDON M.D. writes, 17 June, 1910:—"I gave it to a baby where it seemed indicated. . . . the baby recovered. They tried barley water, but that was inefficient, also . . . but I much prefer your new preparation."

Sample for 2d. postage. Mention this paper.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL FOR THE HAIR

Preserves, Beautifies, Nourishes It.
Nothing equals it. 110 years proves this fact. Golden Colour for Fair Hair.
Of Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers.

THE EASIEST
SWEEPING IS

BISSELL

SWEEPING.



If you haven't a BISSELL SWEEPER in your house you are losing a lot of comfort that you may enjoy at a very slight cost. Price from 10/6.

Same Price Everywhere.

MARKT & CO., LTD., 38, WILSON ST., LONDON, E.C.

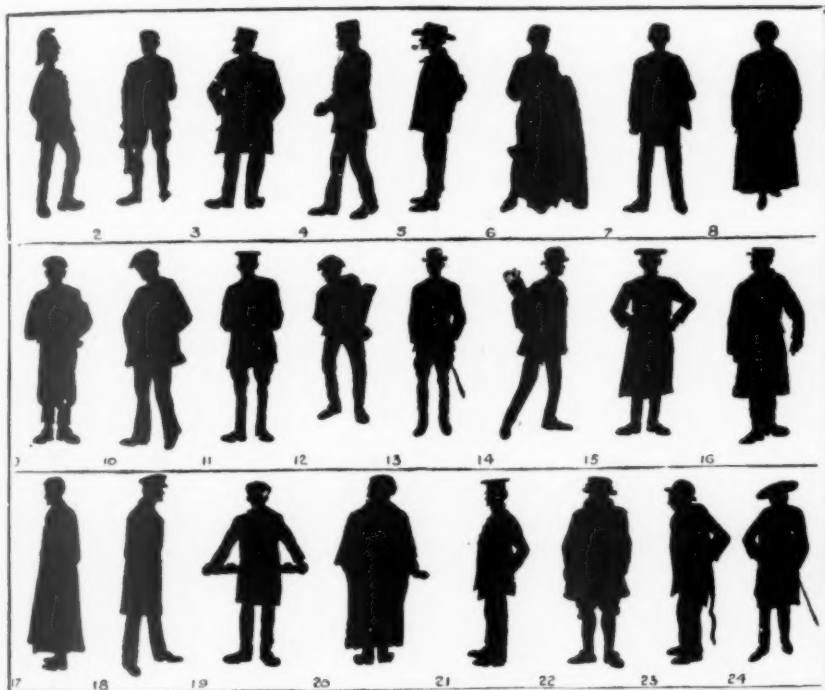
"SHADOWGRAPH" Competition.

The Proprietors of WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

offer the following prizes for the best solutions in this interesting Competition:—

FIRST PRIZE, CHEQUE for £50;

Second Prize, £25; Third Prize, £10.



HOW TO ENTER.

The above figures represent the shadows of various well known types of men, as they might be cast by a strong light upon a white sheet. All you have to do is to write under each figure the name of the type which you think it represents. If you cannot solve all the figures, name as many of them as you can.

If preferred, the solutions may be written on a sheet of paper and numbered 1 to 24. Then post the set of pictures with coupon, or the list, with name and address added, to Shadows, Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 66 68, Park Street, Southwark, S.E., accompanied by an outside wrapper of a 4d. tablet of Wright's Coal Tar Soap. It is sold everywhere. Competitors may send as many lists as they like, provided each one has the requisite wrapper attached to it; but anyone sending any other wrapper than WRIGHT'S will be disqualified. The pictures of the types which cast these shadows, with their names printed beneath each, are deposited in a sealed packet, and will not be opened until the close of the Competition. Only names which are identical with those so printed on the complete pictures will be considered correct in awarding the prizes.

Wright's Coal Tar Soap Coupon.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CONDITIONS.

Every attempt sent in will be carefully examined before awards are made. In the event of ties prizes will be divided. No correspondence can be entertained. The decision of the Advertising Manager will be final. Last day for receiving replies, May 31st.

Results will be advertised in the *Daily Mail* on June 30th, when the complete pictures, with names beneath each, will be reproduced. Additional copies of this advertisement can be obtained from "Shadowgraph," Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 48, Southwark Street, S.E., on receipt of a stamped directed envelope.



Why not make the world brighter by using

MONKEY BRAND?

MAKES COPPER LIKE GOLD, TIN LIKE SILVER,
PAINT LIKE NEW

WON'T WASH CLOTHES

M 26

BENJAMIN BROOKE & CO., LIMITED



(Photo: F. G. Dickinson and Son.)

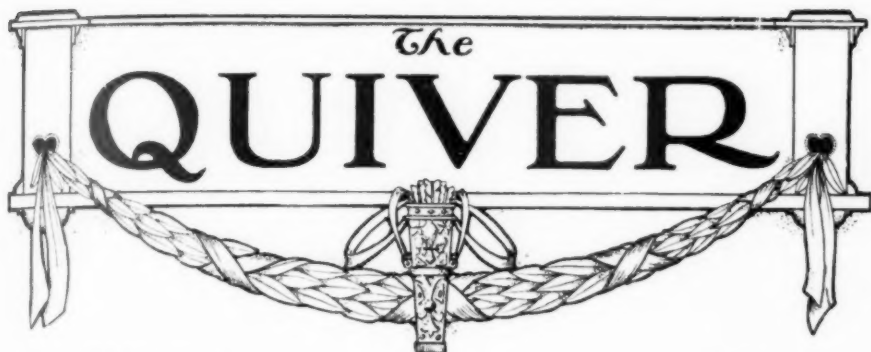
"BESIDE A BROOK IN MOSSY FOREST DELL."

Coleridge.



SPRING POSIES.

(Illustration by Fritz Tarnow.)



VOL. XLVI, No. 6
(VOL. L., OLD SERIES)

APRIL, 1911

The Persecutor's Stone

A Long Complete Story

By H. HALYBURTON ROSS

(Illustrated by A. C. MICHAEL.)

CHAPTER I

MARY FIELDING had been for almost a week an inmate of the Established Manse of Durrow in Galloway.

It was her first situation, and to disguise her home-sickness and loneliness she wrote humorous descriptions to her friends and relations over the border of the strange new conditions of life in which she found herself, and especially of her employer, James Merchiston, the minister of Durrow.

He was a widower, and she had been engaged as governess to his only child, Robina, a little girl of eight. An unmarried sister, Miss Jane Merchiston, kept house for him and presided at the same time the spirit of exaggerated deference and respect with which he was regarded by other members of the household.

Mary had never seen a man so set on a pinnacle by his women folk and the spectacle irritated her, until she realised its humorous side, and then she laughed.

It was such a reversal of the traditions in which she had been bred—those chivalrous usages of life, the instincts of which she had inherited from her gentle ancestors. Her curiosity was piqued too, as to the sort of

estimation the minister must have of himself. Hitherto she had had no opportunity of forming an independent judgment, as their intercourse had been limited to such civilities as "good morning" and "good night."

But to-day, being the Sabbath, she and her little charge were privileged to have dinner in his company. On all other occasions they had their meals apart in the schoolroom.

Punctually at two o'clock Miss Merchiston preceded them into the dining-room, her diminutive figure very stiff and erect, and motioned them silently into their places at either side of the table.

A moment later the minister crossed from his study and took his seat at the head of the board. He commenced at once carving the joint that had been placed before him.

"Well, Robina?" he queried, turning abruptly to his offspring when all were helped.

Her little colourless face flushed under his notice. Mary had heard that the child was the likeness of her dead mother and deduced from that some idea of what the minister's wife must have been like.

"What was the text, Robina?" put in

THE QUIVER

Miss Merchiston in her brisk tones from the foot of the table.

"'Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves,'" repeated the child with downcast eyes.

Miss Merchiston nodded approval. The formula was evidently an accepted one and of weekly occurrence.

Mary wondered what the result would have been if Robina had failed in the test.

"You will not be accustomed to our service, Miss Fielding?" questioned the minister, turning as abruptly to her.

His voice was harsh and had a rude Doric tang in keeping with the rugged strength of his features.

Mary met his gaze frankly, struck by the peculiar blue greyness of his eyes.

"No, this is my first visit to Scotland," she said. "Everything is strange to me. But your Presbyterian service is the strangest of all," with a little reminiscent smile.

A gasp from Miss Merchiston greeted her words.

The minister was staring at her incredulously. There was a disconcerted expression on his face.

"You'll miss the English ritual, no doubt," he admitted at last, recovering himself.

"It is all so different," said Mary, and went on to elaborate her impressions.

Miss Merchiston was becoming more and more agitated as she continued.

"I beg of you to put a stop to this conversation, James," she blurted at last, "or send Robina from the room." Her round crab-apple face was fiery red.

The minister glanced at the child.

"Robina will take no harm," he remarked abstractedly, and turned to Mary again. "At least you cannot complain of our sincerity," he said, resting his head on his hand and surveying her critically.

She laughed.

"I hope I wasn't complaining of anything," she retorted.

This contest of wits with the domestic tyrant appealed to her adventurous spirit. He should see that there was one woman not afraid of him.

"You couldn't have come to a more suitable place for the study of Presbyterian worship," he proceeded, leaning back in his chair again. "Every foot of the muirs round Durrow is saturated with covenanting

history—ay, and dyed red with the blood of the martyrs."

"I know," returned Mary in a quiet voice. She was thinking of her first drive over those muirs on the evening of her arrival, and how her imagination had been fired with images of the scenes once enacted there. It had been a terribly prosaic conclusion to find herself in the stiff unused-looking Manse dining-room with its rows of leather-covered chairs round the walls, the conventional oil paintings in their gilt frames, the black marble clock on the mantelpiece.

But here, for the first time, was a note of sympathy and understanding, and from the source least expected. She was beginning to realise a possible solution of the minister's isolation—apart from the one hitherto imagined.

A few moments later the meal ended with a grace in James Merchiston's deep harsh voice.

He betook himself from the room at once on its conclusion with the abruptness that had characterised his entrance. Miss Merchiston remained standing by the table until the closing of the study door reached their ears. Then she turned to Robina.

"Run out into the garden," she commanded.

The child departed obediently. Mary wondered what was coming.

"My brother may be pleased to show indulgence to your views, Miss Fielding," she said, turning her irate face to the girl, "but I trust you will not attempt to pervert my niece. I am responsible for the care of the child and have done my best to bring her up as far as possible to be like her mother—a gentle, submissive Christian woman."

Mary was silent. She was thinking more of the contrast brother and sister presented than of the accusation that had been levied against her. Miss Merchiston was ten years senior to the minister, but the unlikeness between them, physical and mental, was of far deeper origin than a mere difference in age. It must be only by a system of rigid exclusiveness in their inner lives that they were able to live under one roof.

In any case what answer could she make to the charge that would have any weight with the older woman's scruples? She knew herself to be innocent, and more potential factor still, the minister was on her side.

THE PERSECUTOR'S STONE

The following morning Mary was seated before the ink-bespattered table in the schoolroom waiting for Robina, who had gone in search of a missing lesson book, when to her surprise the door opened and the minister entered. He had two calf-bound volumes under his arm, which he deposited on the table before her.

"Meiklejohn's History of the Covenanters," he announced in his abrupt tones. "It will give you the true spirit of the times."

Mary glanced up with a smile.

"It is very kind of you," she said. "I shall be most interested in reading it," opening one of the volumes as she spoke and turning the pages.

There was no exuberance over the honour he had done her, and, as on the previous day, her self-possession had a disconcerting effect upon him.

She looked very slight and youthful in her neat morning dress, the clear skin and firm, well-cut features showed to advantage in the sun-flooded atmosphere.

"I believe my sister is rather disturbed about our conversation yesterday," went on the minister, a smile relaxing the corners of his mouth. "But you need not concern yourself about it. I am pleased that you should speak as freely as you like to Robina." And without giving her time to reply, he left the room.

Here was an unlooked-for concession. Mary was annoyed with herself for the gratification the incident had afforded her. It was a simple triumph after all—coming from any ordinary man she would have accepted it as a matter of course. Was she, too, becoming infected with the prevailing spirit of veneration for the master of the house? she asked herself, then laughed at the notion. A crude, ill-mannered egotist, sprung from a class opposed in every thought and custom to her accepted standards. No, there was little fear of such a catastrophe. It was proximity alone that was responsible for her interest in the minister of Durrow.

What a long time Robina had been. She had almost forgotten the child in her other reflections; but as she started to go in search of her, Miss Merchiston came busily into the room. A checked apron covered her morning dress, and a basket of keys dangled from her arm.

"I want you and Robina to take a drive

over to Scotstan House this afternoon, with a note for Miss Walkingshaw," she said. Then as her eyes fell on the two books on the table she broke off, a rigid expression transfixing her features. "However did you get these?" she demanded, seizing up the topmost with a quick, suspicious movement. "They're from the minister's library."

"Mr. Merchiston brought them to me a moment ago," returned Mary, angry with the colour that had mounted to her face as she spoke. "He thought after our conversation yesterday I would be interested to read about the Covenanters."

The allusion to her heresies of the preceding day almost amounted to a challenge, but she was too incensed by the older woman's attitude to care for the consequences.

Miss Merchiston's lips closed tighter, her small, round face was puckered into innumerable wrinkles. She would fain have disbelieved Mary's testimony, but the candour in the grey eyes and the half-contemptuous indifference of her demeanour made it impossible for her to do so.

She still retained hold of the book, as if loath to resign it to the girl's keeping. All at once with a sudden access of determination she grabbed up the second volume.

"I'll cover them first," she said; "the calf soils," and marched from the room with her spoil under her arm.

Mary could not resist a smile, annoyed as she was by the untoward interference. What would the minister say when he heard? Some instinct told her that he would resent it as she had done. It was easy to imagine those blue-grey eyes kindling with wrath. There was a fiery temper hidden somewhere under that virile exterior.

Soon after early dinner she and Robina started on the drive to Scotstan. Their way led over the muirs and the child conscientiously pointed out the objects of local interest as they passed, her drawing Scots pronunciation adding a humorous touch to the descriptions. Already her nature was expanding under Mary's influence. She had been attracted by her new governess from the first and was cautiously giving rein to her affections day by day.

"I hope Miss Walkingshaw'll be out," she announced during a pause in the conversation. "It would be much nicer to have tea at the Mains than at Scotstan."

THE QUIVER

"Don't you like her?" queried Mary, somewhat surprised.

Robina shook her head.

"No, her teeth hurt me," she explained in her prosaic tones. "They come out of her mouth like that," making a significant gesture with her fingers, "and when she kisses me they jab."

Mary could not resist a laugh.

"But I hear she is very kind," she said.

"Yes," agreed the child judiciously, "she gives me presents. Aunt Jane likes her, so does papa. I think he likes her better than anyone else."

Mary was silent. The last statement seemed to have quickened her interest in Miss Walkingshaw's personality. Hitherto she had been content with the fact that she was the daughter of a wealthy Glasgow manufacturer, but she suddenly desired to know more about her. It would be amusing to realise the type of woman who could claim first place in James Merchiston's regard.

Unfortunately for Robina's hopes, Miss Walkingshaw was strolling up and down the lawn in front of the great stuccoed mansion of Scotstan when the governess car drove up the avenue. She came quickly across at sight of them and embraced the child with eager effusiveness.

"I was just thinking of you," she said. "How are all at the Manse?"

Mary almost laughed at Robina's patient submission to the ordeal. Certainly her description of the older woman had not been exaggerated. As Mary gazed at the large angular face, the colourless eyes and formidable mouth, she sighed for the minister's taste. Was it possible that this was really his ideal of womanhood, or had her money-bags anything to say to the attraction?

"We brought a note from Aunt Jane," said Robina, holding out the letter as she spoke.

"Of course, tell your aunt I shall be delighted to come to tea on Thursday," said Miss Walkingshaw after the first hasty perusal of its contents. "Or wait, I will write an answer if you drive on now to the house," glancing at Mary for the first time.

Whether the girl's inward disapprobation was reflected on her face or not, a flash of something sharp and inimical crossed Miss Walkingshaw's eyes as they rested on her.

From that moment the pair were antagonists.

During tea, which their hostess insisted on ordering at once, she confined her attention almost exclusively to Robina, ignoring Mary as far as possible. Only once when the conversation turned on local history she appealed to the girl in her professional capacity for information.

"Papa has lent Miss Fielding a book all about the Covenanters out of his library," put in Robina with an important air.

Again the flash of something sharp crossed Miss Walkingshaw's eyes.

"Oh, indeed," she said, and changed the conversation.

But from thenceforward her furtive glance wandered restlessly back and back to Mary's face as if seeking to measure her attractions.

On the homeward drive neither of the pair spoke very much.

"She jabbed worse than ever," had been Robina's summing up of the entertainment, and Mary could think of nothing more pleasant to say in extenuation.

Dusk was falling as they drove through the irregular main street of Durrow. They were passing under the shadow of the great yew trees that lined the churchyard wall when a figure suddenly emerged from the lych-gate. It was the minister. He held up his hand for them to stop.

"There is a monument to the Covenanters on the west wall of the church, Miss Fielding," he called. "I can show it to you now if you care."

Mary hesitated a moment, picturing Miss Merchiston's displeasure. Then, with a sudden contempt for the scruple, she assented. Her visit to Scotstan seemed to have emphasised her sense of the difference between her own standards and those of her present associates.

"I should like very much to see it if you think there is light enough," she returned, pulling the pony closer to the wall as she spoke.

"Yes, there are no trees on that side," he said, turning and moving off across the grass among the scattered tombstones.

A faint sunset glow still lit up the sky as they rounded the western angle of the church—the wide, clear sweep of muir between had a purple richness.

"Here is the stone," said the minister,



"With unfaltering resolution she picked up one after the other and stripped their wrappings from them. . . . 'The minister wished it,' she affirmed"—, 521.

THE QUIVER

pointing to a rough granite slab let into the wall of the church. "It is erected to six of the Covenanters who perished in one of Lag's raids. The spot on the muir over by Windyhaugh, where the conventicle was surprised, is marked by a monument called the 'Persecutor's Stone.' You must drive over that way some day and see it."

"We'll have a picnic," whispered Robina, glancing eagerly up at her.

Mary was bending forward to decipher the rudely carved names. As she came to the end she turned quickly towards the minister.

His eyes were not on the stone, but were scrutinising her face. The intentness of his gaze disconcerted her for a moment. He averted his head as she looked round, and began moving away in front of them again among the shadowy tombstones. At the gate he left them with a curt raising of his hat, striding off in the direction of the village.

CHAPTER II

EVEN if Mary had not known of Miss Merchiston's exalted opinion of the guest of Thursday, her manifold preparations on the morning in question would have revealed the truth. Treasures of household plate and china were unearthed from cupboards that never saw the light of day save on such occasions. There was extra cooking in the kitchen, and Kirstie, the elderly maid-servant, went about with compressed lips and a gleam of fanatical purpose in her eye.

Mary had been warned that she might have to attend with Robina, but hoped devoutly that she would be spared. She had no wish to subject herself again to Miss Walkingshaw's patronage. There was another reason, too, for her unwillingness.

Since that evening in the churchyard the minister seemed to be purposely avoiding her society. She was prepared to be friendly with him in return for the kindness he had shown her. But he gave her no opportunity. He had evidently repented of his condescensions and was bent on annulling their effect.

Mary chafed inwardly at the situation. What could have changed him? She had betrayed no gratification at his overtures—indeed she was beginning to doubt that she had experienced any. She wished devoutly

she had refused his invitation to view the Covenanters' stone that evening. Persistent opposition seemed to be the only treatment for his inordinate self-esteem. Well, she would know better in the future.

At four o'clock Miss Walkingshaw arrived in the great yellow wagonette from Scotstan. Mary and her pupil, ensconced in the school-room, watched the greeting between the guest and her hostess, who had hastened out into the porch at the sound of wheels.

Where was the minister? Curbing his impatience in the study, no doubt. Even for this superlative friend he could not forgo his dignity. And now Miss Walkingshaw's high-pitched voice filled the hall.

Then came the sound Mary had been listening for—the abrupt opening of the study door and the minister's deeper tones mingled with hers.

The three had passed on into the dining-room and Robina was beginning to show signs of relief at her escape, when the school-room door opened and Kirstie appeared, very prim and important in her starched cap and apron.

"You're wanted," she explained laconically, and disappeared again.

Robina glanced woefully at her governess, but Mary rose at once. There was a gleam of something akin to mischief in her eyes.

Contrary to her expectations the atmosphere in the dining-room was one of strain and oppression rather than festival. Even Miss Walkingshaw's ecstatic greeting of Robina failed to counteract the impression, and the flow of conversation with which she thereafter beguiled the company did nothing to remove the weight.

Glancing at the minister from the place at the side of the table to which Miss Merchiston had motioned her on her entry, Mary saw with astonishment that he appeared ruffled and ill at ease. Was this the result of his strength of feeling for the guest of the afternoon, she wondered?—then smiled a trifle contemptuously. Again, as on that evening, a sense of the difference between herself and her present associates assailed her.

Glancing up at the same moment, he met her eyes.

"How are you getting on with Meiklejohn's history, Miss Fielding?" he queried conversationally.

"I have almost finished it," she replied. "It is very interesting."

THE PERSECUTOR'S STONE

"Fancy risking your beloved books," chimed in Miss Walkingshaw with a smile of familiar reproach to the minister. "I never lend books on principle. They are either not returned or destroyed."

"I took good care to cover these," put in Miss Merchiston grimly from behind the tea-urn.

A silence followed her words.

"You covered the books I lent to Miss Fielding?" demanded James Merchiston at last, in a voice that made all present turn quickly to him.

His face was strangely white—there was a kindling of anger in the grey-blue eyes that sent a little thrill of triumph through Mary's heart.

Miss Merchiston lowered her eyes before his glance.

"Yes, James, I thought it would be safer," she replied in an abashed tone. "You see, the calf soils."

He waited a moment as if controlling himself.

"When I lend books I make no stipulations," he affirmed then, and never had his native Doric sounded more forceful or imposing.

Mary caught herself wondering half guiltily whether his championship had been all for his precious rights, or if consideration for her feelings had influenced him. She banished the idea as quickly as it presented itself, but it returned again and again to her mind, bringing a faint glow of satisfaction with it.

She was ensconced by the window in her own room later in the evening, Robina being safely in bed, when a knock came on the door and Miss Merchiston entered. One glance at her face told Mary she had come on no friendly errand—her lips were compressed, the infantile features screwed up into a comic presentment of determination. She marched straight over to where the girl was seated by the window.

On a little table by Mary's side reposed the two volumes of Meiklejohn's history in their neat paper covers. Miss Merchiston's eyes glittered at sight of them. With unfaltering resolution she picked up one after the other and stripped their wrappings from them.

Mary, who had started to her feet at the first realisation of her intention, uttered a little exclamation of dismay. But the older woman's face did not relax.

"The minister wished it," she affirmed, "and they are his books after all," with scarcely veiled bitterness.

Perturbed as she was, Mary could not resist a smile. The whole episode seemed so out of proportion with the feeling it had evoked. She lamented the unnecessary humiliation the older woman had imposed upon herself. She would know better than to accept a loan of any sort from the minister of Durrow again.

But Miss Merchiston's mission was not yet completed.

"I trust, Miss Fielding," she began, her eyes fixed on the grey window pane, through which could be seen the shadowy undulations of the muirs stretching in their evening stillness to the horizon, "that when you speak to Robina of Miss Walkingshaw, you do so with fitting respect. She complained to me to-day that my niece's manner towards her has altered since she came under your influence—and, as it is possible," her voice stiffening and a dryness appearing in her throat, "that she may some day be in the position of stepmother to the child, I wish her authority to be upheld."

She turned sharp round as she finished and marched from the room without giving Mary time to reply.

The girl watched her go in silence. There was an incredulous look on her face. Had the warning been required? As far as prejudicing Robina against Miss Walkingshaw she was innocent. The child's dislike was too long established for that. But the other—the underlying motive of Miss Merchiston's visit, that was every moment becoming more patent and undeniable to her eyes, was that, too, necessary?

The protection of the minister from her designs, or, to put it more humanely, the dispelling of her illusions, the firm though merciful destruction of her aspirations. She uttered a little laugh and, sinking down on the chair again, covered her face with her hands.

What a ludicrous, impossible situation for fate to have placed her in! It was only explainable by the light of Miss Merchiston's abnormal regard for her brother—a sentiment that was evidently shared to a still greater degree by Miss Walkingshaw. Little wonder he was egotistical, exposed to the chronic worship of these two women.

Yet he had not hesitated to rebel against

THE QUIVER

his sister's interference in the matter of the books that afternoon. How much more would he resent her present attempt to safeguard him! A reflection of the triumph she had formerly experienced at his exhibition of anger made itself felt again. The next instant it had faded.

What if, after all, this was the explanation of his late avoidance of her? She had been mystified by the change in him since that evening and unable to assign a cause for it. Supposing his sister had warned him of the danger of such little courtesies as he had shown to a girl in her lowly position, and he had desisted from conscientious motives?

Her face flamed at the thought. But the idea having once presented itself no other solution seemed possible. Every tittle of evidence seemed to point to the truth of it. It had suddenly attained the importance of a conviction in her mind and one on which she must act at once.

To leave Durrow—that was the immediate necessity. In the ordinary course of affairs a month's notice would be required of her, but a month would be as intolerable as a year, situated as she was at present.

She must devise some other scheme for getting away speedily.

A telegram from her home summoning her to return forthwith seemed the only feasible plan. This was Thursday. If she posted early the following morning, such a message might arrive on Saturday. She could start at once in obedience to it, and so avoid the ordeal of another Sunday in Durrow.

Gazing out of the window as she came to this decision, her eye was caught by the dark square of the church, outlined against the evening sky.

Never again would she hear its harsh bell clanging through the Sabbath stillness, or join in the crude simplicity of its worship, or carry on polemical discussions with its tyrannical pastor. Involuntarily her hands covered her face again. It was inconceivable that she should feel any regrets—and yet it was the place that had captivated her, she told herself. From the first the wild, untamable spirit of the muirs, hallowed by so many traditions, had seized hold of her imagination, and since then the fascination had been steadily increasing.

Even the narrow conventionalities of life at the Manse had failed to destroy it.

Indeed, they seemed rather to have heightened the strange charm Durrow possessed for her.

Yes, on second thoughts she had to acknowledge that the human atmosphere, unsympathetic and alien as it was, had something to say to her regret in her departure. Yet if anyone had prophesied such a possibility on her first arrival, she would have scoffed at the notion.

She started to her feet impatiently. Saturday, at any rate, would see the close of the episode.

Then in a flash she remembered that on that day she had promised to drive with Robina to the "Persecutor's Stone" on Windyhaugh. How disappointed the child would be at the frustration of her hopes. And she herself, too, had looked forward to the expedition. Never again to feel the cool, austere air of the muirs on her face, or listen to the whaup's solitary crying!

CHAPTER III

NEVER had Mary felt such a traitor as on that Saturday morning.

As she helped in Robina's blissful preparations for the afternoon excursion she accused herself of the basest selfishness and hypocrisy. The child's pleasure in the expedition was, she knew, largely due to the prospect of her own company. The picnic with anyone else would have had no attractions for her.

And at any moment the fateful message might arrive that would put a tragic finish to her anticipations.

Deep down in her heart Mary was beginning to hope that the telegram might be delayed till too late to interfere with their plans. They were to start immediately after early dinner—and as it was impossible for her to betray any foreknowledge of the expected message, she must carry out the programme as it had been arranged.

She had a strange longing herself, too, for the excursion. To leave Durrow without viewing the "Persecutor's Stone" would, she felt, be an incomplete termination of the episode that she, by her own act, was wilfully bringing to a close.

She held her breath while the provisions were being packed into the little governess-cart, and even after she had the reins in her hands and the pony was trotting down the short drive, she momentarily expected to



"'It's all right; Robina's here, quite safe and dry,' she cried, to allay his anxiety"—p. 521.

THE QUIVER

meet the "post" bearing the fatal envelope.

But no such calamity occurred, and they were soon out on the muirland road with the wide expanse of red-brown heath stretching away on every hand. To the west was Windyhaugh, and somewhere hidden behind one of its ridges the "Persecutor's Stone."

Lag and his dragoons may have followed the very path they were traversing on that day of blood and vengeance when the psalms of the hillmen were turned to cries and lamentations.

Mary had learned the whole story of the raid from the pages of Meiklejohn's history—which she had just finished, and returned to the minister's study. He had started earlier in the morning on one of his longer visitations, and she had taken the opportunity of slipping into the room unobserved and replacing the books. At the time of doing so she had pictured herself speeding southward in the train when he should return and discover them. But now there was every prospect that they would meet again—indeed, that the ordeal of another Sunday would have to be lived through.

Was she glad or sorry? She fought down the answer as on that other evening she had stifled the regrets that the prospect of leaving Durrow brought with it.

The brightness of the morning was gradually giving way to a prevailing greyness. The wind had lulled—an ominous stillness seemed to have settled down on the vast expanse around them. In the west a lurid light had appeared behind the distant summits of the muir, from whence a copper hue was spreading upward over the sky.

Mary watched the portents anxiously. A thunderstorm at that distance from home and without any prospects of shelter would not be a pleasant experience. For herself she cared nothing, but her responsibility on Robina's account troubled her.

Yet to turn back now would be futile. They must be within a short distance of their goal. She whipped up the pony at the thought, and they were soon rewarded by seeing at the bottom of a hollow amphitheatre in the muir the solitary memorial they had come in search of.

It was an ideal spot for a proscribed conventicle, such as had gathered there that hapless day more than a century ago. Sentinels on the hilltops would be able to

give timely warning of the approach of any intruders over the muirs, and had one not chanced to be a traitor the deed of blood might never have been recorded.

At the monument they dismounted. On its lichen-covered surface were carved the words "Persecutor's Stone," and the date of the massacre. Less skilled hands had hewn out lower down, "Lag of the devil," and other opprobrious epithets.

As Mary was examining it a sudden vivid flash of lightning opened the sky above them and seemed to descend shaft-like into the ground at her feet. Then came a crash of thunder such as she had never heard before—it echoed and re-echoed round the muirs, rolling continuously for what appeared an interminable length of time.

The pony had started forward at the first sound of the reverberation, but she flew to its head, quietening it. Directly afterwards came the rain—great heavy drops, increasing to a torrential downpour.

Mary glanced round for Robina, who had followed at her heels, and, bundling her unceremoniously into the bottom of the cart, covered her with her coat which she had stripped off.

"I'm going to drive straight home now," she said, crawling with difficulty into her seat. "You must lie perfectly still."

In a few moments she herself was drenched to the skin—her thin blouse clung to her, her teeth chattered with cold. At every flash of lightning the pony staggered and halted, blinded too by the driving rain.

They had reached the top of the steep incline that led from the "Persecutor's Stone," and were proceeding along a stretch of level road, when she suddenly spied coming towards them a small black object. On closer inspection it proved to be a man on a bicycle. A few moments had sufficed to bring him within hailing distance, and then Mary saw with surprise that it was the minister. He jumped off as he reached them.

"It's all right; Robina's here, quite safe and dry," she cried, to allay his anxiety, as she brought the pony at a standstill.

"At a price," he retorted, gravely eyeing her own bedraggled appearance.

She laughed.

Somehow this meeting seemed a fitting climax to the adventure. All thought of her former self-consciousness had vanished. The man and his mood were attuned to the

THE PERSECUTOR'S STONE

occasion—to the great naked spaces around them, the battle of the elements going on overhead, the spirit of self-sacrificing devotion that still lingered over the place.

"I would have liked to stay there by the stone to watch it," said Mary, as a more vivid blaze of lightning lit up the muirs.

His gaze was on her face.

"It was by this road they came, Lag and his men," he said, his words almost drowned by the peal of thunder that crackled immediately over their heads.

Robina peeped up from her place.

"Papa," she said, "Miss Fielding is soaking—she has given me her coat."

The minister uttered an impatient exclamation.

"I have brought wraps," he said, indicating the large bundle strapped on to his handlebars, "but there isn't much use putting on anything warm over those soaking things," with another disapproving glance at Mary's clinging blouse. "We'd better make for the herd's cottage at Cairfrae—his wife will give you a change of things."

He turned his bicycle abruptly as he spoke, and mounting it, rode slowly on in front of them. At a rough cart-track that led at right angles to the road they were traversing he dismounted again.

"No use trying to ride," he ejaculated, and began to wheel his bicycle in front of them.

The little cart jolted over the uneven surface, sinking into the ruts already softened by the heavy rain. Presently the herd's cottage came in sight.

The minister led the pony round to a shed at the back of the house, while the other two hastened inside.

The herd's wife, a shy-eyed, buxom young woman, gave them a hospitable welcome. She would fain have arrayed Mary in her Sabbath gown, a creation of magenta cashmere, with bead trimming, but the girl pleaded for a calico shirt such as she herself was wearing, and a short winsey petticoat. Over them she slipped a long dark cloak with a hood, used for the milking on winter evenings, as her hostess explained, and thus accoutred she re-entered the kitchen.

The minister was standing with his back to the peat fire, Robina sitting silent on a stool at his feet. He moved aside at once.

"Come to the fire," he commanded her peremptorily. "You must be cold through."

She drew near obediently.

"It is nice to feel dry again," she said.

Somehow now that they were within the conventional atmosphere of four walls once more, her constraint had returned. She remembered that she had planned to leave Durrow that very day, simply to escape the man before her. The thought of the designs with which she believed him to have credited her rushed over her again, making her face burn with a heat other than the glow from the peats.

Involuntarily her manner stiffened, her answers to his remarks became cool and indifferent.

At first he appeared nonplussed by the change, then in turn he, too, hardened.

After tea, which the herd's wife had hospitably prepared for them, the rain ceased abruptly—a gusty wind had risen which was breaking up the lurid thunder pall and driving it in ragged masses across the heavens. Patches of lighter sky appeared beneath, and suddenly the west was lit up with a wonderful sunset glow.

At first sign of the break in the storm the minister hastened round to the shed to yoke the pony. He seemed as anxious as Mary to put an end to the uncomfortable situation.

"By the way, I forgot to give you this," he said, entering the kitchen again as the others were preparing to issue forth. He averted his head as she opened the crumpled brown envelope he had handed her. She read it through, with a sudden thrill of relief that changed the next moment to dismay.

"I am wanted home at once," she said, glancing up. "Is there a train I can get this evening?"

"Certainly not," he replied, without looking round, his voice grown singularly gruff, "unless it is a case of serious illness. If that is so I will arrange for you to pick up the express at C—; it means driving twelve miles and would be inconvenient for many reasons."

"No, I do not think it is anything very serious," Mary faltered. Somehow her subterfuge appeared paltry, almost mean, that it was put into execution.

He faced round abruptly.

"Very well then, you can stay till Monday, he affirmed. "I presume you intend eventually to return to your duties?" he went on, fixing her with his eyes.

She flinched beneath the pitiless scrutiny,



"'You are wrong; it was the other way,' she blurted, lowering her head."

THE PERSECUTOR'S STONE

"I—I cannot say just now," she replied.

"Ah!" he ejaculated, and turning away, strode out in front of them to where his bicycle was propped against the low stone dyke by the side of the house.

But in that ejaculation Mary had realised that her deception was revealed to him. What motive would he assign for it? At all events the knowledge would give the lie to his former suspicions. There was that one grain of comfort to be gleaned; she could face the morrow with an easier consciousness. Her action must, viewed in any light, be a blow to his self-esteem and had plainly roused his antagonism.

Well, there was a spirit within her to match that looked forward to the contest.

Fate had ordained from the beginning that her pride should come to grips with the dominating, masterful spirit of the minister of Durrow. It was a better ending to the episode than the tame runaway finish she had designed.

Miss Merchiston insisted on putting Robina straight to bed on their return, though the child was really the one least likely to suffer from the adventure.

Mary had taken her supper up to her and was returning downstairs to finish some correspondence in the schoolroom, when, as she passed the minister's study, the door opened and he appeared.

"I wish to speak to you for a moment," he said. "Will you come in here, please?"

She followed him obediently. After all, she was leaving Durrow on Monday. Miss Merchiston's approval or disapproval could make no difference now.

He closed the door behind her and crossed immediately over to the fire-place.

"I see you have returned my books," he said, glancing at the corner of the dark shelves where the volumes of Meiklejohn's history were reposing safely once more. "A nice brew this to arise out of a simple loan," he went on in the same brusque tones.

Mary raised her eyes to his face, genuinely perplexed. He had not suggested that she should be seated—evidently the occasion was one outside the common demands of courtesy.

"Well then, what is your reason for leaving us?" he continued impatiently, in answer to the interrogation in her face. "You are not the ordinary nervous, fanciful type

of woman. It would take a good deal to frighten you. Who is guilty? Is it my sister's narrow notions, or my barbarities?" —with a sudden flash of sardonic humour.

Mary met his inquisition calmly.

"It is neither," she said. "You have both been very kind to me."

He shrugged impatiently.

"Then it seems I must dictate your reason to you," he went on, resting his elbow on the mantelpiece and surveying her critically. "The situation requires some explanation. My sister is a very good woman, but her limitations are phenomenal. I have got into a selfish way of accepting her services and disregarding her individuality. We live under one roof, but in different worlds. I have grown solitary from sheer lack of companionship—also I am a shy man naturally. I have gradually come to associate all women together in one catalogue" ("alas for Miss Walkingshaw," reflected Mary), "at least I did so until a few weeks ago. Your coming altered all that. But at the same time I saw myself through your eyes. I see myself still through that remarkable medium and I realise that it is too late for reform—I am fixed in my crudities and barbarities." He flung back his head. "You come of a different class—to you they are intolerable. Hence I have avoided your society—to save myself greater suffering in the future. You realise my plight and you are running away from fear of me," he finished triumphantly, his eyes compelling her gaze.

She almost smiled at the fantastic unreality of his conception, though it had filled her with a strange sense of exultation.

There was a pause while she reflected how best to correct his misapprehension. The task became more difficult as she hesitated.

"You are wrong; it was the other way," she blurted at last, lowering her head as she spoke.

He stared at her incredulously for a moment.

"It is inconceivable," he almost shouted then, taking an impetuous step forward. But something in her eyes as she raised them to his drove the colour from his face.

"Mary!" he whispered, and the tenderness in his tone smote to her heart as the thunder in the afternoon had had no power to do.



"'You are wrong ; it was the other way,' she blurted, lowering her head."

THE PERSECUTOR'S STONE

"I—I cannot say just now," she replied. "Ah!" he ejaculated, and turning away, strode out in front of them to where his bicycle was propped against the low stone dyke by the side of the house.

But in that ejaculation Mary had realised that her deception was revealed to him. What motive would he assign for it? At all events the knowledge would give the lie to his former suspicions. There was that one grain of comfort to be gleaned; she could face the morrow with an easier consciousness. Her action must, viewed in any light, be a blow to his self-esteem and had plainly roused his antagonism.

Well, there was a spirit within her to match that looked forward to the contest.

Fate had ordained from the beginning that her pride should come to grips with the domineering, masterful spirit of the minister of Durrow. It was a better ending to the episode than the tame runaway finish she had designed.

Miss Merchiston insisted on putting Robina straight to bed on their return, though the child was really the one least likely to suffer from the adventure.

Mary had taken her supper up to her and was returning downstairs to finish some correspondence in the schoolroom, when, as she passed the minister's study, the door opened and he appeared.

"I wish to speak to you for a moment," he said. "Will you come in here, please?"

She followed him obediently. After all, she was leaving Durrow on Monday. Miss Merchiston's approval or disapproval could make no difference now.

He closed the door behind her and crossed immediately over to the fire-place.

"I see you have returned my books," he said, glancing at the corner of the dark shelves where the volumes of Meiklejohn's history were reposing safely once more. "A nice brew this to arise out of a simple loan," he went on in the same brusque tones.

Mary raised her eyes to his face, genuinely perplexed. He had not suggested that she should be seated—evidently the occasion was one outside the common demands of courtesy.

"Well then, what is your reason for leaving us?" he continued impatiently, in answer to the interrogation in her face. "You are not the ordinary nervous, fanciful type

of woman. It would take a good deal to frighten you. Who is guilty? Is it my sister's narrow notions, or my barbarities?" —with a sudden flash of sardonic humour.

Mary met his inquisition calmly.

"It is neither," she said. "You have both been very kind to me."

He shrugged impatiently.

"Then it seems I must dictate your reason to you," he went on, resting his elbow on the mantelpiece and surveying her critically. "The situation requires some explanation. My sister is a very good woman, but her limitations are phenomenal. I have got into a selfish way of accepting her services and disregarding her individuality. We live under one roof, but in different worlds. I have grown solitary from sheer lack of companionship—also I am a shy man naturally. I have gradually come to associate all women together in one catalogue" ("alas for Miss Walkingshaw," reflected Mary), "at least I did so until a few weeks ago. Your coming altered all that. But at the same time I saw myself through your eyes. I see myself still through that remarkable medium and I realise that it is too late for reform—I am fixed in my crudities and barbarities." He flung back his head. "You come of a different class—to you they are intolerable. Hence I have avoided your society—to save myself greater suffering in the future. You realise my plight and you are running away from fear of me," he finished triumphantly, his eyes compelling her gaze.

She almost smiled at the fantastic unreality of his conception, though it had filled her with a strange sense of exultation.

There was a pause while she reflected how best to correct his misapprehension. The task became more difficult as she hesitated.

"You are wrong; it was the other way," she blurted at last, lowering her head as she spoke.

He stared at her incredulously for a moment.

"It is inconceivable," he almost shouted then, taking an impetuous step forward. But something in her eyes as she raised them to his drove the colour from his face.

"Mary!" he whispered, and the tenderness in his tone smote to her heart as the thunder in the afternoon had had no power to do.

Passover in Palestine

By S. L. BENSUSAN

MY first acquaintance with Jerusalem was made under distinctly unfavourable conditions, for I arrived in very indifferent health by the railway line that wanders for miles round the mountains of Judæa, and finally lands its passengers in a railway station as hopelessly disfigured by advertisements as though it were in the heart of England. I had stayed a brief while in Jaffa, which Simon Macca-læ is "took for an harbour and an entrance to the isles of the sea." I had visited the thriving colony of Rischon le Zion, founded, if memory serves me truly, by Baron Edmond de Rothschild, and now the most important centre of viticulture in the country; and I had seen the little Moslem children playing among the graves of forgotten Knights Templars in the shadow of Ramleh's ruined tower, once the minaret of a mosque. I had seen the plain of Sharon, where the flowers were out at April's bidding in a profusion to which no words of mine can do justice, and had

passed by Ajalon where, the Bible tells us, Joshua invoked supernal aid, and so to the Holy City through the land of the Jebusites.

Passover Eve with the Grand Rabbi

It was the eve of Passover, and I had been invited by the Grand Rabbi of Jerusalem, or, to give him his full title, the Haham Bashi Jacob Eleazar, to be his guest on that night of nights when, in memory of the departure from Egypt, orthodox and unorthodox Jews the world over take part in a special service with many a quaint ceremonial rite. So I made haste to reach the Jewish quarter by way of the Jaffa Gate and the quarters of the Armenians, and was received on the threshold of his modest home by the Haham Bashi himself—a stately figure of more than common height, but slightly bowed by the passing of the years that had left his beard and hair as white as the snows upon the heights of Mount Hermon. The Grand Rabbi was fast approaching



A STREET IN JERUSALEM.



FACADE OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE, JERUSALEM.

his ninetieth year, yet he fulfilled his important duties to the satisfaction of both his co-religionists and the Turkish authorities, and he told me that he had received the Divine blessing, for he had lived to see "his children's children, and peace in Israel."

His wife was dead, but had left him several children, already middle-aged men and women, with little ones of their own. They filled the long, low room with its wide settee, on which, according to traditional usage, the Grand Rabbi reclined at ease. Some sat up at the table, which was covered with a white cloth on which stood silver candlesticks lighting a dish of the unleavened bread known as Passover cakes, a couple of bottles of wine from the Jewish colony I had visited recently, part of the leg bone of a lamb in memory of the Paschal sacrifice, and bitter herbs in memory of the inflictions that the Children of Israel endured in their long years of Egyptian servitude.

A Three Thousand Year Old Ceremony

The evening service was taken, the children joining lustily in singing the Psalms, and then the special service in

commemoration of the departure from Egypt followed. It is called Hagadah, a Hebrew word meaning "Narration," and consists of a series of recitals of Jewish suffering in Egypt, culminating in the story of the Deliverance. In memory of the afflictions, herbs dipped in vinegar or salt water were eaten, and during the evening it was permissible to drink four glasses of the sweet and rather sickly wine. The evening service and Hagadah lasted well into the night, and then there was a break for supper, the women of the house being busily engaged preparing the table. The meal lingers in my memory, for it started with hot soup, which was the first food I had taken that day, and inexpressibly welcome. During the meal the Grand Rabbi spoke to the little ones of the age and origin of the ceremonial in which they had taken part, and, when the table was cleared and the grace had been chanted, they came to him for his blessing and retired to bed. But their places were soon taken. Personal friends of the Grand Rabbi and his family, who had finished the service in their own house, came to congratulate him upon the celebration of yet another

THE QUIVER

Passover, and when the room was filled the old man started some of the songs of praise associated with the occasion and sung in Hebrew. In these one and all joined, and when the last was sung the visitors crowded round their venerable chief, who had borne the fatigues of the long evening wonderfully well, and he gave to each and all his blessing. Then we prepared to depart, but because my lodging lay a mile outside the town and the road was hard to find, the Haham Bashi, with his usual courtesy and consideration for strangers, sent one of his own servants—a Turk—to guide me home.

The City by Night

So I followed by the light of this man's lantern through the dim and dingy alleys, garbage-strewn and unclean, and came out by the Gate of Zion and the "Tomb of David," so-called by its Mohammedan guardians, though the real resting place of the great poet and king was probably in Akra, not far from Hezekiah's Pool. It was a perfect night, full of stars, and still further lighted by a moon but newly risen. We made our way through a town so completely given over to silence that it was impossible in the emotion of the moment not to recall the cry of the Prophet Jeremiah, "How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people; how is she become a widow that was great among the nations . . . she weepeth sore in the night . . . she hath none to comfort her."

Outside the town, past the line of the forgotten walls, we climbed the Hill of Evil Council, and looked over the famous

city from its beginning in the Vale of Hinnom, to where Mount Scopus barred the way to the north, and I saw, foremost among all the buildings, the stately Mosque of Omar, built originally as a "wali" or shrine above the site of King Solomon's Temple, the cynosure of so many eyes that saw it only in dreams in those far-off days when the possibility of wresting Jerusalem from the Turk stirred the heart of Western Europe. Then men gave up all they held most dear to

join in or support the Crusades, in which, if history be read aright, they were soundly beaten. There were other buildings to be seen, but the great mosque overshadowed them all in those early hours of my sojourn; there was little to be recognised at first sight, even though the panorama of the city was destined to remain fixed in my memory to this hour.

Eastertide was upon the city. Passover and Easter come together, save when, in long intervals, the Jewish Calendar adds an extra month to the year and four weeks separate the two holidays, as they did last year (1910). Jerusalem was

crowded with sightseers, the most seeming to come from America, and as the excitement runs high at this season, it was not easy to keep the peace between Armenians, Moslems and Jews. In the afternoon and evening there was tranquillity, but on the morning when the pilgrims of the Greek Church assembled to witness the annual "miracle" at the Holy Sepulchre, the Turkish authorities had an anxious time. The Holy Sepulchre lies at the top of what is known as the Via Dolorosa, though



(Photo. Pennington and Young.)

FROM THE ROOF OF HOLY SEPULCHRE.

PASSOVER IN PALESTINE

scholars are not agreed in accepting the tradition that says the road was the one along which Jesus Christ passed to crucifixion. The Church of the Sepulchre is decorated in many styles, and is very jealously guarded, so that those whose credentials are not above suspicion can gain no more than the briefest glimpse of the interior. No mosque in the sacred cities of Islam is more difficult to approach than the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Eastertide. A marble sarcophagus stands over what is said to be the burial site, and the pilgrims come from all parts to kiss the marble. This church has several subterranean chambers, from one of which the sacred fire is held out to kindle the torches of the faithful amid a scene of enthusiasm and confusion it would be hard to describe. In the hours following the "miracle" it required no small measure of restraint and discretion on the part of the Turkish soldiery to keep the devotees of different faiths asunder.

The Wall of Wailing

The outer wall that marks one boundary of the area of King Solomon's Temple

shows, after thousands of years, some of the straight, oblong stones of enormous size that were placed in position before the Temple was built. Here I saw for the first time the sight that has so often been described—the gathering of the Jews at the Wailing Wall. Perhaps on account of the Passover, which had drawn so many of the Chosen People to the city, the gathering was larger than usual; certainly it was among the most impressive I have seen in my travels in remote Europe, Asia and Africa. The atmosphere of Jerusalem seems at certain seasons of the year to stimulate the faith of all who congregate within its walls, and it is still "Metropolis, whereunto the tribes of men assemble."

Later on I was to see the Friday afternoon ceremony at the Wall, when the Jews come together to repeat the penitential psalms, but now they came singly, for the most part in black robes, pathetic figures praying for a restoration of the ancient glory of the race, while all around them conflicting faiths were ready and willing to quarrel to the death, and above them the dome of the lordly mosque remained the most prominent feature in



THE WALL OF WAILING, JERUSALEM.

THE QUIVER

the city, whose history concerns so large a part of the civilised world. Here, at this one point, there could be no doubts for historians to record or critics to justify, the stones are a part of the old Temple wall, and to this hour the manner of their establishment with the few mechanical appliances of old time is matter for wonder.

Yet a few days and the *odium theologicum* was less in evidence; due observances made, many pilgrims departed to their homes, tourists went north through the tableland of Palestine or south to Bethlehem and the Dead Sea,

jealously guarded by its Turkish masters, who are themselves in a very difficult position. Great Powers have their interests and their jealousies in Jerusalem; the Church, the Mosque and the Synagogue can only exist side by side as long as the rights of each are most rigorously respected and no one gains any concession that may rouse the jealousy of the rest.

Certainly those who live within the city even to this day, testify in striking fashion to the faith that is in them. Poverty and piety go hand in hand through streets that do not seem to have been cleaned since the Dispersion, and it

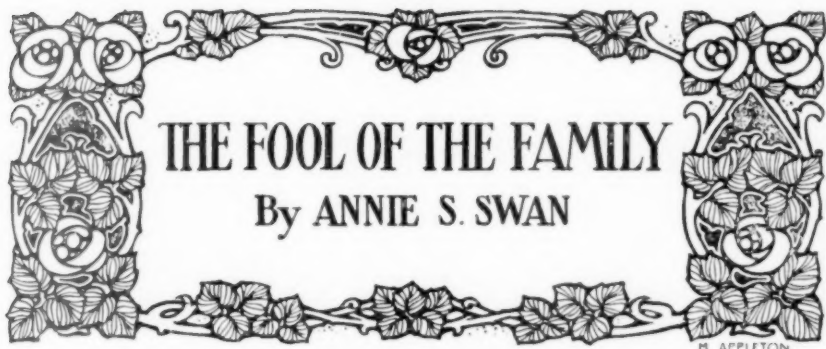


JERUSALEM FROM OLIVET.

or ventured on the way to Jaffa, whence they could pass by boat to Beyrout by way of Akka and Tyre and Sidon. It was possible to stroll almost unnoticed through the city, and to mark how the dust of ages has risen over it in every direction, until it would seem that nothing less than the most thorough excavation will avail to reveal the ancient sites, and do for Jerusalem itself what the Palestine Exploration Fund has done for the rest of the country.

Unfortunately, there were and are many difficulties in the way. Jerusalem is very

is only in the outlying parts that the full effect of modern enterprise can be seen. This enterprise, for reasons quoted above, has been very greatly hampered and restricted. In spite of the comparatively modern development of railways and the presence of one or two comfortable hotels in the city, Jerusalem is properly approachable only at certain seasons of the year, and the best of these is Eastertide or Passover, one of the seasons in which of old time all males were commanded "to appear before the Lord."



THE FOOL OF THE FAMILY

By ANNIE S. SWAN

M. APPLETON.

IN every family there is one member who, if not exactly a fool, seems to fall short of that family's standard of efficiency and accomplishment. It was quite early decided by the Marchments that Dick, the third boy, was "no good." If they had ever heard that it is very often the third child who achieves the greatest distinction and reflects the most brilliant glory on the family name, they had either forgotten the fact or failed to apply it. Anyhow, it could not possibly apply to Dick. He had no looks to speak of. The Marchments were inclined to ruddy locks, and Dick, to be quite frank, had a shock of red hair, surmounting a face of singular denseness of expression. His body was lumpy, too, and he had an awkward gait, and a habit of getting in the way, of lacking grace and tact and adaptability. In fact, he was a thorn in the side of both father and mother, and later on of his smarter brothers and sisters. George Marchment was a successful merchant, and his business was roomy enough to admit the two elder sons within its precincts, but obviously there was no room for Dick. Mrs. Marchment would have liked a professional son, and had Dick displayed any signs of intellectual activity, undoubtedly he would have been sent to a public school, and thence to Oxford, and drafted into a profession. But he displayed such singular and pertinacious stupidity at his preparatory school that the head advised them against it.

"Mere waste of money, my dear sir," he observed, with the singular dogmatism inseparable from his class. "Make him a farmer, if you can; if not, send him abroad."

It is commonly believed by those who do not know, that farming requires no brains, which is the greatest possible mistake. Mr. Marchment made some inquiries regarding farming in England, and being discouraged by the information received, decided that Dick should be sent abroad. At fourteen he was removed from school, and sent to an agricultural college, from which it was proposed to send him to Canada to seek his fortune.

Dick made no remarks concerning his future, neither protesting nor acquiescing. He was more or less of an automaton. It was generally supposed that he accepted the fact of his stupidity, and was pleased to be legislated for. Dick was not at any period of his life unhappy, because nobody was actively unkind to him. He had a world of his own, however, which nobody dreamed of. He would blink his rather weak, grey eyes, when questioned about his use of his leisure and playtime, and smile in a sort of far-away manner which was aggravating. But obviously you cannot be *very* angry with a person who speaks very little, and is always good-tempered. At the agricultural college the general verdict was accepted by everybody, except a boy called Rufus Hurst, a cadet of a very old and impoverished family, who, hard put to it to know what to do with its sons, had decided upon the Far West for one.

Rufus Hurst and Dick Marchment left England together in the spring of a certain year when both had just turned sixteen. Dick's father and mother saw him off at Liverpool, and the good-byes to his brothers and sisters were rather tearful. Netta, the

THE QUIVER

youngest sister, and the one member who utterly believed in Dick, had shut herself up in inconsolable grief, and had further said it was cruel and horrible to send Dick so far from home when he was only a boy, and that she would never forgive them as long as she lived. Dick had gone rather white when the time came to say good-bye to Netta, but there were no tears in his eyes when he stood on the deck of the outward-bound ship, and had a parting from his father and mother to go through. He had been made to feel, somehow, that he was the superfluous one of the family, and though his nature was too wholesome for resentment, it had had the effect of shutting up his heart. What Dick's heart was his own people, except Netta, had no idea, until something happened years after which opened all their eyes.

"What a sweet-looking woman!" said Mrs. Marchmont, suddenly directing her husband's attention to a little group standing some distance apart. "And how very distinguished! I wonder who they can be."

"Those are Hurst's people," volunteered Dick, casually. "Rufus Hurst, you know, who was at Stoneyford with me. We're going out together."

At the moment the members of the Hurst group turned towards the Marchmont group precisely as if they had been talking about them. Then the distinguished-looking woman, who wore her long cloak and floating veil with an air which was the squat Mrs. Marchmont's admiration and despair, came forward, her husband and son following.

"Mr. and Mrs. Marchmont, I believe? I am Lady Beatrice Hurst. This is my husband, General Hurst, and my daughter Lilah. I wished to thank your boy for his extraordinary kindness to mine at Stoneyford. Rufus is never done speaking about him; and I do hope they will see something of one another in the Far West. Isn't it very dreadful that we have to send our sons from us in these days at an age when we ought to have them still in the nursery?"

Her long, slender hand fell with a caressing—almost passionate—touch on her boy's slender shoulder, and her eyes swam in tears. Something shot across Dick Marchmont's stolid face. Was it a passing shade of envy? None ever knew.

Mrs. Marchmont's colour rose. She felt at a loss, for quite evidently these people had

discovered something in her son she herself had missed. She merely murmured that it was kind of Lady Beatrice to mention it, that she was quite sure it was not worth mentioning. But this Lady Beatrice would not listen to.

"You make light of it, of course, but it is a very great thing. My son has a shrinking disposition, and your boy has been an immense help to him. I should feel very happy indeed if they could be together. Have you any plans for Dick?"

Her eyes, as they fell on Dick's face, had an expression of such sweet kindness that Dick turned away. He could not bear it; the whole scene tried him inexpressibly. Presently the child Lilah crept round behind and touched his arm.

"Let's go over a bit, Dick and Rue. We can talk better there, and they want to say things about us."

There was such *naïveté* without pertness in her manner that, in spite of himself, Dick laughed, and it was such a merry sound that his mother wondered she had not noticed it before. It occurred to her afterwards that Dick had laughed very little at The Poplars, Wimbledon Common.

The three young ones withdrew themselves while their elders discussed them, and the swift minutes flew. Presently the time came for strangers to leave the ship, and the last good-byes were said. When she had said good-bye to her own son, and removed his clinging arms from her neck, Lady Beatrice ran back to kiss the other woman's son, whose eyes were dry. But they were not dry when she left him.

"Stick to Rufus, darling. Be a brother to him; make him a man like you are going to be yourself, and we shall always love and pray for you."

Mrs. Marchmont saw this little scene, but did not comprehend it. She was crying herself unrestrainedly, and Marchmont looked uncommonly glum.

"I hope we haven't made a mistake, George. It does seem hard—and him such a little chap! I hope it's for the best."

"Don't forget it was you who suggested Canada, Maria," replied George, a trifle testily, and they returned in rather a miserable silence to their hotel to put in three aimless hours before their train left for London.

That feeling of half-remorseful depression,

THE FOOL OF THE FAMILY

however, quickly wore off the Marchments. Successful people, well pleased with their own efforts and the results accruing from them, seldom allow themselves to be depressed for long with any feeling akin to remorse. In about three days the Marchments returned to their normal state of mind, and remained convinced that they had done the best they possibly could for Dick, and that everything now must depend on his own efforts. He was shipped together with young Hurst and two others to a certain person in Vancouver, who acted as an agent in the matter, and who had pledged himself for a consideration to establish the youths in suitable homes, where they would learn the business and the ways of the new country. It may be said here, and briefly, that this person was a rascal, that he failed in his duty, and that soon after they landed the lads found themselves stranded, and obliged to earn such bread as they could get by the sweat of their brows. The two in whom we are interested drifted to a

lumber camp, where we must leave them. In the limits of a short story it would not be possible to follow their adventures over the period of years, during which they were lost to their relatives. Dick wrote two letters home and received none, which is accounted for by the unsettled state of his wanderings. The Marchments got accustomed to the idea of his absence and his silence, and after a few years his name was seldom mentioned. The father and mother sometimes shook their heads at one another, sadly wondering how it came to pass that people so worthy as themselves, so wedded to duty and propriety, should have had such an unsatisfactory son. They accepted it as part of the discipline of life.

One day some excitement was caused at The Poplars by the sudden arrival of a very smart one-horse coupé at the gate. Two men were on the box, and one was sent up to the door to inquire whether any of the family were at home. He returned to say that only Miss Marchment was in the house,



"I wished to thank your boy for his extraordinary kindness to mine at Stoneyford."

THE QUIVER

and would be pleased to see Lady Beatrice Hurst if she would be so kind as to come in. Her ladyship reflected a moment, and then decided to go in. She was received by Netta, now the only unmarried daughter of the house—a tall, well-proportioned young woman, with a most striking repose of manner. It arose out of her perfect naturalness. Netta had grown up in a somewhat artificial atmosphere perfectly unspoiled. Remembering a somewhat impossible mother, Lady Beatrice was surprised at the daughter, and much pleased with her.

"I must apologise. I have no sort of right to come like this, and especially as your mother is not at home. But perhaps you can answer my question. I merely wish to know whether you have heard lately of your brother Dick, who went out—let me see—just eight years ago with my boy, Rufus Hurst."

To the surprise of Lady Beatrice, Netta's eyes filled with tears.

"Lady Beatrice, we have never heard from him. Mamma had only one letter. We think he must have died. Do you know anything about your son?"

"Oh, yes. We have heard at odd intervals from him, but the last silence has been the longest. We had a letter yesterday from China."

"From China!" said Netta, falteringly. "Did you know he had gone there?"

"Not until this letter. The last one came from California. Then he had not seen Dick for three years. But in this letter he speaks of seeing him again."

"In China!" said Netta, her eyes round with astonishment. "Is he quite sure? To us it seems quite incredible, for there was no reason why Dick should not write to us."

"But was there any particular reason why he should write?" inquired Lady Beatrice, and the question certainly struck Netta as odd. She faintly coloured.

"Now that you speak of it, Lady Beatrice, there was no reason at all why he should write. Everybody except myself was quite glad to get him away. But if he is alive I think he would have written to me."

"These boys have had great hardships and some extraordinary experiences. It seems to me that your brother has been waiting all these years to find his niche, and from what Rufus says he has found it now."

"What sort of a niche?"

"A diplomatic niche of the uncredited sort. He is working for the Government out there. It seems, from what Rufus says, that he has a most extraordinary power over the native mind. He understands it. It is a very subtle power, akin to genius."

Netta, a keenly intelligent girl, grasped every point suggested by Lady Beatrice's words.

"Dick! That is incredible; and yet no, it is not. He was so very different from all other boys, so different from my other brothers. He always seemed to me like one waiting to be awakened."

"Precisely; nobody understood him, and he has been drifting about the outposts of civilisation all these years, waiting for the right time and the right place, and, according to my son, he has found them."

"Then what is he actually doing?"

"My dear, I can't formulate it. I have brought my boy's letter, and I will read you what he says about Dick. Perhaps you had better copy it in pencil for your parents, as unfortunately the letter is of too private a nature to permit me to leave it."

Netta glided to the desk in the corner of the room, Lady Beatrice admiring the grace of her movements and her serious, intelligent face.

From her chatelaine bag Lady Beatrice drew the letter and turned to the third page.

"But of all the things that have happened to me the best bit of luck I've had in this beastly country has been running up against Dick Marchmont. He's been living in Pekin for eighteen months, and I haven't yet tumbled exactly to what he is doing here. He isn't idle, anyway; and he's being trusted with all sorts of odd, delicate jobs that belong properly to the Embassy, only can't be done satisfactorily there. I was dining with some chaps of the Legation last night, and they talked of nothing but Dick Marchmont. The funny thing is that though he is making his way so rapidly in the confidence of the powers that be, nobody is jealous of him. They simply don't take him seriously. Nobody has ever done so anywhere, now I come to think of it, and all the time he's been getting ready to make history. I'm not going to stop in Pekin; it's rotten; and if we don't have another Boxer rising soon, why, then, most folks will be disappointed. It's over the Chinese

THE FOOL OF THE FAMILY

themselves Marchment has this power. He's learned the language, and they seem to trust him. Everybody does. Yet he's such a quiet chap; I don't believe I ever knew anybody who talked less. But there's something fetching about Dick, mummy. Do you remember how you took to him that day on the boat? Well, he's just the same yet; he looks at you with those queer, blinking eyes of his, and you've simply got to do it. I asked him about his people, but he didn't seem to know anything about them. He said the time hadn't come, but it was coming, and the only thing he cared about was to know whether his sister Netta remembered him. I wish you'd find out that if you can, and get her to write to him. It would buck him up awfully, and take away that sort of haunting look he has in his eyes—the look of the chap who has nobody to care about him, don't you know—the look I might have had if you'd been different, only you're not—"

Here Lady Beatrice's voice broke. As for Netta, she was sobbing quietly, even while she was desperately writing down every word.

"You will write to him, won't you?" asked Lady Beatrice as she rose to go.

"Why, of course, this very day. I wish I knew how to thank you for coming, Lady Beatrice. I shall never forget it as long as I live."

"It was a little thing. I love my sons, all of them; and I couldn't bear the idea of that haunted look. It must be banished. Tell your mother I said so."

But even while she said that, Lady Beatrice



"I must apologise. I have no sort of right to come like this."

knew that the mother had missed her opportunity, and would never find it again. Her boy's heart had gone from her keeping for ever. She kissed Netta at parting, for she was an unconventional person, with the courage of her opinions; she likewise fixed a day for the girl to spend with her in Grosvenor Square, where they were living for the winter to economise while their seat in a hunting county was let to rich Americans.

When Mr. and Mrs. Marchment returned from town, Netta showed them the letter, and they were naturally a good deal excited over it. But Netta saw quite well that they did not take it at all seriously.

"It's very vague," said Mr. Marchment, critically. "But anyhow, it is something to know that Dick is alive and not disgracing the name he bears. We must write to him, mother; and I don't mind sending him a ten-pound note."

His tone was the somewhat resigned,

THE QUIVER

patronising one of the man who would make the best of an indifferent situation.

Netta's heart was full, and she poured it forth on a sheet of foreign notepaper before she slept that night, then reflected that she would have to ask Lady Beatrice for some address to forward it to.



"'Dick!' she cried shrilly, then, 'Dick, darling!'"

The weeks went by, and the months, and no answer came to that letter. One day, however, Dick walked unconcernedly across Wimbledon Common and pushed open the gate of The Poplars in the most casual way, as if he had merely returned from a short stroll.

Netta, who was very fond of the garden, was bending over a bed of hyacinths in lovely

bloom when she heard the gate creak, and the step on the gravel.

Turning round quickly, she espied a very big, tall, well-built man with a sunburned face, a short, stubbly, reddish moustache, and a pair of spectacles shading his eyes. Her heart stood still for a moment.

"'Dick!' she cried shrilly, then, 'Dick, darling!'"

She ran into his arms, she hugged him close and tight, she pulled down his face that she might look into it, and, wonder of wonders, they were both crying—Netta because she was so glad, and Dick because he had never expected anything like this, and because life held so much sweetness.

"There isn't anybody in but me, Dick. Father and mother have gone to Croydon to see Jim's wife—she has a new baby. I was to go, too, but something kept me. I've been so restless all day. Oh, Dick, is it really you?"

She drew him into the house, the old familiar house which had changed so little. But Dick had changed; somehow it seemed small, cramped, impossible to him. The only light in it was that which shone in his sister's eyes.

"I know now, old girl, that if I'd come home and found you married, or different, I should have shipped out and never come back any more."

"But didn't you get my letter, Dick? I wrote it ever so many months ago—last October, after Lady Beatrice had been here."

"I got no letter, but Hurst told me things were right at home. So they're all married, and what not? What luck to find you alone here! And how pretty you have grown!"

"Nonsense, Dick!" But her face flushed with happiness. "Tell me about yourself."

THE FOOL OF THE FAMILY

How well you look! How—how distinguished! Something has happened to you. You've got on—you've arrived—you've found the time and the place, as Lady Beatrice said you would!"

Dick cleared his throat and took out his cigarette case.

"Yes, I suppose I have. I've had an odd life, Netta—it would fill a book; and the last two years have been the queerest of all. I've been in the midst of mystery and intrigue, and I've steered clear through it. I've—I've been of some little use to them out there, you see, knowing the natives and the language. It was in San Francisco I got to know the Chinese really well. They interested me, and that's what drew me to China. I had a sort of way of getting at them, don't you know. I got behind the scenes in their lives, and got a hold of the ropes. Of course, they exaggerated what I did, but to be quite honest, if I hadn't been in Pekin the last year there would have been another outbreak worse than the first."

Netta listened, open-mouthed, as one might have listened to a fairy tale.

"They've been awfully decent about it, and I've come home—well, to be quite honest again, to receive my reward. I suppose you saw the paragraph in the *Times* this morning?"

"No. Where is it? Don't say you haven't got it, boy, or I must slay you!"

He drew the paper from his pocket, turned the page and pointed to the paragraph.

"Much interest is felt in the return to England of Mr. Richard Marchmont, from Pekin, and it is an open secret that his services to the Government in Pekin have not only been warmly appreciated by those on the spot, but are likely to be handsomely acknowledged here. Mr. Marchmont comes home at the request of the Foreign Office, and will be received with distinction on his arrival. The services rendered by this obscure genius at a time of most critical peril can hardly be over-estimated. They are only fully appreciated by those who remember the full horrors of the Boxer rising."

"Dick—Dick Marchmont! It is the most wonderful thing in the world!"

"Oh, no; all in the day's work. I won't stop to-day; I'm quartered at the Savoy. You see, I wasn't sure how I might find it here. I hardly hoped for the good luck of seeing you like this. What I want you to do is to tell them all about it, so that they won't say much to me when I come home. Just say to father and mother that it's all right. I'm fixed up for life. Probably I'll go back to the East, but I don't want them to ask me strings of unanswerable questions. You'll explain, won't you? You always understand everything, and do it right; you were like it as a kid."

Netta's bosom was heaving; she could not yet command her voice.

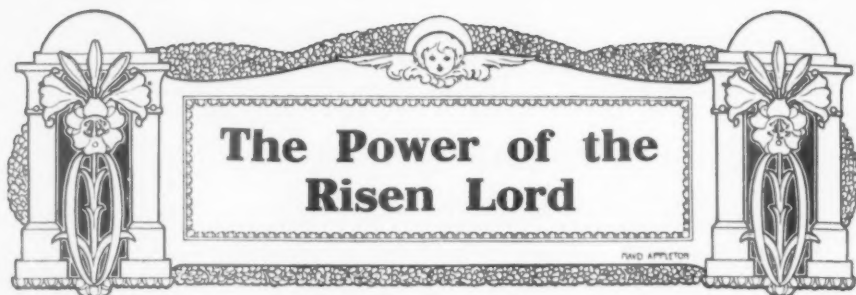
Dick got up, and began to move rather restlessly about the room.

"There's just one other thing," he said, with a slight stutter in his voice. "I'm—I'm engaged. It's to Hurst's sister, Lilah. We came home in the same boat. I'm going over to Grosvenor Square now. You'll tell them that, too—won't you?—so that they will get all the fuss over before I come back to-morrow. Mother will remember her; she was on the *Canada* that day we sailed, Rue and I. She had a long pigtail down her back, and she pinched my arm. You'll like her, Netta; she's your sort. Now that's all, and I'm going. I feel as nervous as a kid about meeting them all again. You'll make it right, won't you? And tell them I'll be back to-morrow."

"I will, my precious boy, and I'll tell you what, Dicky boy—I'm going to enjoy myself to-night as I've never done since you went away. And I deserve it, too, for I'm the only one who believed in you right through."

Then they kissed one another again, as children might have done, and Dick went away. On the road that skirts the Common he met the hired Victoria bearing his father and mother back from the station, but he could not stop to speak to them. The fool of the family was very shy yet. He had left his credentials, and hoped on the morrow to pay a proper call.





The Power of the Risen Lord

An Easter Message

By the Rev. J. R. MILLER, D.D.

THE power of the risen Lord began to appear immediately after the Resurrection. His death seemed to be the end of everything. While He lived He had great power. His personal influence was felt all over the land. His gracious words as He went about made Him friends everywhere. He had shown Himself sympathetic with suffering and sorrow. He had proved Himself ready to help everyone who was in need. Everybody trusted Him. He went about doing good among the people until He was known everywhere as a Man who loved men. His kindness to all had made Him universally beloved. This gave Him great power. He never wrought a miracle for effect, to win applause, to create enthusiasm for Himself. When in His ministry He did anything supernatural it was in love and compassion. He multiplied the loaves to feed a hungry multitude. He healed blindness, cured the lame and the sick, opened deaf ears, in sympathy with human distress. He raised the dead, not to win fame for Himself, but to comfort sorrow. Thus His power grew.

When He was put to death His power seemed to end. He was helpless in the hands of His enemies. He was no stronger than the weakest in the land. The people who had loved Him so appeared now to have forgotten Him; not one of those for whom He had done so much said a word in His behalf. No hand was lifted for His deliverance. His own strength, which had wrought so resistlessly in mighty wonders, gave now no sign of power. His name seemed buried in oblivion, in the shame of the death which

He died. Never did any man appear so utterly undone in His death as did Jesus.

But the moment of His resurrection His power began to show itself. He came from His grave like a God. Those who saw Him were strangely impressed by His presence. Those were wonderful days when our Lord was fixing in the minds and hearts of His friends the fact of His resurrection. Without resuming His familiar converse with them, He showed Himself to them again and again, not in such ways as to bewilder them with the splendours of His glory, but in such simple manifestations as to impress them with His continued humanness. In the recorded appearances after He arose there was nothing startling to make His friends afraid of Him. Mary supposed He was the gardener, so familiar were His form and manner. To the two disciples journeying into the country He was only a stranger going the same way, but at their simple evening meal, in the breaking of bread, He revealed Himself as the risen Christ. To the fishermen on the lake He appeared only as a dim form on the beach, but in the dawn they saw Him as their Lord, serving them with love.

The Marvellous Power of the Unseen

Everywhere we see the might of the risen Christ. Think of the marvellous power which wrought in the Resurrection itself. No one saw it. If the story were legendary we should have minute details of the circumstances. The Gospels are "most silent where myth and legend would be garrulous." Yet the Resurrection was the most stupendous of all the

THE POWER OF THE RISEN LORD

miracles. The world never saw another such exercise of power as this mastery of death when Jesus came from the grave. All the other of our Lord's miracles were only flashes of power. He changed water into wine. He made the blind see, the lame walk, the deaf hear. Bread for a few grew under His hand till it became enough for thousands. Other dead were restored, but in every instance they returned again to death. Great as these greatest miracles were they were little in comparison with this most wonderful of all His acts of power. He rose to die no more.

The Change in the Disciples

As soon as Christ arose power began to go forth from Him. Think of the change which came upon His friends as soon as they came to believe that their Lord was really alive again. They were transformed men. We know how despairing they were after Jesus died. All their hope was gone. Their fear paralysed them. They hid behind locked doors. But when they saw the hands with the print of the nails and believed, they were like new men. The power of the risen Christ passed into them. All who saw them and heard them marvelled at their boldness. When we compare the Peter of Good Friday with the Peter of Pentecost, we see what the power of the risen Christ made of one man. So it was with all of them. Instead of being feeble, timid men, hiding away in the shadows, following their Master afar off, denying that they belonged to Him, locking the doors for fear of assault or arrest, see how bold they became. They feared nothing. They were brave as lions. A tremendous energy was in their words. The power of the risen Christ was upon them. No trust in a dead Christ would have wrought such a marvellous change in those plain, unlettered, untitled men.

Power Through the Centuries

The power of the risen Christ is seen in the story of the centuries. Is Christianity the work of a dead leader, a man who was not strong enough to overcome death? St. Paul tells us that if Christ did not rise there is no Christianity, no hope. "If Christ hath not been raised, then is our

preaching vain, your faith also is vain . . . ye are yet in your sins. Then they also that are fallen asleep in Christ have perished." If this is the final word about Him, there is not a shadow of hope.

"Eat, drink and die, for we are souls bereaved.
Of all the creatures under heaven's wide scope
We are the most hopeless who had once most
hope,
And most beliefless, that had most believed.
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
As of the unjust, also of the just,
Yea, of that Just One, too!
It is the one sad gospel that is true,—
Christ is not risen."

But this is not the last word. Rather, it is this, "Christ hath been raised. He is alive for evermore." The story of Christianity is the story of the risen Christ. His last promise to His disciples as He sent them out, was, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

Just what did this promise mean? Is Christ present with His friends in this world in a different way from that in which St. Paul or St. John is present in the Church? They are present in influence. The world is sweeter because St. John lived in it. He was the apostle of love. There is a fragrance poured out by His name wherever it is spoken. St. Paul still teaches in all the churches. His words live wherever the New Testament goes. Is it only in this way that Christ's promise must be understood? There are some who tell us this, that He is with His followers only in the memories of His life, work and character, and not in any sense as a living person. But the promise meant more than this when Jesus gave it to His friends. It meant that He, the risen Christ, would be with them, in actual, living, personal presence, always, all the days—that He would be their Companion, their Helper, their Friend. This presence has been realised in the Church in all its history. The things Christ in His ministry, before His death, "began to do," He has continued to do through all the centuries since. All the work of the Church He has done. The power of the risen Christ is seen wherever any good work is done. We read the wonderful story of His ministry, how He went everywhere, doing good, healing, helping, comforting, saving, and we sometimes wish we could have lived in those days, to have received His

THE QUIVER

help; but the Christ is as really present in our community as He was in Judea and Galilee. We may have His touch, His cheer, His presence, as actually as if He were living in our home.

It is interesting to read of the friendships of the Master when He was on the earth. He was the friendliest man that ever lived. A recent writer says: "The Son of Man was dowered at birth above the rest with the impulse and the power to love and to minister. . . : His compassion for the multitude because they were distressed and scattered as sheep not having a shepherd, His charity for the outcast, the oppressed, and the weary, His affection for the innocence of childhood, are among the tenderest and the sweetest chapters in the history of our race, and seem to have made the profoundest impression both upon those whose exceeding good fortune it was to see His human countenance, and upon the age that came after."

Is it possible for Christ to be such a Friend to the people to-day? If He is the risen Christ, and if He is actually living with us, it is certain that He is just the same Friend to us that He was to those people among whom He lived then. He goes among the people now as He used to do in Galilee.

He had His personal friendships. Think what He was to Peter, who was brought to Him first as Simon, a man of many faults, undisciplined, impulsive, and impetuous. This man of the fishing boats became, under his new Master's training and influence, the great apostle. The story of Peter shows what the friendship of Christ can do now with such a man, what it can make of the unlikeliest of us. Or think what the friendship of Christ did for John, who grew into such rare gentleness in His companionship, whose character ripened into manly beauty and into great richness and strength. It is possible to have the risen Christ for our Friend to-day, and to have His friendship do for us just what it did for Peter and John. The power of Christ is seen in Christian lives all over the world which have been transformed by His love and by His influence.

Easter illustrates the work of the risen Christ in its marvellous power. The day leaves in true Christian hearts every-

where new inspirations, a new uplift of life, new revealings of hope. Easter sends a wave of comfort over the world as it tells of the conquest of death. It changes the mounds above the sleeping dead into resting-places of saints waiting for glory.

"These ashes, too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last saint arise and break
The long and dreary sleep.

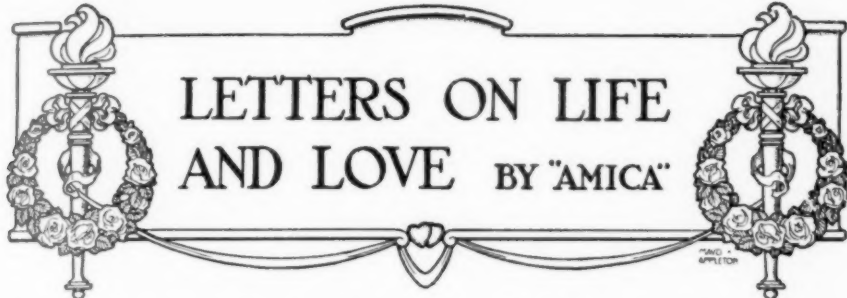
Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long-silent dust shall burst
With shouts of endless praise."

Easter Radiance

But Easter does more. Its lesson reaches out and spreads a radiance over all sorrow. It tells of victory, not only over death, but over everything in which men seem to suffer defeat, over all grief, pain and trial. The grain of wheat dies only that it may live. "If it die, it beareth much fruit." This is the great lesson of Christian life. Easter comes on only one day in the year, but it has its lessons for every day. We are continually coming up to graves in which we must lay away some fond hope, some joy, but from which the thing laid away rises again in newness of life and beauty. Every call for self-denial is such a grave. Every call to a hard and costly duty is a seed which we bury in the ground, but which will grow into something rich and splendid. "You are called to give up a luxury," says Phillips Brooks, "and you do it. The little bit of comfortable living is quietly buried away underground. But that is not the last of it. The small indulgence which would have made your bodily life easier for a day or two, undergoes some strange alteration in its burial, and comes out a spiritual quality that blesses and enriches your soul forever."

This is the wider truth of Easter. The only way to the best and highest is through the losing of the lower. The rose leaf must be bruised to get its fragrance. Love must suffer to reveal its full meaning of beauty. The golden grain must be buried in service or sacrifice that from its grave may rise that which is unseen and eternal.

The secret of all this wondrous truth is the power of the risen Christ. These things are true because He died and rose again.



LETTERS ON LIFE AND LOVE BY "AMICA"

No. 9.—To a Mother who Thinks her Children do not Love Her

MY DEAR ISABEL,—Intercourse between the older and the younger generation will present some difficulties as long as the world lasts, because every individual possesses the personal equation which differentiates him or her from every other individual. In many people this is not strongly marked, in others it is the first thing that greets each new acquaintance.

If all people were alike there would be no excuse for us when we offended or injured them, or for them when they hurt or harmed us; being all blind and dense in spots, good sense teaches us to make allowance

In a way, you were the best of mothers. Never were the health and the physical welfare of the young better cared for than by you; you understood that the growing time affords fitting opportunity to strengthen weak backs and ankles, to develop sound teeth and strong limbs, to expand the chest and fortify the muscles. It is in great measure owing to your watchful care that your sons and daughters are fine human creatures, robust, intelligent, good-tempered.

You were also foreseeing in the matter of schools. You sent the children to the best you knew of, where, if they did not attain high scholastic distinction, they never fell below a fair average. Even if they are not to set the Thames on fire, you saw to it that they were qualified to make their way in the crowded stream; you prepared them to attain the measure of reward and happiness that lies between extremes, and has been pronounced by the wise the most desirable and the best. Yet you are not satisfied: do you know why?

You feel instinctively that other claims on your family are ranging themselves beside yours, that other people are intruding into the domestic preserve, and that, at times, their allurements seem stronger than your own. There are moments when it appears to you that the filial relation is ungrateful, times when it seems that all the love and care and pangs of maternity have been suffered in vain. But did you imagine that God sends human beings into the world to remain somebody's children for ever and ever? It is a sweet thought that our children will grow up to appreciate all our unselfishness, and to requite our devotion, but, oddly enough, in my experience it has been the not-overcared-for children who grew up with a passion of affection for their progenitors.

You must not bemoan yourself unduly. No doubt a great heartache awaits every fond mother when it is her turn to realise that she is no longer essential to the child that was once bone of her bone, and flesh of her flesh, until she recognises that this result is for the general good of the race, and resigns herself. The young cannot live in the past any more than a tree can grow downwards; if the affections of the young centred in their parents and continued there, they would inevitably perish with these, or lead a wasted and purposeless life when left alone. Nature is not a sentimentalist, she takes cognisance of our actions and aptitudes, but very little of our feelings.

A good mother lives for and in her children, but she makes a mistake when she does not keep a little corner of her soul sacred to herself, a little corner that

THE QUIVER

will have a harvest of its own when the nursery fields have been garnered.

We are always punished for loving overmuch. Other errors escape chastisement, this one never; therefore some power must regard it with special disfavour.

To keep the balance true between what is due to ourselves and what is due to those about us, requires attention, we being prone to dip towards selfishness, or, contrariwise, towards foolish self-sacrifice. A mother should never forget that she is the mother, and therefore entitled, as such, to certain prerogatives. I think there is nothing for which the young thank us as little as for that self-forgetfulness that leads to personal abasement. For example, the mother who cares nothing about her appearance, so long as her children are well-dressed, wrongs herself, and will be punished out of all proportion to the heinousness of her error. The young are generous until trained otherwise, they want to respect and admire the older people; by making herself appear of no account comparatively, a mother traverses this primary instinct, and the child is spiritually wronged. It is not natural that, in the growing time, the young should feel themselves important beyond their parents; make them so, and indefinable, conscious discomfort is evolved. The child resents the sacrifices that wrong its better nature. When it manifests ingratitude, one says "a bad child." Not so—a good child deprived of its best opportunities.

The unspoiled young are never so happy as when they feel that they are helping the older generation in an acceptable way; when a child loses the pleasure of thinking of others in a way which it recognises as acceptable, its growth is being retarded. The educative value of straitened circumstances in youth lies in this, that the child makes conscious efforts for the collective well-being, and sees them bear fruit. The very poor will welcome adequately the coin the child has earned; more happily (?) circumstanced children lack the incentive of household requirement to induce willing self-sacrifice, the prosperous often destroy all natural generosity in their children by their inability to realise and encourage labour and sacrifice that have resulted only in the production

of what they do not admire or want. They are too unimaginative to understand the effort of love that results in useless presents of home manufacture, or in atrocities purchased in penny shops. Not everyone can make the donor feel "I love this not only because it is your gift, but because it is something I have really wanted." It may demand an unusual amount of sympathy to manifest exultation over the gift of a glass marble or delight in the crudest vase to be found in a sixpenny shop, but the parent who stabs the little loving heart by asking "How can you buy such trash?" or says austere, "I wish you would not waste the money I give you," may be constrained to say later in life, "My children never do anything for me."

If you have made your young people selfish, let it comfort you to reflect that they will probably do better for themselves in a world where self-defence is essential, than if you had equipped them with too lofty an altruism; self-protection is indispensable where the majority carry weapons. Should this suggestion shock you, I offer you the further thought that their descendants, taking heed of them, will probably revert to generosity in their turn, because that is how the wheels of life go round. Action and reaction, so swings the human pendulum. We need never make ourselves too unhappy over mistakes, provided we meant well. No destiny, not even our own, is entirely in any pair of hands; if we do our best, as far as we understand it, the ultimate will never be without hope.

What remains to you now, dear friend, is to make yourself interesting and attractive. When responsibilities go, leisure is left, and a full mind makes leisure fructify. Now your youths and maidens want to measure their resources against those of their generation, want to discuss their achievements with those who have experimented in similar directions—in a word, want companions who resemble themselves; but so long as you are attractive and pleasant, and make your home the same, for their own pleasure, they will want to be with you, and to bring their friends with them. When they are self-supporting, there will be more money available. I advise you

LETTERS ON LIFE AND LOVE

to spend this on your own surroundings, make the house attractive and its contents interesting. Our properties should interpret our views and desires when we have passed beyond poverty's pinch. Once upon a time this would have been deemed wicked advice, because once upon a time beauty was deemed sinful, a snare to lure us away from thoughts of fire and worms. What strange ideas have helped to make the world sad! If God so clothe the grass of the field, that to-day is and to-morrow is cut down, do you think He is pleased to see His best product disfiguring His fair earth? I think it an absolute duty to take care even to beautify the bodies we have been given. I feel sure it is a helpful kindness to those about us to make ourselves pleasant in their eyes. Sad faces, dingy garments, these are penalties we sometimes have to bear; borne bravely, they diminish of themselves. When we think ugliness a merit, we are ill, like those people who devour clay and chalk and pieces of coal. Be cheerful, cultivate the accessories that induce cheerfulness, and among the people that will cluster round you, your family will be foremost.

Never let yourself think that you are too old for anything you desire to do; being interested you will prove interesting. Many people lament that life is dull; they are like the blind who complain that the world is dark. Life teems with interest, as it teems with beauty; if these

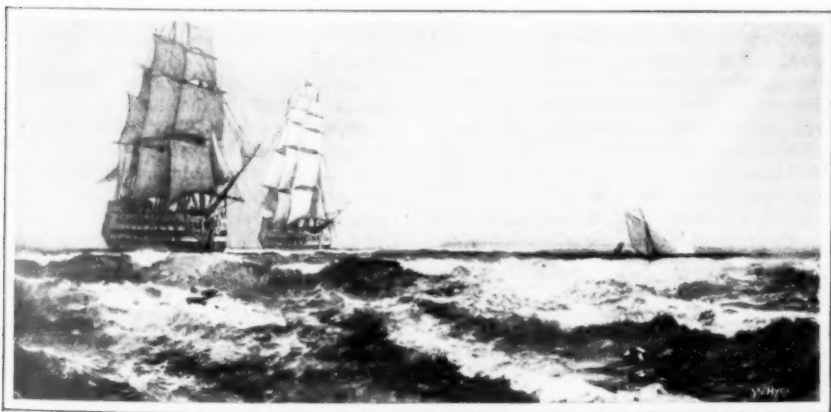
do not abound in our neighbourhood, it lies with us to bring them there.

There is no need to seek our interests always among the things that occupy our neighbours, or to feign interest we do not feel. Some people can only enjoy what they call life—that is, moving crowds of people; while others are never so happy as when alone with a hobby. Between these extremes lies the universe.

Women have a hundred resources, in social intercourse, in books, in needlework, in philanthropy, as well as in the many avenues that open to-day into the fields of labour and achievement. Few women do very well in solitude, but life offers to the lonely to-day multitudinous invitations to come forth and join others who are working or playing with intellectual or frivolous things. I knew a wise man who, knowing many languages already, began to learn Persian at eighty-two. When some unimaginative utilitarian said, "Of what use will this be?" he replied, "I am making ready to go to Persia." And so he was, without the fatigue of a tedious journey by rail and sea. To cease to aspire and to grow is to be dead; we are never old till we can no longer look forward.

A last word in your ear: if life in your eyes consists of service to those you love, there will be the grandchildren—be patient.

Yours ever,
AMICA.



Cynthia Charrington

Serial Story

By Mrs. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY

CHAPTER XII

THE PROFESSOR STARTLES HIMSELF

THE days passed on, and turned into weeks. February had given way to March, and March was about to give place to April. Fresh shoots of green were beginning to show on the trees in Sefton Park, there was in the air a general consciousness of spring, an air of sunshine, of happiness, of hope renewed. The window boxes in Mrs. Charrington's house were filled with bright spring flowers, but inside the home Cynthia drooped and faded with a mysterious disease. The doctor called it *anæmia*; Cynthia herself called it loneliness, the lack of Beth; Mr. Charrington called it slackness: the child lolled too much and took no regular exercise; only the mother realised the true cause of the change, and had the courage to confess it. Cynthia was in love with Stamford Reid, and Stamford Reid was apparently not the least in the world in love with Cynthia in return! In looking forward, as every mother must do, to the time when her daughter's heart would pass from her keeping, Mrs. Charrington had imagined many possibilities; she had realised that Cynthia's choice might not be her own, that she might feel a disappointment more or less acute in being obliged to forgo one son-in-law, and accept another, but never in her most despondent moments had it seemed possible that Cynthia could care for a man, and that man not love her in return! She was amazed; she was wounded; she was indignant: it cut her to the heart to see the girl's listless droop, to watch the colour rush to her cheeks at the sound of the bell, and ebb away in sickening disappointment.

Any mother who has passed through the same bitter experience will sympathise with Mrs. Charrington in her vicarious suffering; in her helplessness to help. If Cynthia really cared, if Cynthia's happiness was at stake, her own prejudices could not be allowed to stand in the way—she had mentally swallowed them at a gulp when she made Stamford Reid welcome to her house, and had given him that sure sign of favour, an open and general invitation, but

if he neglected to take advantage of that privilege, if he refused on occasion even a definite invitation, what more could she do? She was no unscrupulous, match-making mother who would undisguisedly run after a man for the purpose of making him marry her daughter; she could do nothing but sit still, break her heart in private, and exert herself to infuse what pleasure was left into the girl's life.

Curiously enough the one person whose society roused Cynthia to any approach to her old spirits, was of all unlikely personages Malcolm Daughlish himself. Since the night of the musical *At Home*, with its tragic *dénouement*, an odd compact seemed to have sprung up between the Professor and the girl who had previously regarded him with youthful disdain. He had become a constant caller at the house, and instead of looking profoundly bored and escaping from the room as soon as possible, as had been her previous custom on the occasion of his visits, Cynthia now adopted little airs and graces, and led the conversation as if she, and not her parents, was the real object of his visits. It took a little time before Mr. and Mrs. Charrington could abandon an apologetic manner for this girlish self-sufficiency; it was only slowly revealed to them that so far from resenting the liberty, the only boredom from which the Professor seemed likely to suffer, arose from their own laborious attempts to set him free!

When, for example, Mr. Charrington carried him off to the library to examine a print in one of his old folios one evening, Daughlish seemed oblivious of the chair thrust towards him, answered vaguely and without interest, and appeared to be listening more attentively to the strains of Cynthia's piano from the drawing room than to his host's literary discussions.

"Cynthia amuses Daughlish! I was afraid she would bore him with her chatter, but he enjoys it—he certainly enjoys it!" the good man remarked in mystified tones to his wife a few minutes later as he re-seated himself by her side at the end of the drawing-room, the Professor having left him *en route* to



"What on earth is the girl up to now?"—for Cynthia's fingers were producing a series of chords and trills which seemed to act as an accompaniment to her words."

join Cynthia at the piano, and Mrs. Charrington smiled in reply.

"It's natural, dear! He has so much grave, elderly society, and she seems just a child to him, a pretty, amusing child. I am so glad he troubles to talk to her. It's educational to have such a friend."

"Humph!" Mr. Charrington laughed shortly. "What educating is going on seems to be on *her* side, not his. What on earth is the girl up to now?"—for Cynthia's fingers were producing a series of chords and trills from the piano which seemed to act as an accompaniment to her words, and her tawny head was tossing to and fro, her brown eyes flashing mischievous glances, her red lips gabbling a stream of soft, indistinguishable words, the while the Professor stood gazing down at her with an expression of mingled fascination and embarrassment comical to behold.

What Cynthia was really attempting at that moment was a mischievous imitation

of the latest of Mrs. Moffat's Musical Evenings. Though not truly musical in a strict and classical sense, her thin flexible fingers had a certain brilliancy of execution, and she possessed an easy gift of improvisation. She could take a popular air, for instance, and torture it into a very fair imitation of a fugue; she could shake the piano in a succession of thunderous chords, interspersed with erratic runs and twists in the treble, in supreme disregard of the rules of harmony, but nevertheless with an effect comically like the polonaise and mazurka which had raised Mrs. Moffat's guests to enthusiastic applause a few days before. Undoubtedly the cleverest and—in a parenthesis—prettiest part of the performance, however, was her imitation of the guests themselves, given in a soft, half-singing recitative to the accompaniment of descriptive notes on the piano, and a rapidly changing series of expressions upon the sparkling little face.

THE QUIVER

One seemed to hear the footsteps of the portly guests ascending the stairs, the stereotyped exchange of greeting, the increasing babble of conversation, the scraping of chairs, the whispered confidences, interrupted by the first chords of a performance, and continued at the instant of its cessation. Cynthia audaciously essayed them all, and by reason principally of her audacity and her prettiness, made a charming little performance of the attempt.

When it was over she let her hands drop on her lap and looked up into the Professor's face with a complacent little smile. She was saying to herself: "How he *does* stare! He never could have believed that anyone would have the audacity to imitate his beloved friends, but he likes it all the same, he likes it dreadfully! If he were roused he'd be quite lively. I'd better rouse him. It would be something to do." Aloud she said sweetly: "You are a delightful audience, Professor—quite inspiring. I'll do some more of my sketches for you some day. Miss Elliot and I used to amuse ourselves composing them in my boudoir upstairs. I have all my books and pictures there, too—far more interesting ones than those father bores you with sometimes. Some day I'll show you!"

"You are very good. Couldn't you, wouldn't you—mightn't I see them *now*?" asked the Professor quickly. Cynthia glanced at him in amazement, but his expression so eagerly seconded his words, that hesitation was swept away, and she leapt to her feet and led the way to the door.

"Come along, come along! We're going to my room, dear people. I'm going to show it to the Professor. Send for us when coffee is ready!"

The blank amazement on the listening faces gave an added zest to Cynthia's enjoyment. The mischievous sparkle returned to her eyes, she skimmed up the broad staircase as light as a bird on the wing, then leant with folded arms over the banister watching the Professor's staid approach. His hand was on the rail, he ascended with slow, cautious steps, as if afraid to hurry over unaccustomed ground. Cynthia's voice rang out mockingly:

"Thirty-five is it, or fifty-three? By my halidom, 'tis the gait of a grandsire!"

The reply came in unexpected fashion, for the grandsire gave a sudden boyish leap upwards, two steps at a time, a second leap, a third, and stopped short immediately

below where Cynthia stood, his uplifted face in startling proximity to her own. There was no sign of age visible at that moment, and the flush on the thin cheeks seemed to pass in its turn to the girl's face also. She straightened herself with a somewhat strained little laugh.

"How—unexpected of you! That was thirteen at the very most. You startled me!"

"I startled myself!" said the Professor shortly. He was breathing hurriedly, as though out of breath after the unusual exertion, and the two walked along the corridor with a sudden access of shyness.

Cynthia's boudoir showed the usual medley of dainty trifles which compose the boudoir of the well-to-do girl. A comfortable sofa with plenty of cushions, pretty little tables, pretty chairs, on the walls a heterogeneous collection of pictures, from the old school group to the Botticelli photographs reminiscent of the first historic visit to Italy. Photographs by the dozen were littered about on every hand, and as it was one of Cynthia's peculiarities to have half a dozen pieces of work on hand at the same moment, every table and almost every chair bore some pretty ephemeral burden, while on the sofa itself was stretched the very latest addition to the wardrobe, just returned from the maker, and still shrouded in its tissue-paper wrappings.

There was nothing particularly novel about the room, but to Malcolm Daughlish, fresh from the bare austerity of his bachelor apartments, the air seemed full of a mysterious feminine attraction, and he stood upon the threshold peering round him with short-sighted eyes, as if almost afraid to enter. In his embarrassment he looked so entirely his old accustomed self, so unlike the alert, glowing-eyed young man of a few moments before, that Cynthia's self-consciousness disappeared as quickly as it had arisen. She must have been imagining—exaggerating, at least. This stooping, elderly-looking man could *never* have been so transformed! He was father's friend, a Professor, grave and staid, and elderly, but a dear all the same, *quite* a dear, and what sport it had been to see the parents' stares of amazement when he had chosen her society in preference to their own! "Their eyes *bulged*!" said Cynthia triumphantly to herself, and stimulated by the remembrance, she played the part of show-woman in her gayest, most natural manner.

CYNTHIA CHARRINGTON

"You must look at my pictures! That's a hockey group taken at my school. I'm the third in the front row. Did you ever see such a fright? That's another group taken on the lawn—I was head girl then, and had just done up my hair. Very badly, as you behold. That's a group taken in the Quad at the college after the Masonic ball in May week. It was taken by flash light, at four in the morning. That's me! I look seventy at the least. I was *dead* tired! Here are my dear Botticellis—I adore Botticelli; don't you? These water colours were done by school friends; very poor, but I keep them for remembrance sake. Those etchings are good—birthday and Christmas presents. That's a poster I picked up in Paris. These are my books; I mean to get lots and lots more, and have shelves all round the room. . . . This is my little corner window where I sit and dream noble deeds, not do them, all day long!" She laughed, with a flash of small white teeth. "But if we really are what we think, I must be noble, too, for I've the highest principles! When my actions fall short, it is almost always because some other bothering person has interfered, or been stupid, or made me cross. If I'd been left to myself I should have been all right. . . . This is my new dress waiting to be put away. Would you like a private view?"

The Professor blushed, Cynthia was maliciously sure that he blushed, but there being no doubt of the eagerness of his assent, she reverently laid aside the paper wrappings, and lifting the dress by its sleeves, held its full length under her chin. "There! Do you think it will do?"

"It seems to me a wonderful dress. I never saw one like it before. Your dress-maker must be a clever woman. It looks so like—yourself! You always wear brown, don't you? I like brown—"

Cynthia looked at him with widened eyes.

"The idea of your noticing that! I thought you lived in the clouds; in an atmosphere far too rarefied to notice such things of earth!"

"Perhaps I see more than you think. I could give you a description of every dress you have worn since I met you first."

Cynthia dropped her burden on to the sofa, and seated herself by its side with an expression of rapturous anticipation.

"You can! Really? How intelligent of you. Do please begin at once. I'd simply love to hear you!"

"The first time was at a concert. It was something thin and cloudy. Muslin, I suppose, and it had things that flashed round the top. Brown flashes!"

"Tulle, sir; and sequins. And you planted your foot on the back width, and tore *yards*! I forgive you, because you remember so nicely, and it was old, and I was tired of it. . . . And then?"

"At the Philharmonic. It was plush, I think—something heavy—and it didn't fit. I mean—that is to say—"

"You *mean* to say that it was a Liberty velveteen, made with a Watteau pleat—that's what you *mean*, but you don't express it very happily. Not fit, indeed! Nobody ever dared to make such an accusation to my face until now. What next? You had better be careful. I'm very sensitive about my clothes."

"You have a satin dress, that is lighter than the others, the colour of café au lait, and a thin one that has several shades. I like that one the best. It matches your hair."

Cynthia's eyes danced. She lay back against the cushions of the lounge, her arms stretched out on either side, her red lips curling with laughter. The idea of absent-minded Professor Dauglish discovering for himself that that dress had been designed with the express idea of repeating the tawny shades of her hair. He *was* intelligent! Then the Professor spoke again, and cast a shade across her complacency.

"You wore that on the night of your own At Home. The night when Reid brought your friend such bad news. I have seen a good deal of Reid since then. He comes to see me in my rooms."

"Oh!" Cynthia's expression changed with almost startling rapidity. The smiles and dimples disappeared; she looked tense and strained. "Really!—I didn't know. Often? Does he come often?"

"Fairly often. Every week, I think. He was with me last night."

Cynthia stared reflectively at the point of her bronze slipper. Every week! Yet in spite of her mother's open invitation it was nearly a month since Reid had last visited Sefton Park. The inference was plain that he preferred the Professor's society to her own. She digested the fact with painful candour, then restlessly sought for palliatives. The men lived within a short distance of each other. There was no long, tiring walk involved, as there was in a call

THE QUIVER

in Sefton Park; and any young man would naturally be pleased and flattered to be received on intimate terms by Malcolm Daughlish. She understood Reid's nature well enough to realise that he would be especially flattered by the distinction. Suddenly a thought arose in Cynthia's mind—if Reid knew that the Professor showed a marked enjoyment of her society, his own appreciation would certainly increase in proportion! She must encourage Daughlish's friendship, show herself to him in her most charming mood, rivet the chains already forged, and by so doing demonstrate her own value to those handsome eyes which seemed so disappointingly blind. It did not occur to Cynthia that she would be acting unfairly in so using Daughlish's friendship for her own purposes. The original impression of him as a man belonging to a different generation from herself was still so strong that the possibility of any sentimental interest on his side had never entered her brain. He was a pawn in the game, a convenient pawn—she would use him for her own ends!

CHAPTER XIII

AN EXPERIMENT BY CYNTHIA

CYNTHIA was not satisfied until she had put to the test her theory that the knowledge of Malcolm Daughlish's friendship for herself would increase her interest in the eyes of Stamford Reid. It was easy to persuade her mother to arrange a dinner party in which the two men should be among the guests, and to include a casual remark to the effect that "we are hoping that Professor Daughlish will be with us" in the informal invitation. As Stamford evidently found pleasure in the society of the elder man, his presence will add to the attractiveness of the invitation, and an immediate and cordial acceptance justified the inference.

In pursuance of her scheme Cynthia was prepared to sacrifice her own preferences for the evening at least, hoping thereby to gain much for the future.

"I shall let the Professor take me in to dinner," she announced with her usual masterfulness to an astonished mother who had taken the girl's proposal of the dinner simply and solely as a convenient method for securing a *tête-à-tête* with Stamford Reid. In one respect it was a relief to hear the decision, but she was conscious of certain compunctions.

"That would be very interesting for you, darling, but I am not so sure about him! You will be the youngest lady present, and by no means the most learned. I thought of giving him to Miss Rhodes."

"Mother, she's fifty, and heavy, and terribly in earnest! If you put those two together they'll cast an intellectual blight over the whole table. Two such very serious people need a little leaven of frivolity. The dinner will 'go' much better if you put me between!"

"Perhaps you are right!" Mrs. Charrington laughed appreciatively. "But even so, dear, that does not exhaust our choice. There's Miss Symonds! She is interesting and thoughtful, and would be delighted to have him for a partner. I think he would like it, too."

"He'd like me better! He is thoughtful and interested all day long, and when evening comes he likes to be amused. I amuse him! Once or twice I've roused him to such an extent that he has looked positively skittish. That interests *me*! You can put Miss Symonds on the other side if you like, and then he can take his choice between us."

"That would do, perhaps. I might arrange it that way. And who would you like on your other side, darling?"

Cynthia pondered with an elaborate affectation of unconsciousness. Again her mother felt convinced that she was about to mention Stamford Reid's name, and again she was surprised to hear it supplanted by another.

"I think—Mr. Vernon! He is what the advertisements call 'a useful blend'; pleased to reply if you care to talk, and *very* pleased to be left alone to enjoy his dinner. I'll take refuge in him if the Professor deserts me for Miss Symonds."

So Stamford Reid was to be banished to the opposite side of the table! Mrs. Charrington was consumed with curiosity at this unexpected development of the situation, but was too wise to put her feelings into words. She waited and watched, and when the evening of the dinner arrived, noticed that Cynthia dressed herself in her favourite shaded frock, took especial pains with her hair, and was evidently determined to appear at her best; noted her nervousness also as the hour approached; the flush on her cheeks, the restlessness which made it impossible to sit still. None of these signs were visible when the Professor alone was



"His involuntary start of surprise was followed by one still more marked as he saw Cynthia take the Professor's arm"—p. 552.

THE QUIVER

expected, yet Cynthia had chosen him as her partner in preference to the younger man! What could it mean?

The guests began to arrive—two elderly married couples; the thoughtful Miss Symonds; Miss Rhodes, with banded hair, and a swathed satin gown, which, to put it mildly, was not flattering to her elderly charms; a young brother and sister; and last of all the Professor and Stamford Reid, the latter immaculate as ever, wearing the very latest thing in waistcoats, and a white tie, tied in a manner which put shame to every other "choker" in the room. Cynthia greeted each guest with the same pretty cordial smile, and not even her mother's eager eyes could find added *empressment* in her manner to either of the latest arrivals. Stamford Reid took up his position by her side with an easy assurance of being called upon to take her in to dinner in a few minutes' time. "Of course I'm expected to pair with her," he told himself with a mental shrug, nevertheless the surprise was by no means agreeable when his host directed his attention to the girl at the far side of the room. His involuntary start of surprise was followed by one still more marked as he saw Cynthia take the Professor's arm. Daughlish and Miss Charrington—what an extraordinary arrangement! How bored the poor fellow would be. But a second glance showed the Professor radiant with smiles, and Cynthia armed with her prettiest airs and graces.

"Are you amazed at having to take me in?" she asked boldly. "I made mother arrange it. She said you would rather have Miss Rhodes or Miss Symonds, but I insisted—I hope you don't mind!"

There was not time to reply in words, for the guests were already filing out of the room, and it was necessary to follow. A glance answered Cynthia, a glance which recalled the incident at the head of the stairway, so radiant and rejuvenating was its effect. In all his thirty-five years of life Malcolm Daughlish had never experienced such moments of rapturous happiness and content as those in which he escorted Cynthia from room to room, her little hand lying on his arm, and the knowledge warm at his heart that it lay there as the result of her own choice! So lost was he in the golden maze that Cynthia had to rouse him to conversation. It was no part of her scheme that he should appear silent and abstracted to the watching eyes; he must

talk himself, and listen while she talked, and that with even more than his customary absorption.

So, deliberately Cynthia set herself to charm the grave student, and succeeded so well that not Stamford Reid alone, but the whole table of guests were struck by his unusual animation. More than one guest had shared Stamford's sentiments upon seeing the apparently badly-matched pair; more than one withdrew from his original standpoint with a mental tribute to Cynthia's powers. "She must have more in her than I thought! That girl must be clever. Daughlish seems to find her uncommonly interesting." Even the staid Miss Symonds, struggling against a sense of personal disappointment, unconsciously cast aside her idea of Cynthia as a pretty butterfly, and exalted her to the pedestal of serious consideration. As for Stamford Reid, his surprise and discomfiture were such that it was with difficulty that he could carry on a connected conversation with his own partner. From the date of his first meeting with Cynthia Charrington he had been aware that he exercised for her an unusual attraction. Her bright glance, her eager welcome, her happy absorption in his words, had all told the same story, and he would have been blind indeed if he had not read them. The attraction had been only partially returned, perhaps because of his own unconscious absorption in another girl, but he had been flattered and interested, and now to find himself deliberately passed over for another was a disagreeable awakening. For the first time in the history of their acquaintance his half-patronising attitude was quickened into interest and curiosity. Looking at the girl with opened eyes, he acknowledged her beauty, and envied her power of awakening such interest in a man of Daughlish's calibre. The Professor's bright glance and alert manner seemed to take years from his age, and transform him into an entirely different person from the grave student who had been his host in the bachelor apartments in Rodney Street. What could the girl be saying to bring so unusual an animation into his manner?

Stamford strained his ears to catch some fragment of the conversation at the opposite side of the table, but whether by chance or intention Cynthia's voice was pitched in a lower key than usual, and his efforts were without success. He recalled the various

CYNTHIA CHARRINGTON

subjects which had come under discussion when he himself had stood in Cynthia's place, and asked himself on which of the number this girl could be qualified to give an opinion! He would have been surprised indeed if he could have known the entirely feminine nature of the conversation which was arousing such unmistakable interest in the mind of one of the greatest thinkers of his day.

"What *is* charm?" asked Cynthia absently, referring to the Professor's latest remark. She kept her eyes fixed on the table as she put the question, not from any fear of what she might read in her companion's eyes, but simply as a precautionary measure, lest they might stray involuntarily to a handsome face at the other side of the table.

Dauglish looked at her quickly, then turned aside, knitting his brows.

"I know, but I can't explain! It is not to be defined."

"Oh, but it must be. Try! You ought to be good at defining. Charm is——"

"The power of sympathy?"

"Not a bit! Some people who are really intensely sympathetic are so tongue-tied and reserved that no one is one whit the better."

"Then, as an amendment, the power of feeling, and of showing sympathy! Is that better?"

"No! not necessarily. Charm may exist apart from sympathy. Scoundrels, for instance, must be charming in manner, or they could never succeed in inveigling so many poor flies into their net, and there is no sympathy in *their* hearts! They must be cold as stone. Think of the men who are brought up in the police courts sometimes for being engaged to a dozen poor girls at the same time, and robbing each one of her poor little savings!"

The Professor looked so horrified at the illustration that Cynthia chuckled with mischievous enjoyment.

"I am always so sorry for them, poor dears! I could never respect myself again if I'd been one *fiancée* out of a dozen. It would be such a blow to lose money, and self-respect at the same time. But the men must have had some sort of charm, there's no doubt about that! You must think of a better definition, Professor, please!"

"I wish I could! I can *feel* it, as I said, but it is something too ethereal for the medium of speech; some essence of per-

sonality which makes itself felt in all that certain people do, or say, or even write, so that the readers of their books become possessed of a strong personal affection for authors whom they have never seen. If you are a Stevenson lover, you will understand what I mean!"

"All underneath the stormy sea
Grief sent a message unto me,
Children, your tender friend is gone,
Dear Robert Louis Stevenson!"

quoted Cynthia in a soft, moved voice.

Dauglish glanced at her quickly. It was the first moment of softness and sentiment in which he had surprised her, and under its influence she seemed doubly attractive. The brown eyes met his under knitted brows, their habitual brightness exchanged for a wistful, almost appealing expression. Stamford Reid was laughing and talking with his companion; a knife-like fear shot through her heart that he did not care, that he was satisfied with the arrangement of partners, that her scheming had been in vain. The pathos of her glance was the result of her thoughts, not of her words, but Malcolm Dauglish in his innocence was not to know this. He read it as a sign of her intense sympathy with his own feelings.

"Yes! R. L. S. was the Prince of Charmers, but that seems to bring us no nearer our definition. Even his greatest lovers knew a certain disappointment, for he never achieved the *magnum opus* for which they waited. His stories seemed continually beneath his own level, and yet—and yet, they pleased!"

Cynthia noiselessly clapped her hands. Stamford Reid had turned towards her; she felt the scrutiny of his eyes, and immediately sparkled with animation.

"You have said it. You have said it! Charm is the power to please! When you have said that, you've said everything. It's a—a——"

"Magnetism?"

"Yes, yes! a magnetism, which some people possess to draw other people towards them. As to what makes it, I don't know! Not necessarily goodness, nor sympathy, nor unselfishness, but a quality inborn. Some babies possess it in their very cradles, and can howl as they please, and be called precious lambs, while the charmless are 'tiresome brats,' if they dare as much as a whimper. Really, Professor, that's very good! We have built up quite a fine definition between us!"

THE QUIVER

"You have!"

"Oh, you had the ideas, I only wove them together." Stamford Reid had turned back to his partner, and Cynthia gave an impatient sigh. "That's rather an unusual position for me, for as a rule I stick obstinately to my own. Beth, Miss Elliot, spoilt me by letting me take the lead, and now my pride misses her, as much as my heart. I rode over her rough-shod, and she liked it, the dear thing! It's rather a shock to feel that she has flown out into the world, and is awake and *doing*, while I am still dreaming on in my cage!"

"You have good news from Miss Elliot? She is getting on with her work?"

Cynthia made an expressive *moue*:

"She is *interested*! That's the great thing. She says it is like living in a story book, seeing into so many lives, both in her work and at home. I think I am a little bit jealous. I am used to her being interested in *me*; and there's no one left to take her place."

"Surely, everybody, everyone you know——"

"No, they don't!" Cynthia laughed, and shook her tawny head. "They are abominably indifferent, and oblivious, and interested in themselves. Do you mind if I grumble? I'm in a grumbling mood to-night, and it would be a relief. Mother objects to grumbling. She has such a sweet, contented nature that she can't understand what a safety-valve it is to people like myself. I heard of a family once where each member had one licensed grumbling day a week, and no other! Isn't it a wise idea! You see, if things chanced to be going right on your grumble day you would slide through it without so much as remembering its privileges, and then your lips would be closed for a whole week; or again, if you were in a black mood, pure contrariness would keep you silent when you knew that every ear was waiting for the outburst; and if you were in an ordinary normal condition the little jars of six past days wouldn't seem worth raking up on the seventh! Oh, it's splendid! I shall pretend it's my turn to-day and grumble all I like. I'm bored! Things are so jog-trot, and dull, and uninteresting. I want something exciting to happen for a change!"

Dauglish looked at her silently, his brain concentrated in a painful effort to evolve a distraction which should merit the naive description. He would have given a year's

income; he would have worked for a month for the joy of granting this girl's lightest desire, but no glimmer of inspiration visited his brain. Cynthia was heedless of his glance, but Mrs. Charrington, looking down the table, noted it with a sudden quickening of the heart. That rapt, concentrated look, what did it mean? Was it possible! Was it possible!

She made a hasty movement, and the ladies rose at the signal, and streamed from the room. The pretty girl linked her arm through Cynthia's, and drew her towards the conservatory. As the only girls present it was natural that they should join forces and chatter of their own affairs while the staid matrons grouped together in the drawing-room. Cynthia tried to cross-question her companion concerning her late partner, but Mabel seemed infinitely more interested in talking about Malcolm Dauglish.

"Oh, yes, quite nice! Handsome, nice manners; but *rather* heavy, don't you think?" she said lightly. "Cynthia, you *did* get on well with Professor Dauglish! He seemed to be enjoying himself so much. I should have been scared to death if I'd had to talk to him for an hour on end, but if I'd done it, and kept him interested as you did, I should be bursting with pride. Everyone says he is so difficult to know—so shy and reserved. Even Miss Wright, who is so clever, says she always feels stupid at the end of five minutes!"

"He is not reserved with me. I could talk to him for a week," said Cynthia airily. She drew two chairs forward well within range of vision of the inner room, so that stragglers from the dining-room could see at once where the girls had escaped. It would be the natural thing for the two young men to follow, but as Combe Warner was Mabel's brother he would certainly pair off with his young hostess, leaving his companion to his sister. Cynthia had begun the evening with the determination to turn a persistent cold shoulder upon Stamford Reid, but her resolution had been steadily failing during the last two hours, and at this thought it finally collapsed. To allow him to leave the house without a word, or a glance, to wait for days, it might be for weeks, before meeting him again—she could not do it! It would be intolerable to live through all that time, torturing herself as she would surely do with the thought that he was offended, that he imagined her to

CYNTHIA CHARRINGTON

be offended, that he would never return. A panic of nervousness seized her, her heart beat in heavy thuds, her feet were icy cold, her cheeks flamed; when the drawing-room door opened it seemed as though her very life depended on the issue of the next few moments. She lifted her fan and pressed it against her lips, not daring to turn her head. There came a step across the tiled floor, a second, and after a moment's pause, a third; still pressing the fan against her lips, Cynthia raised her head and found, not

newcomers. "If you shut your eyes it's just like being in a garden—warm, and sweet, and scented—such a blessed relief from the east winds of the last month! It gives one courage to wait a little longer, just to realise once more what it is like to be really warm and comfortable."

"What does one do with oneself in summer in Liverpool?" asked Stamford Reid with the little drawl which he adopted from time to time when he was especially anxious to show his own aloofness and



"Reid leant forward, playing aimlessly with her fan"—p. 556.

Combe Warner, but the Professor by her side, while Stamford Reid stood a pace or two away, looking down at her beneath bent brows. The tension eased, she drew a long breath, and fluttered the fan to and fro. Something in the expression of both the men, in Mabel's affectionate gaze, told her that she was looking her best, and the knowledge went far towards restoring composure.

"We are sitting here and pretending that it is summer!" said Mabel, smiling at the

superiority from provincial life. "In town, of course, it's the fullest season, but here—there seems nothing coming on! What does one do?"

He spoke in reply to Mabel, but he looked at Cynthia; it was to her that the question was obviously addressed, and she answered with a mischievous imitation of his own manner.

"One grumbles! One plays a little tennis, one goes out to a few dull garden parties; one grumbles again, and waits—

THE QUIVER

impatiently—for August and the seaside. That's the programme, isn't it, Mabel? I don't think we have any other distractions."

"An occasional picnic up the Dee, when anyone is munificent enough to give one."

"Ah, yes; but that's rare, unfortunately! A Dee picnic is delightful, every bit of it except the scramble for the train at the end, when one is tired and longing for rest."

"Wouldn't it be pleasanter to make the journey by motor?"

The suggestion coming not from the luxurious Londoner, but from the austere Professor, evoked a little flutter of surprise.

"Obviously! But so far no one has offered to convey a party in so luxurious a fashion."

"I would offer! . . . I should be delighted to give such a picnic if you cared for it. If it would please you! I would arrange it just as you wished—"

Absorbed in one overwhelming desire, Dauglish did not pause to consider conventions. The presence of an audience was forgotten, he was conscious only of Cynthia, and his own longing to minister to her smallest desire, but the words themselves, and still more the manner in which they were uttered, brought an instant electric revelation to each of the listeners. Combe Warner turned on his heel and hurried back to the drawing-room, Mabel became instantly absorbed in the plants by her side, Stamford Reid stiffened into a statue-like attention, and Cynthia looked suddenly white and scared.

"Oh, you are really too kind. We couldn't, really! We never expect bachelors—"

She rose from her seat, fluttering her fan,

and drawing her cloudy skirts together. "It is much too early to think about picnics. The very idea is chilling in this weather. Later on I dare say mother—" She floated past as she spoke, leaving Dauglish abashed and discomfited, and Stamford Reid followed quickly by her side.

"Don't run away again, Miss Charrington!" he said quickly. "Can't you spare me a moment? I haven't had a word with you all night."

Cynthia lifted her face to his. The shock of the moment before had left her pale and shaken, her red lips trembled like those of a frightened child, her eyes were eloquent with an unconscious appeal. The young man's heart stirred within him. Dauglish loved this girl; Dauglish coveted her, and she turned aside to look with that sweet welcome at himself. In that moment she appeared beautiful, desirable, all that a man could wish. He led the way through the open doors into the big lounge hall, and Cynthia followed meekly in his wake.

"Let us sit down here! It is quieter. We can talk better here—"

Nevertheless for several minutes neither spoke a word. Cynthia leant against the corner of an old oak settle, clasping her hands together to subdue their trembling. Reid leant forward, playing aimlessly with her fan, which he had taken out of her hands. At the end of the long pause he broke the silence by some trivial remark, but as their eyes met, both flushed, and looked rapidly aside. Without the exchange of a word, a new stage had dawned in the history of their relationship one towards another!

[END OF CHAPTER THIRTEEN]

Has the Sunday School Failed?

THE May issue of THE QUIVER will be a special Sunday School number, among the most important contents of which will be the results of an inquiry into the reasons why Sunday School scholars do not become Church members. The Bishop of Sodor and Man, Lord Kinnaird, Dr. Garvie, Dr. Adeney, Rev. Richard Roberts, and Archdeacon Sinclair are among the contributors.



Queer Gardens in Waste Places

By H. C. CROSFIELD

"**E**VEN in South London we have gardens," said the Bishop of Southwark; and the statement was manifestly correct, since his lordship was standing in one of them. The occasion was the prize-distribution at the Church Army's City Garden in Green Street, Blackfriars Road. "South London is full of surprises," said further my Lord of Southwark; and this garden, this green oasis in a desert of dingy streets, is one of them. Its situation is forbidding, being bounded (as the geography books say) on the north and south by shabby and decrepit houses, shored with great balks of timber to prevent collapse; on the east by a railway embankment and a tumble-down shed, from a pipe on whose roof intermittent jets of steam denote some unknown industry within; and on the west by a hoarding, the wrong side whereof is occupied by a row of the juvenile population, elbowing each other away from peep-holes.

There are four of these gardens. One we have described. Two of the others are in Westminster: in Stillington Street, under the shadow of Westminster Cathedral, and in Elverton Street, dominated by the Horticultural Hall. The fourth is in Park Village East, near Regent's Park,

a long strip bounded on one side by the main line of the London and North Western Railway, and on the other by the Regent's Canal. Anglers sit on the tow-path, mute images of patience and hope; and beyond the canal stalwart Life-guardsmen in shirt sleeves look out of the windows of the Albany Barracks.

"If you'd seen these roads before they were made,
You'd hold up your hands and bless General Wade."

remarked a rhymester of former days in whom the poetical faculty would appear to have been but slenderly developed. Similarly, if you'd seen these gardens before they were made, you (that is, supposing you to have a soul above bricks and mortar, and more especially if you were one of the favoured cultivators), might, or might not, hold up your hands, but you would assuredly bless the Church Army. Anything less like gardens than these sites were formerly it would be hard to imagine. They were wildernesses of brickbats, tin cans and miscellaneous rubbish; and in three at least of them the foundations of long-demolished, insanitary dwellings were embedded to a considerable depth.

In difficulties Prebendary Carlile sees his opportunity. In the winter of 1909 there

THE QUIVER

were on the one hand, hundreds of respectable unemployed men, with families dependent on them, asking for work; on the other, were these plots of land, crying out for treatment by spade and pickaxe, which would afford an agreeable change from the staple Church Army industry of wood-chopping. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners, the Woods and Forests, and the London County Council, who own the various plots, were approached and readily lent the land, rent-free, on condition of its being surrendered at short notice. A small army of unemployed men of good character, from the Church Army Queen's Labour Relief Depots, were set to work; and the result of their sturdy labour is seen in the piles of brickbats, disposed

the inaugural cabbage is numbered with things that were.

The land was still not very fit to grow "herb for the service of man." But fertilisers are to be had; and then Messrs. Sutton, of Reading, and other donors, sent seeds; garden implements were also provided; and, most necessary of all, the services of practical gardeners were procured to instruct and help the cultivators.

The plots were divided up into allotments of about one-sixteenth of an acre, and the use granted to heads of poor families in the neighbourhood of the gardens. Each holder was required to pay 1s. key money, to be returned on giving up the holding; but otherwise



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CHURCH ARMY'S CITY GARDEN, PARK VILLAGE EAST, REGENT'S PARK.

around the sides of the plots. Gradually order was evolved from chaos; and, incidentally, a number of poor families were fed during the bitter weather and saved from the workhouse.

By the middle of December, one of the gardens was ready for planting; and by way of inaugurating it the Lady Mayoress (Lady Knill) planted the first cabbage. This plant would, no doubt, under favourable circumstances, have grown up a credit to its distinguished sponsorship. *Vanitas vanitatum*. Two or three days the cabbage flourished, then it vanished in the night. Whether it fell a spoil to a curio-hunter, or to a hunger-marcher, or simply to some mischievous urchin, has never been ascertained. Enough that

there was no rent or other payment whatever. Seeds were given freely; also manure, good advice, and the use of tools. One qualification for the plot-holders is that the man must be in regular work, for the plots are not to be considered as a provision for the unemployed. They are designed as a means of healthy interest and occupation in the open air, and as a counter-attraction to more questionable forms of recreation, besides providing the slender larders of the plot-holders with vegetables of a quality far superior to those to be purchased from costers' barrows.

By way of investing the plots with the protection of the law's majesty, one holding in each was granted to a policeman.



THE START.—THE
CONCRETE ROAD-
WAY SEEN IN THE
CENTRE HAD TO
BE BROKEN OUT
PIECEMEAL.

THE FINISH—EX-
HIBIT FROM CITY
GARDENS AT HORTI-
CULTURAL HALL.
THIS EXHIBIT WON
THE BANKSIAN
BRONZE MEDAL.



DISTRIBUTION OF
PRIZE-CERTIFI-
CATES AT THE
GARDEN, STILLING-
TON STREET,
WESTMINSTER,
BY THE MARCHIONESS
OF ZETLAND.

THE QUIVER

Whether it is from this cause or some other, very little trouble has been caused by the nocturnal marauder. The Park Village East garden has been the chief sufferer. A gang of young hooligans, not bargees or otherwise connected with the canal, make the tow-path their Sunday resort for pitch and toss and other recreations. The quiet orderliness of the garden, instead of appealing to their better instincts, roused their angry passions, and on several occasions they broke in and did much wanton mischief, tearing up and trampling down the plants and making themselves generally objec-

seemed almost impossible to believe that these well-grown, fresh-looking peas and beans, carrots and turnips, lettuces and cabbages, had been sown and come to maturity under London's smoky sky, and not in some sunny market garden far away from soot and grime.

The keen interest and rivalry of the cultivators was very marked. At one of the gardens they erected a pavilion, plentifully garnished with flags and paper chains, for the prize distribution, and sat up all night to preserve it from damage. At another, one of the holders enclosed his holding with a little green-painted



BREAKING THE GROUND AT THE CHURCH ARMY'S CITY GARDEN, STILLINGTON STREET, WESTMINSTER.

tionable. An elaborate system of barbed wire entanglements finally prevailed on them to keep on their own—or, rather, the Canal Company's—territory.

In July came the crowning of the work. Then the gardens were judged and certificates given for the best cultivated among them. Another and an unexpected honour came also in that month to the two Westminster gardens. A collection of vegetables grown there was entered at the Royal Horticultural Society's show in the Horticultural Hall, and to it the Society awarded the Banksian bronze medal, founded in memory of Sir Joseph Banks, the great horticulturist of his time. To anyone coming suddenly upon this exhibit at the show it must have

fence, about a foot high; and another had a border of oyster shells.

The cultivators are already talking of great things to be done next year. That is one of the joys of horticulture. The horticulturist shares with the patient fisherman on the canal-bank the pleasures of hope. Next year these pleasant gardens may be covered once more with bricks and mortar, and be no more than a memory. But no matter. The plots have served their turn in giving work to the workless, and many an hour of quiet happiness to men—and their wives and families, too—whose lives are none too full of pleasure: and if they are not wanted for building they will do it again.

Jorrocks

The Story of an Unpromising Hero

By MARY BRADFORD WHITING

"I'm a free-feeder, I am!" said Jorrocks. "You mean a free-fooder, don't you?" said Sister Helen. "I saw you at the open-air political meeting the other day."

"Not me!" said Jorrocks. "They're all trash, politics is; I don't take no stock in 'em. Give me puddin' so thick you can't 'ardly make yer teeth meet in it, an' cauphy as black as yer 'at!"

"Oh! I see," said Sister Helen in a tone of comprehension. "You mean that you get free meals at school."

"You bet!" said Jorrocks. "That's the politics for me—two slabs o' puddin' an' lots o' cauphy to make it go down. My! don't it make yer feel fat an' full!"

Sister Helen did not look shocked, she did not feel shocked—yet her face was grave, and Jorrocks did not like her to look grave when she talked to him.

"That 'ud be your politics, too, if you'd got a mother wot drank, an' a father wot kicked yer every time 'e wasn't thrashing yer," he said defiantly.

"I'm sure it would be," responded Sister Helen. "Come in for a minute, Jorrocks, if you are not busy, and see if a slice of my bread and jam won't make you feel just as comfortable as the pudding does."

John Stocks, *alias* Jorrocks, had brains, but he had no aptitude for education—that was the point of difference between him and the other boys who lived in Resker's Rents. There were plenty of boys who had no brains, and therefore could not be taught, for feeble-minded children are the natural result of depraved and degenerate parents; and there were boys who possessed a fair share of brains and who picked up the knowledge imparted by the schools without much trouble; but to Jorrocks—who had more brains than all the rest of his classmates put together—the power of acquiring book learning had been denied. Sister Helen liked to talk to him, for, as she often said, he hit the nail on the head every time, and she could learn more from him than from all the Reports and Blue-books under the sun. She wanted to learn from him

now, and it was for this reason that she offered him the bread and jam, for he was as hard-worked as anyone in the kingdom, and it was not fair to take up his time without giving him something in exchange.

He accepted the bread and jam, and sitting down to eat it, glanced affably at the bookshelves.

"What a sight o' books!" he remarked, with the air of one who feels it incumbent on him to make conversation in return for hospitality.

"It is a pity that you can't read," said Sister Helen; "you are getting a big boy now—nearly thirteen, aren't you?"

"Quite thirteen," said Jorrocks, "but I'm not gettin' a big boy, so you're out of it there. I'm a small boy, an' I ain't growin' a mite."

"No, I'm afraid that you're not growing," said Sister Helen sympathetically. "You've no time to grow, what with running errands and going to school and minding the baby. But that makes it all the more important that you should get on with your schooling."

"I don't care so long as I can git that puddin' an' that cauphy," said Jorrocks, as he licked his fingers to make sure that no scrap of jam had escaped him.

"Yes, I know," said Sister Helen, "but it's wrong, all the same. Your parents ought to be made to feed you; as things are now, you would starve if anything prevented you from going to school."

Jorrocks saw the point, as he saw most points that were presented to him, but he had his answer ready.

"Who's to make 'em?" he said.

"I wish you could tell me," said Sister Helen. "That's just what we want to find out, Jorrocks. It's not only your parents, it's all the parents who won't feed and clothe their children—they knock them about as if all they wanted was to get rid of them, and yet the children go on being born just the same."

"An' never askin' to be," put in Jorrocks.

Sister Helen looked up quickly.

"You're right there," she said. "You



"What a sight o' books!" he remarked."

didn't want to come into the world just to be starved and ill-treated. What is life to such as you?"

"I know what my life is," said Jorrocks, "it's a fallin' foul o' people—that's what it is. I've tell foul o' people ever since I was born."

"You don't fall foul of Bubbles," said Sister Helen.

A rare gleam lit up the boy's wizened face.

"I'd like to see anyone fall foul o' Bubbles!" he said.

Then the gleam faded and the old hunted look came back.

"Mother 'it' me last night," he said,

"but she was blind drunk, I'll say that for 'er!"

Sister Helen turned away that he might not see the wave of wrath that rushed over her.

"Have another slice, Jorrocks?" she said cheerfully.

"Rather? And a slice to take 'ome to Bubbles?" was the prompt answer.

The hand he held out had a blue line on it, and she pointed to it inquiringly.

"That was my teacher," said Jorrocks coolly. "I don't blame 'im, pore chap! 'An't you ashamed to come 'ere an' eat our food an' never learn nothin'?"

"e says, 'an' 'e up with 'is cane; an' I'd

JORROCKS

'ave done just the same if I'd been in 'is place."

"And why don't you learn?" asked Sister Helen gently.

Two worried lines graved themselves on the boy's forehead.

"I want to learn all right," he said, "but it's wot I tell yer—I'm always fallin' foul o' people. That mean scavenger of a grocer chivies me somethin' orful. It's 'look sharp' 'ere, an' 'stir yer stumps' there, till sometimes I'm all of a shake; them baskets is as 'cavy as lead, I can tell yer, 'specially when yer ain't 'ad nothin' to eat. Then I get back with a bit of breakfast for Bubbles, an' off to school like a lamp-lighter, an' baskets agen in the dinner-hour, an' baskets agen till ten o'clock at night, an' then——" But here he came to a sudden pause.

"And then what?" asked Sister Helen softly.

The boy's queer little face was twisted into all manner of contortions to keep back the tears.

"Bubbles is gettin' 'is teeth," he said in a choked voice, "an' if I drop off to sleep I sleep 'cavy, an' then I don't 'ear when 'e cries, an' father beats 'im. I took a pin to bed last night an' kep' on stickin' it into my arm; but I was that tired I couldn't keep my eyes open nobow, an' father——"

The tears would not be kept back any longer, and springing to his feet, Jorrocks made a dart for the door.

But Sister Helen was too quick for him.

"You can't go yet," she said, catching at his tattered sleeve, "I've something else to say to you. We must find a way out of this somehow—no proper sleep and all those baskets to carry—it's more than any boy alive could stand. I must come and talk to your parents and see if I can get their consent for you to go into a Home of some sort where you could learn a trade."

But Jorrocks shook his head.

"Don't come!" he said, "It 'ud only mean ructions. My father goes round to the grocer's every Saturday evening and gits my money; 'e won't let me go to no 'ome, bless yer; 'e says I was made to be useful to 'im."

"But you can't go on like this," said Sister Helen; "there must be some way out of it."

Jorrocks nodded his head sagaciously.

"There's a way, you'll see!" he said.

"What way do you mean?" asked the Sister doubtfully; she had a deeply rooted belief in Jorrocks' wisdom, but the case seemed to her too desperate to admit of any hope.

"When Bubbles was ill, I took 'im to the 'ospital," said Jorrocks, "an' the doctor says 'All right, my man,' 'e says, 'your baby's goin' to git well, but 'e'll be worse before 'e's better.' It's like that you see."

"I'm afraid I don't see," said Sister Helen, with a puzzled look.

"You're a bit thick-headed to-night, ain't yer?" asked Jorrocks, in a tone of friendly interest. "So long as I don't do nothin' bad I can't be took away from my father an' mother, but just let me steal somethin' or start breakin' into somebody's place, an' off I'll go as neat as ninepence! I don't 'old with politics, but I know all about the bloomin' law! I'm only waitin' till Bubbles is big enough to prig somethin' too."

"But Jorrocks!" cried Sister Helen, "You can't do that! You mustn't! You know as well as I do that it's wrong to steal, and doing wrong never puts things right."

But Jorrocks was sullen.

"Seems to me that doin' right always puts things wrong!" he muttered, and looking at his careworn face, Sister Helen could not find it in her heart to blame him.

"Shall we speak to the Prevention of Cruelty to Children officer?" she said.

"No, no!" cried Jorrocks hoarsely. "I tried that game once! The children's man got a little gal in our 'ouse away from her aunt what knocked 'er about somethin' shameful, an' the curick told 'im about mother, but Bubbles is such a 'ankey-pankey little jackass, 'e cried when they went in, an' 'id 'is face in mother's skirts, an' they said I was a bad boy an' 'ad been makin' up lies, an' if any more was 'eard of it, they'd 'ave me shut up, an' then there'd be no one to see to Bubbles!"

Sister Helen sighed. If she had been first in the field, something might have been done, but the way was barred now.

"How much does the grocer pay you?" she asked at last.

"Two bob a week; but thruppence is all I ever see of it, an' not always that—when father's on the drink 'e sneaks the lot."

THE QUIVER

"And what do you do then?"

"I run extr'y errands, so as to git Bubbles something to eat."

"And that is just what you ought not to do! I have had to make a rule not to give money unless it is earned, but you are doing too much as it is, and till we can think of some better plan I shall buy a pennyworth of milk every day for Bubbles, and you can fetch it as you go home. He will sleep all the better for it, and you won't have to worry about extra errands."

A gleam of joy lit up Jorrocks's face, and when Sister Helen lay down to rest that night it was with the happy feeling that she had done something, at any rate, to lighten a heavy burden.

"He is a little hero!" she said to herself. "It is a privilege to be allowed to help him."

Yet, strange to say, Sister Helen had never liked Jorrocks so little as during the days that followed her benefaction—whether it was the lightening of his load of anxiety that had had a bad effect upon him, she could not say, but there was no doubt that he was almost unbearable. His conduct at the Mission School on Sunday afternoon was so outrageous that he had to be gently but firmly assisted outside by the Superintendent, and matters came to a climax in the evening when he appeared at the head of a surging crowd of small boys and began to harry the people who were on their way to the service.

It was not at first that Sister Helen recognised him, for as she came down the street she wondered what strange, misshapen object it was that capered in front of her; but as she drew nearer to the scene of action, she saw that the leader of the band was none other than Jorrocks with his small baby brother tied securely to his back.

He pulled up in front of her as he saw her astonished glance, looking quite boyish for once with his eyes alight with mischief.

"What are you doing with Bubbles?" she said in a tone that was rather more severe than she knew, for she was disappointed in her protégé, and the afternoon's commotion was still fresh in her mind.

"Bubbles ain't no business of yours!" he said angrily, as he dodged away from the hand that she had stretched out involuntarily towards the child.

"But it's not safe to rush about with him

on your back! If your foot were to slip you might kill him."

The light was all gone from the boy's face by this time, and a thundercloud had gathered on his brow.

"I must play," he said in a violent tone. "'Tain't often I git the chance, an' I can't leave Bubbles at 'ome to-day because father's smashin' round like anythin'. I got one o' my pals to tie 'im on, an' 'e's much too tight to tumble."

His manner was rude, but to give an explanation at all was a sign of friendship, and as such Sister Helen took it.

"I'm a robber chief, I am!" he yelled triumphantly, before she could reply. "We're out on the war path, and we'll kill all the coppers that cross our track! W-hoop!"

With two fingers in his mouth he uttered a piercing shriek, and realising that it was useless to say any more, Sister Helen pursued her way to the Mission Hall, pondering over the evil effects of halfpenny "dreadfuls," and wishing that she could find some way to counteract them.

She had just opened the harmonium and begun to give out the hymn-books when a wild tumult made itself heard from outside—a tumult in which a woman's screams mingled with the shouts of the boys.

"We must put an end to this somehow!" said the curate, looking very pale and determined, and, grasping his stick, he made for the door, Sister Helen following in his wake.

"Boys, this is disgraceful!" he exclaimed, as he dashed the door open and stood planted on the steps, his stick ready for action.

Unnoticed by all, Sister Helen indulged in a private groan.

"What a way to speak to them!" she said to herself. "I wish he would leave it to me, he'll only make them ten times worse."

"U'lo! Molly Coddle! Frightened to come out without a stick?"

That was Jorrocks's own especial insult. On the day of his first appearance the curate had placed a shiny black bag on the table with the initials M.C. displayed upon it, and when the boys demanded to know what they stood for, Jorrocks had replied "Molly Coddle" at the top of his voice. The Rev. Mordaunt Collins had threatened to turn him out of the room, neck and crop, and had

JORROCKS

only been appeased when, by virtue of Sister Helen's influence, the boy had been induced to say that he was sorry; but her interposition would have been useless now—she knew that instinctively, and therefore she said nothing.

"'Ullo, two pennorth o' glue!" was the next cry, and instantly a chorus of voices took it up as the boys danced in fiendish glee round an elderly woman who stood

on," said the curate. "It is simply disgraceful. A respectable lady on her way to attend divine service——"

"Respectable!" interposed Jorrocks derisively. "A fine bit of respectability you are, ain't you, old glue-pots?"

He made a dart at the woman as he spoke—her bonnet came off in his hand and her grey hair fluttered in the breeze.

"John Stocks, I am ashamed of you!"



"'Allo! two pennorth o' glue!' was the next cry."

helplessly in their midst, her face flushed with rage and her eyes darting fire.

"For shame!" cried Sister Helen, roused by the sight, and Jorrocks darted instantly to the front, the much-enduring Bubbles rocking on his shoulders.

"There, you 'ear wot Sister says!" he shouted, as he pointed a scornful finger at the victim. "It's a shame, an' you ought to be took up! Wot price cels? Yah!"

"I shall send for the police if this goes

on," said the curate in an awful voice. He raised his stick, it whizzed through the air and alighted not on Jorrocks's back, but on the back of the unoffending Bubbles. A childish scream rent the air, and after the scream came pandemonium.

In the grey light of a foggy winter's morning, Sister Helen once more entered the Mission Hall, and at sight of the curate gazing miserably on the ruins, her anger was softened by a touch of genuine sympathy.

THE QUIVER

Poor little man—he had found such an honest delight in his adornments and embellishments, and here were his pictures torn to shreds, his curtains pulled down and trampled on, his windows shivered into a thousand pieces.

"I shall have John Stocks punished for this!" he said as she came up to him, and at the words her heart hardened again.

"It is you who have done the damage and not John Stocks!" she said, for when she was strongly moved, polite subterfuges were impossible to her.

His youthful face clouded and he answered her with cold dignity.

"I have often meant to speak to you about the way you spoil that boy," he said; "he is a thorough scamp, and the sooner he is in prison the more chance there will be of reforming him. His behaviour in school is disgraceful, and he tells lies about his parents—he made me cut a most awkward figure before the Prevention of Cruelty to Children officer the other day. Yet you always take his part."

"And I shall go on taking his part," returned Sister Helen firmly. "That boy is a slave, ill-treated and overworked from morning to night; he devotes himself to his baby brother in a way that is simply heroic. Do you know that he took a pin to bed with him the other night that he might keep awake to soothe the child when it fretted with its teeth, so that the father might not beat it?"

A startled look passed over the curate's face, but he recovered himself immediately.

"I was taken in by his tales at one time," he said, "that was why I went for the officer."

"And it was the worst day's work you ever did!" she retorted. "I had thought of calling in the Society's aid; but I don't think you realise how cautious they have to be in a place like Resker's Rents, and I was waiting until I could get a good chance. I don't know whether they will touch the case now—especially as the parents are threatening to have the law on you for striking their child."

"That was an accident, a pure accident," he cried. "The blow was meant for John, and richly he deserved it, both for making such a disturbance on a Sunday, and also for attacking a woman in that scandalous way!"

"You were at Rugby, weren't you?" was her only reply.

Mr. Collins looked quite startled by the sudden change of subject.

"I was," he said stiffly. "May I ask what that has to do with it?"

"It has this to do with it. My brother is a master in a public school, and he tells me that in spite of all the thousand and one schemes for the interest and amusement of the boys, they are often most unruly, especially on Sundays, when they are released from the discipline of the class-rooms. Can you look back a few years and honestly say that you were such an immaculate boy that if you had been kept short of food and sleep, been kicked and beaten for no fault of your own, worked till every bone in your body ached, and racked with anxiety for the safety of a little child who had no one but yourself to love it, that you would never have made a disturbance?"

He did not answer, but his look was enough, and she passed on to his second accusation.

"As to the woman whom the boys attacked—I don't suppose that you would eat stewed eels even if you were paid for doing so; but the people in Resker's Rents look upon them as a prime delicacy, and can you wonder that they are angry when they find that the proprietress of the eel-shop is in the habit of thickening the stew with the cheapest glue that can be bought in the market? I saw Jorrocks on his way to work this morning and asked him about it, and it seems that it was he who discovered it, with his usual sharpness, and when he saw her setting out sanctimoniously to the Mission Hall he felt that he would be doing a public service by exposing her misdeeds."

"Glue!" gasped the curate. It was the only word that he could utter, but a moment later he added: "How do these people live!"

A look of infinite pity passed over Sister Helen's face, and her eyes grew dim.

"That is just what we have to learn—you and I and all of us!" she said. "For my part, I feel more ashamed of myself every day when I see what their existence is."

She turned away as she spoke, and picking up one of the curtains, began to examine its injuries. Mr. Collins watched

JORROCKS

her for a minute or two, and then he followed her.

"Do you think that I really hurt that child?" he asked.

She looked up with a smile, for she could tell that it was remorse that prompted the question.

"No," she said, "I don't think you did. It was fright, more than pain, that made him scream; but I think you can understand now how Jorrock's felt, and that he had some excuse for wrecking the Hall."

"We must save that boy somehow!" was all he said, but Sister Helen knew by the tone of his voice that Jorrock's had found another friend.

"His own idea is very like yours," she said, "he thinks that the only chance for him is to steal something so that the magistrates may take him away from his parents."

"I have changed my mind about him since I said that," confessed the curate. "I owe the parents something in the way of

compensation, and I must see what can be done."

He was more hopeful now than Sister Helen, for he had less understanding of the difficulties in the way; but though his brain teemed with a dozen plans, it was Jorrock's prediction that he must be worse before he could be better that was, after all, to be fulfilled—with this one difference, that the deterioration was to be physical, not moral.

Excitement reigned high in the Stocks's home at the present moment. Neighbours rushed in from all sides to hear the tale of the discomfiture of the owner of the eel shop, and of the curate's brutality, and quite a little shower of coppers descended upon Bubbles as a token of sympathy. From excitement to drink was an easy transition, especially when facilitated by unwonted cash in hand, and from the stage of maudlin sentimentality over their "pore innercent," Mr. and Mrs. Stocks soon reached that of mad violence. Shrieks and groans were heard



"Jorrock's, are you alive?" he asked"—p. 508.

THE QUIVER

from their room that night, but none of the neighbours cared to interfere—they would scream themselves quiet in time if they were let alone.

So it came to pass that the good little curate, stumping eagerly up the stairs next morning with his head full of schemes for Jorrocks's benefit, stopped short upon the threshold of the Stocks's room in sudden terror. There had been no answer to his repeated knocks, and opening the door at last, he looked in to see the father and mother lying, one on the bed and one on the floor, in drunken insensibility, while on the heap of rags in the corner— But was that Jorrocks who lay on the rags? He asked himself the question, while a horrible sense of sickness made him clutch at the door post for support.

"Jorrocks, are you alive?" he asked, as he knelt down on the filthy floor and leaned close to the poor, battered face, out of which all semblance of humanity had been crushed by Bill Stocks's fists.

The lips moved feebly and a faint whisper reached his ear. "'E's all right; I niver let father git at 'im once. I'm done for, but Sister will look after Bubbles."

The voice ceased, but as the curate looked closer, he saw that under the curve of the twisted, broken form, lay Jorrocks's baby brother, sleeping peacefully with one grimy thumb tucked into his mouth.

Sister Helen was just starting out on her morning's round when the curate rushed in, pale and wild-eyed, with his hair sticking up all over his head.

"It's awful! horrible!" he said, when he had gasped out his breathless tale. "I shall feel like a murderer as long as I live."

But Sister Helen cut him short ruthlessly.

"Rush round for the Children's man," she said; "tell him to bring an ambulance stretcher and a couple of policemen; you'll find me with Jorrocks. He's ours now."

"And what's the good of that when he's

dead!" said the curate to himself as he flew off to do her bidding.

But Sister Helen was right and the curate wrong. Bruised, battered, and broken as was the poor little frame that the two policemen picked tenderly off the rags and carried away in their stretcher, the germs of life were still in it, and it was not long before they began to show themselves.

"He will live," said the surgeon at the Children's Hospital to Sister Helen, "but he will be a cripple, and he must not go back to the brutes who maimed him."

"No, it is impossible," she said. "It is a bad principle to relieve parents of the care of their children, but these people are hopeless, and we have made arrangements to send the boys to a Home before they come out of prison."

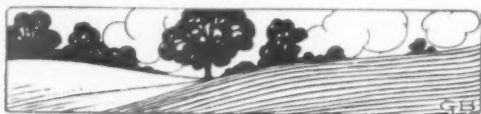
"Very well, you had better tell him," said the surgeon; "he may be afraid that he will have to go back."

She told him as carefully as she could, softening the fact of his incurable injuries with the news that he would be taught a trade as soon as he was strong enough, so that he would be able to earn his own living; she told him of the happy time that Bubbles would have with other little children of his own age, but though she painted it all in glowing colours, a tremor ran through the boy's helpless frame and he burst into a passion of sobs.

"Oh, Jorrocks, don't cry so," she implored. "I ought not to have told you yet, but you must try not to mind. We will all help you, and it won't be as bad as you think."

She stopped there, for a smile shone through his tears like an April sunbeam piercing the rain-clouds.

"I'm not cryin' becos I'm goin' to be a cripple," he said, "I ain't such a sawney as that! I'm cryin' becos it's come true wot I told yer—I said I'd 'ave to be worse before I was better, an' it ain't much to be banged about a bit when it means that we're to be 'appy as long as we live, Bubbles and I."



What does Life Mean ?

By the LORD BISHOP OF RIPON

This is the third article in the series "Life's Tangled Thread," and the author gives perhaps the simplest and most helpful answer to "the riddle of the universe."

WHAT does life mean? What is its final significance for you and me? There may be some

"Divine far-off event
To which the whole creation moves."

But even so, this would not answer the question of deep and personal interest: What does life mean for me?

In recent generations the common reply was that this life was a state of probation. We need not deny or dispute the reply; but it is well that we should understand it. The word probation may express what is, in fact, true of life, but it may not by itself give adequate meaning to life. I doubt whether it would be felt a sufficient reply to-day; it is not comprehensive enough. It may express what is undoubtedly true. Life does test men; it tests physique; it tests brains; it tests character. In so far as it brings such tests, life may be described as a time of probation. It may be taken in a yet wider sense as a time of probation. Life may be taken as a whole, and a great comprehensive question may be asked such as: What have you made of your life? To what purpose has it been directed? What has it achieved? Such questions would imply tests applied to the whole life, and life would then appear a time of probation in the sense that it brought to some clear test or standard what kind of characters we were, and what we had achieved in lives.

The Final Test of Life

Now it will hardly be denied that when life is closed some final test is applied which ends in the classifying of those whose lives are ended. The writer of the obituary notice of any prominent citizen endeavours to appraise the work and character of the dead man. Insensibly, he applies some standard to the man's life; he seeks to group the tendencies and powers, the dispositions and moral features along with the achievements of the man, so as to measure the general

value of his life. The man and his life are brought to probation. This idea of a final testing or probation of life finds constant expression in the New Testament. We meet ideas in harmony with the thought of such testing in our Lord's parables. Men are warned to be ready (Matt. xxiv. 44-51), like servants, for the Master's coming, who will judge of the servants' actions and award to them recognition of service or punishment for negligence. Or, again, life is like the opportunity of improving the value of the goods entrusted by a man to his servants. Such servant was expected to increase such value by trading. A day comes when the "Lord of those servants cometh and maketh a reckoning with them." Such imagery describes life in terms close akin to probation. In the Epistles the idea is definitely stated. "We shall all stand before the judgment seat of God. . . . So then each one of us shall give account of himself to God." (Rom. xiv. 10.) The standard or test of judgment is set forth. We must all be manifest before the judgment seat of Christ, that each one may receive the things done in the body, according to what he hath done, whether it be good or bad. (2 Cor. v. 10.)

Life as Probation

There is, therefore, a recognised sense in which we may view life as probation. We are constantly being tested: weather and sickness, work and pleasure, duty and opportunity, are testing us in body and in thought, in will and feeling. All the while under these tests we are forming character; and some time the character we have formed will be tested. Life, viewed from this standpoint, is a state of probation.

If we admit the reality and the value of tests in life, we can hardly be surprised to meet with circumstances, sometimes startling, sometimes commonplace, sometimes easy, sometimes hard, which come

THE QUIVER

to prove us. The unexpected things test our presence of mind; the expected things test our preparations; the hard things our patience or our courage; the easy things our hardihood and self-control. In all these experiences, some test is applied to our souls: they show us what we are; they help us to measure our strength.

But these experiences do not merely test us—they appeal to us. Our failures show us the need of further care or greater moral vigour; our successes give us consciousness of the value of moral fitness to meet the tests; while victory and defeat teach us the value of character, of foresight, of endurance, of moral energy—of those things whose priceless value is so often overlooked. We are learning through the tests of life. Is not, then, life education? It is not enough to call life probation: probation is only one aspect of it; probation is to life what examinations are in education. Life tests us much and often, because life is more than probation; it is education.

Life is Education

Can we follow this thought out in the light of the problems of life? There are events, great and terrible, arising from causes beyond man's control; there are dire calamities which, though once believed to be beyond man's control, are now known to be within it. Slowly the range of man's power has been extended. What was regarded as lying only in the grasp of supernatural power has been brought within our grasp. Thus we live in a world in which difficulties are lessened by human industry, human thought, human determination. These are valuable qualities in human nature; conditions exist which tend to their development. The conditions may seem hard: they have cost pain and suffering; but they have lifted man into a higher level. Instead of being the lazy recipient of easy bounty, man has become a self-conscious, self-reliant, thoughtful, observant being. It is easy to say man might have been created all this at one stroke, but even so he would not have been the being he is.

All experience goes to show that what comes easily works little moral or intellectual good: to secure stability of

mind, firmness of will, exactitude of observation, man must have encountered difficulties. Even the experiences of danger do much for the strengthening and sobering of character. It is idle to speculate on what might have been; it is profitable to consider what is; and what is true for us all is that we live in a world in which peril, pain, hard work are part of our portion. And our experience shows us that for many the absence of these things does not work well. To live in safety, in ease, and idleness means general enervation of character. The man who thought to make his fortune by bringing bees from Switzerland to the Riviera miscalculated the results of his experiment. In the first year he was rewarded with a rich harvest of honey; but before long, the bees, finding that flowers were plentiful and that no winter's cold left the earth barren and drear, abandoned their thrifty and industrious habits. Here is a parable which has found its fulfilment in human history.

Life is education, and the very hardships and dangers which we resent have played their part in drawing forth those high qualities which have made man what he is, and which have put within his vision—it not within his grasp—greater conquests and more splendid achievements in the future.

Life is education; but though the very dangers and hardships of life help to educate, they are not the only educational factors in existence. Friendship, sympathy, home relationships, happy anniversaries, and the thousand glad things of life help forward our moral training and development.

If we once realise that life is a time of education, we shall begin to look at all its happenings in a more detached spirit. We shall not grumble because that which befalls us is not to our liking; we shall be ready to study events, and to recognise that what happens is for our profit, not for our pleasure. We shall begin, if we are wise, to cultivate the habit of meeting, not of shirking difficulties. To realise that life is education is to have faith, and faith can meet difficulties which pleasure-loving nature prompts us to evade. We shall be able to enter into the thought of the writer of the Epistle



STEPPING STONES.

THE QUIVER

to the Hebrews, when he spoke of life's chastening, and said that what seemed grievous to bear afterwards yielded "peaceable fruit unto them that have been exercised thereby, even the fruit of righteousness."

The Change in Life's Problems

Further, to think of life as education will enable us to understand why it is that the problems of life change with advancing civilisation. With the world's progress new difficulties come into sight. Looking back, we think that the problems which our ancestors had to settle were simple compared with our own; the problems having been solved, often through tears and blood, present little difficulty to us. A riddle is always easy when we know the answer. But our ancestors had to fight their way to the answers which seem so simple to us. We have to fight the way to the answers to the problems of our own day, and to us the answers are not always easy.

They are not always easy because, as we are accustomed to say, life has become more complex.

We may take an example or two from among the perplexities which beset parents in the bringing up of children. We sometimes think how simple and easy was parental duty in the days when the opportunities of pleasure were fewer, when Sunday was not invaded by the machinery which facilitates travelling, when the week-end was unknown, when the line between good and evil was more sharply drawn, when life was viewed sternly as a mere state of probation, and as a brief time of opportunity of escaping from the wrath to come. Under such conditions a parent's duties allowed little scope for doubt or hesitation. The earnest and anxious father told his children that most amusements were doubtful, and some of them were positively dangerous; life was serious, awfully serious, for the shadow of the everlasting penalty of sin hung over us from the cradle to the grave. The fierce old Puritan father thrust his child's finger into the fire to teach it the horror of hell's flame. Parents spent more time in devising punishments than in providing pleasure for their children. I am not saying that this was the case with

all homes. I am only showing that under certain conditions of thought and life, the home problems were, compared with ours, simple of solution.

But now things are different. The love of pleasure has become fashionable, the demand for it strident and widespread; children are led to expect it. Things that were once regarded as treats are now taken as a matter of course. Jam is at all meals, and some form of amusement at the end of the day is claimed as a right.

Is it too much to say that things once viewed as coming on red-letter days are now demanded as though they were necessities?

The Slump in Serious Living

Under the pressure of this demand many customs which were looked upon as the essentials of religious life are being set aside. The pleasure-seeking week-end finds many reasons for not going to church; the eager and joyous people who crowd into restaurants and hotels, or invade their friends' hospitality, sit down to lunch or dinner chattering their pleasant frivolities and never dream of grace before meat. The children grow up and see all this: they begin to fashion their views of life by what they see; the seriousness of life is put into the background. Parents yield to the fashion, first with misgiving then with stifled conscience, and finally with the hasty adoption of some life-theory which renders conscience needless; they lay the flattering unction to their souls that all must be well in the best possible world.

There is an optimism of faith which is noble, soul-invigorating, and capable of forming elevated character; but there is an optimism of blind and self-indulgent weakness which first enfeebles and finally degrades character. The optimism of faith finds strength in the remembrance that life is education: all things, even the painful things, work together for good; but if so, the painful things are not to be shirked; faith gives courage to face life whole, with its disagreeable as well as its delightful things. Life is education; let us keep the phrase ringing in our ears, lest we miss the meaning and the teaching of life.

But how will this thought help us in the tangle of modern life? It will

WHAT DOES LIFE MEAN?

remind us that life is not all pleasure, and that to bring up young people to imagine that it is to give them false impressions of life, and very little preparation for real life; it is to put them at a disadvantage in meeting the trials and pains of life: it is to run the risk of making them selfish when young, and cynical in their later years. It is leading them to lose the value of life's education.

In Harmony with Life

What, then, should be the parents' course? Ought they not so to regulate home that it shall reflect as truly as may be the order of the world in which we live? Let us think what this order is. Everything is beautiful in its time: there is a beauty of blossom as well as a beauty of fruit; a beauty of leaf as well as of flower; of meadow as well as of mountain. He who can enter into the beauty of the world is learning one lesson of life. We live in a beautiful world—yes, in a world of rejoicing beauty.

Let children understand that they live in God's beautiful world; let them realise that love is behind all the beauty that they see—that "the Lord is loving unto every man, and His tender mercy is over all His works."

But let them realise that the beauty of Nature is seasonal; all things are beautiful in their time. Let them realise that unseasonableness mars the beauty of things; we expect more than blossom in the summer and autumn; we expect fruit and harvest. The beauty of things consists in their developing through the stages of their growth up to the measure of their full stature and matured strength. Let them have early the realisation of the need of growing up to what is expected—to the end and purpose for which they were created—to be perfect as the Father in heaven is perfect. Let them realise early that one factor in life's education is the inexcusable law—whatever is sown will be reaped. Nature does not let us off: she punishes our errors and our faults, our blunders and—yes, even our mistakes. Teach them that life is so. Form home rules in the same fashion—not harsh rules, but severe in the sense that once made they must be kept. Let them learn the joy of things by not making them too

cheap or too usual; that is, don't let certain amusements be made commonplace to them: it is bad for the old to get blasé; it is hateful and ominous to see children blasé. Pleasure indulged in avenges itself on us by ceasing to be pleasure. Show them that there are pleasures at hand which are always open to those whose hearts are right—the pleasure of sky and field and flower; the pleasure of movement and activity; the pleasure of thinking of others and doing them kindnesses; the pleasure of self-denial; the luxury of doing good.

The Beauty of Proportion

If these things are understood, it ought not to be difficult to teach children that the beauty of life consists in its proportion. Just as beauty of feature and form really depends on the sweet and harmonious proportion of lines and curves, so is life's beauty largely dependent upon the harmony and proportion of its activities. To give too much time to pleasure destroys this proportion, just as all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. Neither ought it to be difficult to show that life's beauty consists in a subtle and unobserved power of self-control. Beauty of movement in the body arises from the perfection with which the parts moved are obedient to the will which moves; jerky movements mean insufficient self-control. Beauty of character arises when all the powers of soul and mind act in happy unison. Hence proportionate exercise must be given to all powers and faculties. Judgment and sentiment, will and affection, reason and imagination all ought to be blended into a beautiful unity. Love—pure, unselfish love—should pervade all life and every action. Therefore, thought for others must find a place among life's activities. Much of the reckless, selfish Sunday amusements would become unfashionable, if unselfishness became fashionable. Lastly, teach children that life tests them—tests their hope, their will, their character, their love—and that all these tests are God's examination times, and that God their Father wants them to grow up as His children, and that in Jesus Christ they have the pattern and also the power of the life of the children of God.

[TO BE CONCLUDED]



THAT BOY.

A Full, True, and Particular Account of a Day
in His Life

By WALTER G. BROWN

AGED four. A small quantity of round, chubby face, forming the dial-plate of a head that was not small; a mouth of generous size, with two perfect rows of vigorous-looking little white teeth which were frequently on exhibition; round blue eyes that could look solemn or roguish, but, even when solemn, hid a lurking imp of mischief in each of the inner corners; dark brown hair; height, three feet and a half; measuring several more inches round the paunch than round the chest.

His regulation garb consisted of brown shoes, socks, light blue knickers, and striped jersey. But in the garden, where he passed much of his life, he generally showed himself in undress—knickers supported by braces over a shirt—and then he suggested a stoker who had just come up for a bit of a blow.

The neighbours on one and the other side of his garden thought him a splendid little fellow; his mother thought the same, in her heart; her public declaration, however, was that he was "an awful boy." She lamented that she could not keep him clean, that there was hardly a whole cup or saucer,

tumbler or plate in the house; that he destroyed or messed up everything he could get hold of, and that it seemed to be impossible to place anything beyond his reach; that the landlord would certainly give them notice next quarter day; that whatever was going to come to them she did not know, except that she was quite certain that Maurice would be the death of her. If any outsider had hinted disapproval of Maurice's conduct in any particular, Mrs. Morrison would scarcely have been able, ever afterwards, to show that person the ordinary civilities.

"Well you see, Mrs. Morrison," Mrs. Deir replied, by way of consolation, "he is such a boy, and then boys will be boys. They're all the same."

Mrs. Morrison did not wish to think so—in fact, she knew it was not so—but she said nothing. She had a strong conviction that not since boys began to come into the world had there been such a boy as Maurice. Her *amour propre* as a mother was involved in the maintenance of that proposition.

Maurice's theory of life, as revealed by his conduct, was simple; his mission was to eat well and to be merry. In the same breath with which he said "Amen" to his evening prayer he asked: "What's for breakfast?" And his last injunction to his mother, when she had placed him in his cot, bade him go to sleep and was leaving the bedroom, ran:

"Don't forget my chocs."

Chocs—otherwise chocolates—were placed

THAT BOY

on a chair by the side of the cot, so that Maurice might find employment for his appetite as soon as he and it awoke, simultaneously; his activity was devouring, in every respect. Not until Maurice had gone to sleep were the choecs placed on the chair, for an obvious reason. Busy care wrought no phantasies in the brain of Maurice; when he went to bed he understood the purpose of that act and fulfilled it until seven in the morning. It was well; choecs four or five times in the night would not have been good for him.

Maurice, though frankly delighting in the things of sense, was not without altruistic notions. When someone gave him a penny and he went down into the town to buy choecs, he brought back two—except when the struggle had been really too severe for flesh and blood—one for his sister Kathleen, one for his mummy. The choecs, having travelled some little distance in Maurice's warm palm, generally showed signs of approaching dissolution; Kathleen entered into possession of her one through the immediate agency of her tongue; mummy removed hers with a piece of paper, flannel, soap, and a scrubbing-brush. Maurice thought he knew what ingratitude was.

When Maurice grew up he was going to be the tollman at Greenwich pier or a bus-conductor. Both these public characters got lots of pennies. The commercial spirit of the age had blown its contagion upon the ingenuous soul of Maurice.

Maurice was of an imperious temper. Once, when he had been unusually naughty, a glass of water had taken the place of the bedside choecs.

"Take away that stale water," he had com-

manded, "I hate the very sight of it."

But he cherished no grudge and signified his readiness to make a composition—viz. double the number of choecs next night. Maurice had no relish for a war which might mean famine and devastation; he preferred a compromise, of the kind indicated in the preceding sentence.

Nothing could subdue the spirit of Maurice for more than a moment, except a threat to send him to school; he knew that no one could compel him to learn anything if he was resolved not to; but he was not sure that he could beat the teacher in a fight.



"Having received, with perfect calmness, a great deal of information, accompanied with violent threats. . . ."

THE QUIVER



"Maurice had seen in pot and brush the means of beguiling the tedium of his imprisonment"—*p.* 578.

A policeman inspired no terror in the heart of Maurice; after being removed from an empty motor-car in which he had been tampering with the machinery and had produced a portentous buzzing and burring, having knocked at six doors and inquired whether Bill Bailey or Betsy Featherlegs—celebrities of whom his uncle had told him—dwelt within, and having received, with perfect calmness, a great deal of information, accompanied with violent threats, about himself and his character, he was arrested in the act of climbing a lamp-post, to the imminent danger of his own person and the nervous system of all beholders, and brought home by a policeman. When mummy opened the door she was reassured by the

sight of a glorious beam upon the countenance of Maurice, whose head was tilted back and his hands thrust deep into his pockets, and no great solemnity upon the other visage.

The boy received a severe reprimand and was sent into the garden. He chased the cat over the flower-beds, for he had scruples about leaving the prints of his own feet there; he contrived to make the bean-sticks look as if they had been blown down by the wind, for, regardless of appearances as a rule, he believed in keeping them up in these cases. Summoned to his mid-day meal, he consumed as much soup, beef, potatoes, greens and apple-tart as would have been regarded by a labouring man—six feet high and forty inches round the chest—as a good square meal. He concluded his performance at table by pouring the salad oil into the dish of stewed prunes. Rewarded for this achievement by a vigorous stroke of the cane upon a safe part of his person, he was led upstairs. Before he had reached the landing, his tears had ceased to flow, and he was soon sound asleep in his cot, for it was a warm afternoon, he had had a good morning and a good dinner, qualms of person were evanescent and qualms of conscience

scarcely existent. At 4.15 he was still sound asleep; at 4.16 he was wide awake—for there was no intermediate drowsiness with Maurice—prepared for, nay, resolved upon, further adventures.

It would be an unjust representation of Maurice's character which omitted to mention that he was a loving little fellow. There was no malice in him. The hand that had wielded the rod upon him would be kissed within five minutes of the accomplishment of that painful duty. "Dear old mummy," Maurice would say, throwing his arms round Mrs. Morrison, "Maurice love you," and then he would add with a twinkle, which seemed to mean the meditation of some mischief, "Maurice going to be good."

THAT BÔY

When Maurice got downstairs on the afternoon of the day I've been writing about the other members of the household were quietly reposing in comfortable secluded corners. Maurice found himself in undisputed possession of the kitchen, and solitude being conducive to meditation and experiment, Maurice resolved upon both. The kitchen table was bare; there was room enough for his exertions; he would make a new kind of pudding. So, by using a chair, he reached to the mantelpiece and brought down the tin containing coffee. In a basket on the floor of the pantry were some onions; Maurice brought them forth. Several handfuls of flour he took from a small barrel in the cupboard adjoining the pantry. He mixed the coffee and the flour together on the table, and chopped up the onions with a knife as finely as he could.

Then it became clear to him that a pudding would not result from the blending of these ingredients—coffee, flour and onions—unless some kind of liquid were added. Water or milk was too common: this was to be an original pudding. He descended to the coal-cupboard, which was situated in a corner of the kitchen; with great difficulty lugged thence an eighteen-inch high flagon of paraffin oil, and with great skill raised it from the floor to a chair. Then he climbed up on the chair and raised the flagon to the table. He was tilting it over in order to pour some of the contents upon the mixture of coffee, flour and onions, when the door opened and mummy entered. Maurice was so taken aback by this sudden interruption of his experiment that he let go the flagon, which fell upon the table; in the hurry of descent he pushed the chair from him; it went sprawling in one direction and he in another.

Mummy rushed to pick up the boy. Not until she had assured herself that he had suffered no injury was she free to give her attention to the table; this did not take long, it is true, but long enough to enable the paraffin to spread itself generously over the table and to make a truly extraordinary mess by its alliance with the coffee, flour, and chopped onions.

Maurice looked on in silence—but with his little head, no doubt, busy with curious



"He was arrested . . . and brought home by a policeman."

THE QUIVER

speculations—while his embryonic pudding was removed in a slop-pail to the dustbin and the table scrubbed with a strong solution of hot water and soda.

When the *status quo* in the kitchen was restored there remained the serious question of what recognition was due to Maurice for his valiant culinary endeavours. He had been whipped once already that day: to send him to bed, when he had within half an hour waked from a sound, refreshing sleep, would have been too cruel. Daddy was just due from the city, and the greatest daily happiness of Maurice's life was tea with daddy. Therefore mummy decided that, as a specially severe punishment, Maurice must that day be deprived of that pleasure. He must be put in the pantry and the door kept locked until tea was over, and then Maurice should have his, all by himself, in the kitchen. No sooner conceived than carried out was this scheme of punishment.

"Where is Maurice?" inquired daddy, when no Maurice rushed to meet him at the sound of the key in the lock.

"In the pantry," replied mummy.

"In the pantry!" repeated the astounded daddy.

Explanation followed.

It was, indeed, a solemn little tea-party. Daddy was too wise a parent to suggest the commutation of punishments prescribed by mummy for the children. His general opinion was that she was weak and lenient with them. Yet he indicated to his wife, discreetly and gently, that he did not approve of the pantry punishment. Solitary confinement was bad for young children; it was likely to cow the spirit and injure the nervous system; children should be disciplined, of course, but they should not be made timid or nervous; he wanted Maurice to grow up a happy, high-spirited boy. The pantry was a dreary, gloomy sort of place, and it was now setting towards dusk; and no doubt the poor little boy was crying his heart out. No, he did not think it at all a desirable mode of punishment; whip the boy by all means, when it was necessary; perhaps he was not whipped often enough; but a child's spirit should not be broken. Human beings should have as much happiness as possible in their young days; there was no equipment for life comparable in value to a good supply of animal spirits; a

perfectly toned nervous system might be injured by punishments like solitary confinement in a dusky room—and so on, and so on, went solemn daddy.

Mummy said little, but she was quickly wrought up into a high pitch of nervous alarm. She had resolved to endure anything rather than put Maurice in the pantry again. She feared that she might find Maurice in a state of complete collapse when the pantry door was unlocked.

Tea and cakes were consumed hurriedly, and all three—daddy, mummy, and Kathleen—hastened to the deliverance of the imprisoned Maurice.

When the door was opened, Maurice was seen to be standing on the top of a small garden ladder; his face was black as a nigger's and more shiny; his head resembled a bit of lawn across which a very unskilful amateur clipper had worked in a zigzag-diagonal direction. The explanation? The black-lead pot and brush had been deposited on the floor of the pantry—probably by Maurice himself in an earlier part of the day. Maurice, having witnessed a "dirty boy race" at the Tennis Club gymkhana, had seen in pot and brush the means of beguiling the tedium of his imprisonment and converting himself into the guise of a competitor.

Then he had been suddenly seized by the fear of being sent to school. To defer that calamity, using the garden ladder, he had seized the garden scissors from the remotest corner of the upper shelf—where they had been placed to be out of his reach—and began to use them carefully yet boldly upon his pow.

Pascal caused one half of his head to be shaven, so that, not being presentable out-of-doors, he might devote himself absolutely, for a period at least, to the studies that he loved. The motive of Maurice was the inverse of Pascal's.

He was so delighted with his countenance of polished ebony and the varied altitude of the patches of hair left upon his head that he was just meditating escape, through the pantry window, into the garden, that he might summon the neighbours on both sides to witness the transformation.

Daddy said not a word about Maurice's nerves.



Life's Mosaic

THE flow'rs, when rain is falling, droop
together,

But blossom when the sunlight comes their
way,

For, sensitive to ev'ry change of weather,
They alter constantly throughout the day.

Unconsciously we shape the lives of others,
By others we are influenced in turn;

It may be that our parents, sisters, brothers
Instil in us the things that we should learn.

Or 'tis the trifling action of some stranger
That cheers us on to work and strive anew;
And ev'ry deed of ours (there lies a danger)
Is having its effect on others too.

An ever present danger, we may lead them
To evil if we lapse and are not strong;
We may not know them, speak to them or heed
them,

Yet our example makes for right or wrong.

For, just as children copy one another,
Do "grown-up children" imitate the rest;
So daily let us try to help each other
To live, to work, rejoice and do our best!

LESLIE MARY OYLER.

One's Life

NEVER say "It is nobody's business
but my own what I do with my life."
It is not true. Your life is put into your
hand as a trust for many others beside your-
self. If you use it well, it will make many
others happy; if you abuse it, it will harm
many others beside yourself.—J. M. PULL-
MAN.

Make the Best of Life

TO make a virtue of happiness rather
than of sacrifice; to get every benefit
from our surroundings rather than to deplore
them; to make our ordinary service to others
a chance to help our fellowmen, rather than
impulsive charity; to look also on the things
of others rather than along the limited line
of our own affairs; to speak words of praise
rather than blame; to live in the fresh air
in the open, rather than the fetid atmosphere
of the indoors; to let our food for thought be
that of purity and high purpose, rather than
wallow in the mire of low aims and intro-
spection; to joy rather in our object in life,
be that what it may, than crave for one we
cannot have; to honour honest work rather
than the bread of idleness; to leave our
burdens daily behind us rather than have
them on the rack with us—so shall we
reach and bask in the heavenly atmosphere
on our journey to Paradise, and make the
most and the best of our earthly pilgrimage
for ourselves and those around us.—BESSIE
OVERTON.

The Vain Wish

"OH, I wish I had not said it," says
the one who has spoken too hastily
to exhibit any kindness, helpfulness, or
charity.

"I would give anything if I had not done
that," remorsefully says the one who has
erred in act instead of word.

Yet no one realises more keenly than these
very ones that all the wishes one may send
after a spoken word or an accomplished deed
are vain. They cannot recall either. If they

BESIDE THE STILL WATERS

could always remember this before the word was spoken or the thing done, how many times they might avoid these things which lead to a repentance which cannot remedy.

"The moving finger writes; and having writ
Moves on: nor all your piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line;
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it."

So the poet tells his fellows. It is a hard truth to face if the word or line is a personal matter. Just one hope it holds in its stern unalterableness. The finger of time writes—and moves on. While we cannot erase what is already written; though we can only humbly repent and seek forgiveness for what has gone beyond our changing or bettering; yet we can see to it that the writing for the future holds in it more that is good and less that is not.

The writing goes on daily, even hourly. We can make it largely what we will. With God's help we can surely make it fine and fit for His reading.—CORA S. DAY.

A Too Common Tragedy

*WE have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah! lips with the curve impatient,
Ah! brow with the shade of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate were the night too late
To undo the work of the morn!*

M. E. SANGSTER.

Know Thyself

TO redeem a world sunk in dishonesty has not been given thee; solely over one man therein thou hast quite absolute uncontrollable power; him redeem, him make honest; it will be something, it will be much, and thy life and labour not in vain.—T. CARLYLE.

Looking for the Best

DO not think of your faults, still less of others' faults; in every person who comes near you, look for what is good and strong; honour that, rejoice in it, and, as you can, try to imitate it. For the rest, you will find it less easy to uproot faults than to choke them by gaining virtues. If, on looking back, your whole life should seem rugged as a palm-tree stem, still, never mind, so long as it has been growing, and has its grand green shade of leaves and weight of honeyed fruit at top.—J. RUSKIN.

The Art of Happiness

AFTER all, it is not what is round us, but what is in us; not what we have, but what we are, that makes us really happy. We want a cheery fire on the hearth of our own spirits—a fire always clear, always at our command. Without that we have to go abroad for comfort, and we return to find our bosoms dark and cold. The mind is its own place, and must find its happiness within itself, or remain discontented whatever its outward lot.—C. GEIKIE.

Looking Pleasant

WHY is it that most people, as they walk along the streets or ride in the train, have such an unpleasant expression? If one will observe even casually the people he meets in a day he will be impressed with the pained and sullen and disagreeable countenances. We live in a rush, and the average person is bent on some errand or business and is absorbed in that; we are all rushing to get something or somewhere. With this absorbing our attention we haven't time to attend to our facial expression. The Japanese teach their maids in the hotels, and those also in higher walks of life, the art of smiling. They are compelled to practise before a mirror. One cannot stay long in Japan without being inoculated with the disposition to "look pleasant." The "Look pleasant, please," of the photographer goes deeper than the photograph plate.

No one wants to associate long with an animated vinegar cruet. A disposition is easily guessed from the angle of the corners of the mouth; a disposition is moulded by compelling those angles to turn up or down. If a merry heart maketh a glad countenance it is also true that a glad countenance maketh a merry heart—in the one who has it and in the one who beholds it. "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend."

Serving Others

THE greatest thing, says someone, a man can do for his Heavenly Father is to be kind to some of His other children. I wonder why it is that we are not all kinder than we are? How much the world needs it. How easily it is done. How instantaneously it acts. How infallibly it is remembered. How superabundantly it pays itself back! for there is no debtor in the world so honourable, so superbly honourable, as love.—H. DRUMMOND.

Temperance on the Line

An Article of Interest to all who Travel by Train

By GREGORY BLYTH

"ALCOHOL is inconsistent with anything that requires a quick, accurate, and alert judgment."

In this telling phrase is summed up the conviction of the majority of the medical profession on the subject of the use of alcohol. The words are not those of an irresponsible writer or speaker, whose aim is rather to create an effect than to hit the bull's-eye of truth; they are backed with all the authority that such a distinguished physician and surgeon as Sir Frederick Treves can give them. And what he says is based on long years of experience at home, and extensive travel abroad. "Alcohol is inconsistent with anything that requires a quick, accurate, and alert judgment."

Where Efficiency is Essential

Now if there be one department of life's work where quickness, accuracy, and alertness are essential to success, it is that of the railways. Here there is room for neither slowness, slackness, nor slovenliness. Without quickness, accuracy, and alertness the whole system would become disorganised and impossible, it would crumble to decay, and we should be back in the days of the mail-coach, if not of the stage-waggon, before we knew it.

It is hardly too much to say that the railway companies, either officially or unofficially, have come to recognise that the claims of efficiency and of alcohol are irreconcilable. An expression of such views may not be found in the annual reports, where sentiment, even when based on sound argument, must give way to financial considerations, but, nevertheless, the vast majority of railway officials, from the chairman of directors to the boy who helps to clear out the fire-box, tacitly acknowledge that the less they drink the better they are equipped for their work on the line.

The traveller who nowadays sets out on a journey of two hundred miles or more has little conception of the dangers that

beset his path, or of the enormous trouble taken to avoid them and bring him safely to his destination. Let him reflect that in the United Kingdom alone there are 24,000 miles of railway open, representing a paid-up capital of nearly £1,400,000,000; and that something like 1,500,000,000 passengers are carried every year. And now let him bring himself down to the actual journey, and transport himself from his cosy, comfortable dining saloon to the foot-plate of the locomotive. If ever quickness, accuracy, and alertness are needed, it is there, with the express train thundering along at sixty miles an hour.

No Time for Star-gazing

The engine-driver cannot indulge in a moment's vacant thought. His ever-watchful eye must be on the signals—hundreds of them in all—as the train rushes along; he must take note of every rise and fall in the track; of every bridge, and curve, and crossing; of every station and village through which he passes; of oncoming trains and trains that he overtakes; and all this amid a whirl of noise and dust and heat and apparent confusion compared to which the average factory spells harmony and peace. A moment's forgetfulness may plunge a hundred people into eternity, maim many more, and lead to the destruction of much valuable property.

Is it surprising that railway companies insist on quickness, accuracy, and alert judgment; and knowing that alcohol is the foe to all these, that they have come to recognise sobriety as essential to the proper working of a railway, while in many parts of the world total abstinence is a *sine quâ non* of employment?

It must be confessed that in this respect the Mother Country is behind many of her Dominions Overseas, and also behind many foreign countries. She does not lead the way in the recognition of the fact that keen eyesight, steady nerves, and the power to act quickly—qualities of

THE QUIVER

supreme importance on the line—are incompatible with indulgence in intoxicating liquor.

Nearly thirty years ago a small meeting was held in the lower Exeter Hall for the purpose of starting a campaign in favour of temperance on the line. A mere handful of enthusiasts were present, under the chairmanship of Canon Ellison, of the Church of England Temperance Society, but neither he nor any of the speakers or audience imagined the good results that would come of their little gathering. When all the arguments had been set forth thirty-two railway men banded themselves together to promote temperance on the line, and thus the United Kingdom Railway Temperance Union sprang into being. It had to go to work with circumspection and tact, for there were many opposing influences, sometimes to be found among the directors and officials, more often among the men themselves.

A Large Tree with Much Fruit

But if progress was slow, it was sure; and to-day the seedling planted in Exeter Hall in 1882 has grown into a strong and vigorous tree. The thirty-two men have seen their membership increased to 50,000. Instead of one small branch, insignificant and almost unnoticed among the thousand and one societies to be found in this country, there are branches wherever the shriek of the railway whistle is heard. They are to be found on the Great Central Railway, on the Glasgow and South Western, the Great Eastern, the Great Northern, the Great Western, the Lancashire and Yorkshire, the London and South Western, the London and North Western, the Midland, the Midland and Great Northern Joint, the Metropolitan, the Maryport and Carlisle, the North Eastern, and the North London Railways.

Of the 50,000 members, between eighty and ninety per cent. are total abstainers, and the others are pledged to temperance. Every member on joining is required to make a certain declaration, and probably Mr. A. G. Thompson, who has been secretary of the Union for the last twenty-five years, and editor of *On the Line*, would be the first to acknowledge that the various forms in which the declaration is cast has

in no small measure promoted the success of the work.

It is so worded that it meets all requirements. For the man who has just become a total abstainer, there is this form:—

"I hereby promise by God's help to abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors as beverages, and by example and effort to promote the objects of the Union."

The man who is already an abstainer, and desires to join the Union, simply states:—

"Being a total abstainer from intoxicating liquors, I promise by example and effort to promote the objects of the Union."

But there is another class of men who are in favour of temperance, but who, for various reasons, do not wish to bind themselves to total abstinence. It would be an obvious hardship to exclude them from association in the work, and so the Union provides the following "Declaration" to meet their case:—

"I earnestly desire to further the cause of temperance, and promise by example and effort to promote the objects of the Union."

The Union is carried on almost exclusively by voluntary workers. Many railway men devote a great part of their spare time to furthering the cause. Meetings are held every week, at breakfast time, dinner time, tea time, supper time, or at any time when two or three are gathered together, and, maybe, induced to listen. But the Union workers know that talking is not all; they must offer amusement and recreation; and to this end concerts and lectures are organised in the winter, and in the summer excursions are run to the seaside and other resorts. The Union owns a number of halls, some of which are used as reading rooms, or institutes where a game of billiards may be played. In some of the halls, as at Crewe, rifle ranges have been fitted up, where railway men practise with enthusiasm at the bull's-eye. Choir contests take place between the various branches; while the more vigorous members form themselves into football teams.



"The Engine-driver cannot indulge in a moment's vacant thought. His ever-watchful eye must be on the signals"—p. 581.

(Drawn by Cyrus Cuneo.)

THE QUIVER

Most of the work, as we have said, comes from voluntary helpers. Personal effort counts for much in the Union. Twenty-eight years ago the system of "catch-my-pal" was adopted; that is, each member set himself out to induce his nearest friend and neighbour to become a member also. He would talk and argue and persuade until that object was accomplished; and it is safe to say that by this means the larger number of the 50,000 members to-day have been enrolled.

How do the officials and men in high authority regard the work? The President of the Union is Mr. Arnold F. Hills, whose firm constructed the new "Dreadnought" on the Thames, and the Chairman of the Council is Mr. A. Faulkner, the financial manager of Cook's Tourist Agency. The companies, as companies, are lukewarm; that is to say, they do not officially recognise the Union by subscribing to its funds, although individual directors and officials are always ready to assist the work, for they know that a temperate railway man is a reliable railway man.

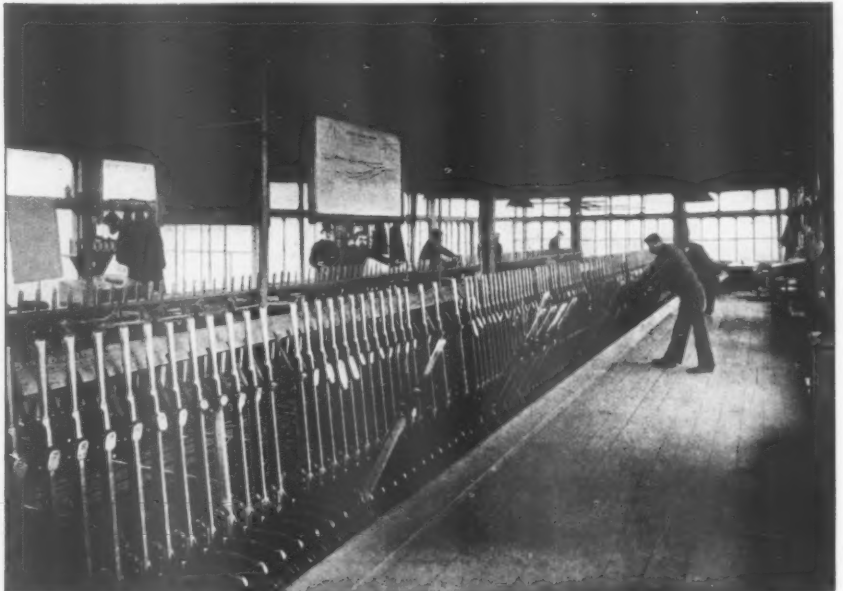
One of the difficulties in the work is the

lack of funds. If more money were forthcoming the membership of the Union could be immensely increased, and along with that the safety of the travelling public, and, we may add, fewer objects are more deserving of support. As we have said, there are something near 1,500,000,000 passengers carried on the line each year; a contribution of a farthing for each journey would mean a sum of £1,562,500. Is there anyone capable of organising such a gigantic collection?

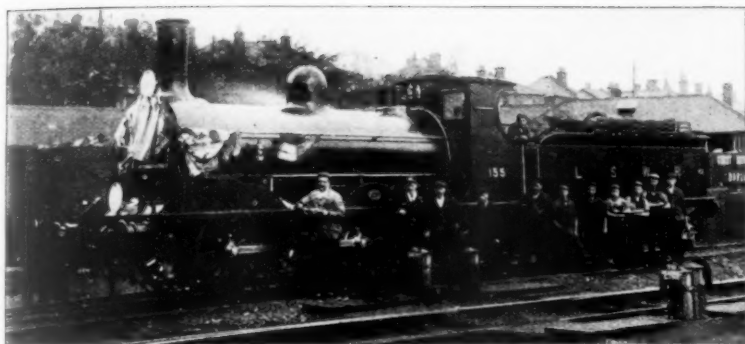
The Work of the Railway Mission

Another organisation which is doing excellent temperance work among railway men is the Railway Mission. Mr. Richard Nixon, the secretary, tells of excellent meetings held in Leeds, Crewe, York, and other railway centres—sometimes sixty meetings per week are held in one town alone—and of other work accomplished in Switzerland, South Africa, Ceylon and Japan, and other parts of the world.

"Our base is a religious one," said Mr. Nixon; "we make a man a Christian first, and then get him to become a total



THE RAILWAY MAN AT WORK: SIGNAL BOX, LONDON BRIDGE, L.B. & S.C. RAILWAY.



(By permission of the Railway Mission.)

GROUP OF RAILWAY MISSION MEN.

abstainer. It is true that there are fewer facilities to drink than there were many years ago. The trains between London and Glasgow, for instance, used to stop thirty or forty times, and it was no unusual thing for the guard to be asked to drink at each place by inconsiderate passengers. Nowadays, the train calls at Rugby, Crewe, Preston, and Carlisle, and the stay is shorter at each place. Quicker trains have meant more temperate train men.

"The need for being temperate is seen in the greater stress of railway life. Let me point out that between Leicester and Leeds there are 600 signals, meaning 600 points which every engine-driver and guard has to watch, and a little army of signalmen to keep their eyes on the track and ensure the smooth running of the trains. We encourage temperance by lectures, and also by means of our monthly publication the *Railway Signal*, and personal effort is directed by means of the pocket pledge book which many of our members carry."

What other Countries are Doing

But has England gone far enough in this direction? One result of temperance work on British railways has been the formation of unions in France, Germany, Austria, Sweden, Norway, Switzerland, Denmark, Finland and Holland. The British Dominions Overseas, and the United States of America, are far ahead of us and of our Continental cousins. In Great Britain the railway companies do not prohibit the employes from taking alcoholic liquors,

but they forbid the use of refreshment rooms for drinking while on duty, and punish any excess with severity. But on nearly all railways in Canada and the United States total abstinence while on duty is made a condition of service, a standard rule of the American Railway Association being—"The use of intoxicants by employes while on duty is prohibited. Their habitual use or the frequenting of places where they are sold is sufficient cause for dismissal." This Association, one may add, governs 160,000 miles of main-line track.

In Michigan there are regulations which state that no person shall be employed in the operating sections of the railways who uses intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and any company employing such is liable to a penalty of \$500 for each offence, to be sued for in the name of the people and State of Michigan.

Canada has not left the railway companies to make their own laws on this subject. Under the Dominion Railway Act of 1903 it is laid down that every person who is intoxicated while in charge of a locomotive engine, or acting as conductor of a train, is guilty of an indictable offence, and liable to ten years' imprisonment. The person who sells intoxicating liquors to railway servants on duty is liable to a month's imprisonment. On the Grand Trunk Railway the use of intoxicants is sufficient cause for dismissal.

Once again—"Alcohol is inconsistent with anything that requires a quick, accurate, and alert judgment."



AMATEUR LAUNDRY HINTS

By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR

A YOUNG housekeeper was once asked, "Which book do you find it most difficult to keep within the allotted allowance?" Without any hesitation, the answer came, "My laundry bill!" And probably her experience is being shared by numerous other women, particularly those who, before marriage, were accustomed to despatch garments *ad libitum* to the family washer-woman every Monday morning.

When the account is examined and item by item checked, the amount charged for each individual article seems quite trifling, and it is almost incredible that the alarming sum-total at the end of the page can be correct. Addition invariably proves, however, that this is, alas! the case, and the housewife reluctantly decides that "something" must be done to curtail the list.

Few modern dwellings are built with a view to encouraging home laundering, and fewer still have a wash-house attached—that so useful room which one occasionally finds in the old-fashioned house, with a sloping paved floor, open drain in the centre, and plenty of accommodation for mangling, drying, ironing, and airing the clothes. The most that is provided nowadays is a small copper, and even this is diminutive.

On carefully investigating a washing-bill it will be found that it is the quality, rather than the quantity, of work for which one is charged. For instance, the universal price for washing a sheet is twopence and for a handkerchief a half-penny, and tiny tray-cloths or fancy doilies often figure at three halfpence or twopence each. Large bath towels are rarely priced at more than

one penny, while a plain shirt invariably costs fourpence and a blouse anything above sixpence, according to the work involved. It will therefore be readily seen that it is by washing the small, fine things at home that most money can be saved, and this not only in actual coin, but perhaps even more in the wear and tear of the articles.

Every girl should know how to wash and get up her blouses, handkerchiefs, lace collars and cuffs, etc., and if no one in the house can instruct her in the details of the work she can attend one of the practical courses which are now held in every town and most villages throughout the country.

To Remove Stains

Before any article is washed it should be examined, in order to ascertain whether it has become stained, as soap and water will often cause these to fix permanently.

Wine and fruit stains can be removed by pouring boiling water, to which a few drops of ammonia have been added, over them, or, if done at once, they may be taken out by applying powdered starch thickly, left on for two hours, then brushed off.

Tea and coffee stains also yield to the above treatments, but if of long duration they should be steeped in boiling water and borax.

Iron-moulds should be moistened with water, then laid on a hot-water plate and salts of lemon spread on. If the affected part becomes dry, wet and repeat the process, keeping the water in the plate as hot as possible. The salts must be rinsed out of the material thoroughly, as if left in

THE HOME DEPARTMENT

they will destroy the fabric. It must also be remembered that they are poison.

To take out mildew, mix soft soap with starch, half as much salt, and moisten with lemon juice. Spread this mixture on the article with a brush, and let it lie out of doors or in some place subjected to fresh air until the stain is eradicated.

Grass stains should be washed with kerosene, then in soap and water; and tar stains generally yield to an application of paraffin.

To take grease out of washing-silk, wet the spot with hot water, take a piece of magnesia, rub it on the silk, let it dry, and then brush off. The yellow tint which is so often acquired by white silk fabric and embroidery from careless washing may be eliminated thus: Take 2 oz. of salt and the same quantity of oxalic acid. Dissolve these in 6 qts. of water and soak the silk until the yellowness has disappeared—about two hours. Then rinse in several waters in order to remove every trace of the acid.

Coloured blouses, etc., which have faded badly may be bleached white. Mix a solution of cream of tartar and water (1 teaspoonful of the former to 1 qt. of the latter) and boil the garment in it.

To Wash Silk Blouses

Japanese silk blouses and shirts are now universally worn, and with careful treatment these useful and becoming articles of attire will last for years and appear rejuvenated each time they are washed. To facilitate this, the silk should not be worn till so soiled as to necessitate hard rubbing.

An old-fashioned method of washing silk is to plunge it into lukewarm water which contains a handful of bran. Wash through quickly and rinse hastily in cold water. The blouse should be hung up to dry in a room without fire or sunshine, and when sufficiently dry, ironed on the wrong side with a cool iron. No soap must be used with the bran. The more ordinary method is to make a good lather with any laundry soap (not soap powder), soak the blouse, and let it remain in the water for half an hour. At the end of this time squeeze the silk and rinse it in two or three lukewarm waters. Roll the blouse in an old bath towel and beat it vigorously with the hands. Shake

it out well; pull the tucks, cuffs and collar, yoke, etc., into correct lines, and iron on the wrong side with a warm iron. The result should be the same amount of stiffness that the silk possessed when quite new.

To Wash Cotton Blouses

White shirts and blouses, if made of strong cambric, tennis-shirting, or similar fabrics, should be plunged into lukewarm water, well soaped all over, and allowed to remain thus for an hour. They are then rubbed and well rinsed. The final rinsing water should be almost cold and slightly "blued." The garments must not lie in the "blue" water, but be dipped up and down and wrung out quickly. Cambrics, etc., are ironed immediately, being "steamed" (as it is technically termed) on the wrong side, and finished off on the right. This method produces a slight stiffness; but some materials, such as zephyr and linen, are better liked if starched. Put a tablespoonful of starch, with a good pinch of powdered borax, into a large basin, moisten with cold water, and pour in boiling water until the starch is not much thicker than plain water. After the final rinsing, immerse the garment in the hot starch, squeeze out, and dry. Then damp down and roll in a cloth, leave for several hours, and afterwards iron.

Doilies, handkerchiefs, toilet covers, mats, and all linen or damask articles should be allowed to soak all night in cold water and salt. Next morning they should be rinsed in several cold waters, then soaped and rinsed again, this time hot water being used. When quite clean they should be put into a calico bag kept for the purpose and boiled for half an hour in order to whiten them. They are again rinsed, the final water being "blued." When dry, damp and fold and leave for an hour or two before they are ironed.

Many people prefer to wash and iron treasured lace at home rather than send it away to be cleaned, and I have been recently asked for information in this particular branch of laundry work. I regret that lack of space forbids my acquiescing to this request in this article, but I hope to fully explain the various methods on another occasion.

Mrs. St. Clair will be pleased to answer inquiries on matters dealt with in these pages. Letters, which must have a stamped envelope enclosed, should be addressed "Home Department," THE QUIVER Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

FIRST AID IN EMERGENCY

By ELIZABETH SLOAN CHESSER, M.B.

THE successful person in every department of life is the one who knows how to act in emergency. The trained mind thinks quickly, the trained hand moves quietly and efficiently in response to the will. Confusion, chaos, are the result of lack of training, whether mental or manual. We all have far more opportunities of acquiring knowledge than ever we take advantage of, but it is only as we grow older that we begin to realise this fact. Ignorance is responsible for most of the ills and misfortunes of life, and the more we learn, the fuller, more interesting and more profitable will life become. Particularly is this true of women. The new ideal of womanhood is a truer and higher one than the old. It is no longer considered unwomanly to be useful. Girls may take up any work to-day, and provided that it is good work—useful work—only the antediluvians would dream of considering them eccentric. Within the last two years a great movement for the universal teaching of First Aid has been steadily gaining ground. The St. John's Ambulance scheme in England, the St. Andrew's Ambulance Association in Scotland, for many years carried on useful educational work in this branch of simple practical medicine and surgery. But recently the idea has spread enormously, and the British Red Cross Association with its scheme for voluntary aid, Miss Baden-Powell's Girl Guides, the British Girls' Nursing Corps, the Girls' Yeomanry Corps and other movements of the same type have brought the subject of First Aid very prominently before the women of the country. The result is that large numbers are studying First Aid and nursing with pleasure and profit. Our changed ideals regarding "true womanhood" are healthily intolerant of the woman who faints at the sight of blood. Self-control and the desire to help when help is urgently needed should be sufficient to prevent a woman of average intelligence yielding to what is perhaps a natural shrinking from what is unpleasant and unusual. The really womanly woman forgets herself in another's need. The selfish woman adds

to the general confusion by collapsing at the moment when service is required.

But many women who wish to help are unable to render real aid in emergency because they lack the knowledge. They have not the time for practical classes in the subject, or their duties make it impossible for them to leave home for that purpose. And yet it is almost essential to have some grasp of First Aid work, some idea of how to act in sudden illness or when an accident occurs. In every home, cuts and bruises, sprains or burns are liable to occur, and a little practical knowledge of what to do in an emergency will save considerable pain under many circumstances.

So that we shall take up briefly and concisely a few of the commonest accidents and discuss simple First Aid treatment in each case.

Common Accidents

When an accident occurs the very first thing to do is to send for a doctor. No medically untrained person can undertake the responsibility of an accident case, even if it does not appear serious at the time. First Aid must be temporary aid, applied in case of need until a doctor can be called. But it is none the less valuable. It may save life, it may prevent a simple accident becoming more serious if there is one person present who knows how to treat shock, how to check hæmorrhage, how to dress a burn, or temporarily "set" a broken bone.

The woman who is interested in First Aid, or who desires to learn enough to render her services useful in emergency, should arrange what may be called a "First Aid Box" of simple appliances.

Valuable time is often lost when an accident occurs because "dressings" in the shape of linen, lint and bandages cannot be found. There is a disturbing rush for scissors, safety pins, or cotton-wool, and a general confusion which could easily have been prevented by a little care.

In the First Aid box there must be a few gauze bandages, a roll of clean linen, some lint and cotton-wool. A packet of

THE HOME DEPARTMENT

boracic powder, a bottle of carron oil, a pair of sharp surgical scissors, and a few safety pins are also essential contents. A flannel poultice-bag, a roll of muslin, and a tin of linseed meal should find a place, as a poultice is often needed in emergency in case of pain or sickness.

Now the student of First Aid has to learn how to use her appliances.

In the case of a burning accident, what is the right First Aid treatment to apply?

The flames, of course, must be extinguished first by laying the person on the floor and covering with a heavy rug or wrap. With regard to the burn, the chief thing is to dress it as soon as possible to exclude the air. Carron oil, which is a mixture of equal parts linseed oil and lime water, is a useful domestic remedy for burns, but olive oil, vaseline and boracic ointment are all equally good for the purpose. After applying plenty of oil, or vaseline, or ointment, cover with lint or linen, and then some cotton-wool and a bandage. Besides dressing the burn it is most important to treat "shock," which, especially in children or old people, is often a serious result of a burning accident.

Shock or Collapse

occurs after any accident. It may be slight, and due rather to fright than to any lasting impression on the nervous system. But in an accident of any severity, "shock" is often very alarming, and the accident may prove fatal if there is no one present who knows how to treat the condition. Pallor, coldness of the skin, shallow breathing, and feeble pulse are all signs of shock, and very often the patient may seem dazed or half-conscious. The First Aid treatment of shock consists in keeping the patient lying quiet, loosening the clothing about the neck and chest so as to encourage breathing, and keeping him warm. Hot blankets, hot bottles to the feet and legs, hot-water bags over the heart and stomach, and, if the patient is conscious, hot coffee or milk to drink, all help to counteract shock. Alcohol should not be given except by a doctor, and never in a case of hæmorrhage.

The Treatment of Cuts and Wounds

In treating cuts and wounds, the hands must be perfectly clean in order to guard

against contaminating the wound with germs and so causing suppuration.

The first thing is to arrest hæmorrhage as quickly as possible. This is done by pressure either with a firm pad of linen or lint secured by a bandage, or, in severe cases, by pressing the thumb or fingers firmly on the bleeding point. The patient should always be made to lie down; if the bleeding is from a limb the limb should be elevated to lessen the force of blood. Hæmorrhage may be either—(1) *Arterial*, when the bleeding is from an artery and is bright red in colour and comes out in spurts. (2) *Venous*, when the blood is dark red and oozes from the wound. (3) *Capillary*, from the smaller blood-vessels. This type of hæmorrhage is not serious and only requires slight pressure to be arrested. The blood flows from the heart through the arteries, which divide and subdivide until they are microscopic in size and are called capillaries. Through the walls of these capillaries the gases and fluids of the blood pass to nourish the tissues with oxygen, and then the blood from which the oxygen has been extracted is called "venous" and passes back to the heart by the veins.

When a large artery bleeds it is necessary to apply pressure on the main trunk of the artery between the wound and the heart. In the case of hæmorrhage from a limb this is most easily accomplished by binding the limb above the wound with an elastic bandage. When a large vein bleeds, as may happen in hæmorrhage from a varicose vein of the leg, pressure must be applied to the trunk of the vein on the side of the wound furthest from the heart, because the venous blood flows upwards to the heart, and so the source of the bleeding is from below.

To Dress a Wound or Cut

After bleeding has stopped, the wound must be cleansed and dressed. Boracic solution is excellent for the purpose, and it is made by adding a teaspoonful of boracic powder from the First Aid box to a breakfast-cupful of water. Wash carefully the parts round the wound, as well as the wound itself, dry, and dust with boracic powder, and then cover with a piece of clean lint or linen, and a pad of cotton-wool, which must be kept in position by a bandage.

THE QUIVER

Poisoning Accidents

are very alarming when they occur, and, of all emergencies, a case of poisoning calls for prompt treatment. Accidental poisoning is so often due to taking wrong medicines by mistake, such as swallowing a liniment meant for external application, or taking a dose from a poison bottle kept on the same shelf as a harmless medicine, that no words are strong enough to condemn carelessness in respect of this matter. No one should ever give or take medicine without carefully reading the directions on the bottle, and all dangerous drugs should be kept under lock and key out of reach of irresponsible people. When poison has been taken by mistake the treatment consists of getting rid of the poison by an emetic, and in counteracting its action. But an emetic should never be given when strong acid, such as carbolic or nitric acid, or strong alkali such as ammonia or caustic potash, has been swallowed. These poisons burn the mouth, throat and stomach, and it would be very dangerous to encourage vomiting. In acid poisoning, an alkali such as chalk, magnesia, whiting or wall plaster mixed in water should be given at once. In poisoning by an alkali such as ammonia, give lemon juice or equal parts of vinegar and water, because these acids neutralise the poison. Then administer freely olive oil, cod-liver oil, or salad oil, if the patient is conscious, to counteract the burning action of the poison. In all other poisoning cases give an emetic, such as a dessert-spoonful of mustard in a tumblerful of warm water. Severe cases of poisoning often happen as a result of eating tainted food or poisonous fungi in mistake for mushrooms, or eating poisonous plants such as purple foxglove, laburnum seed, or deadly nightshade. In all cases of poisoning it is most important to treat shock or collapse as already described.

With regard to the treatment of "broken bones," the First Aid student will act wisely if she keeps the patient perfectly quiet and motionless and summons a doctor to do the actual setting of the bone. A great deal of harm can be done by unprofessional service in so serious an accident, and any description of First Aid treatment in such an emergency is too complicated to be undertaken in this simple article on

"What to do in an Emergency." The limb is kept at rest by "splints." These should consist of long, flat pieces of wood cut to the required size; but in an emergency, cardboard, and even newspaper folded several times, may be used, whilst broom-handles, walking-sticks, umbrellas, or anything firm enough and long enough to keep the parts immediately above and below the fracture at rest, are all serviceable "splints." The splints should be padded with hay, grass, handkerchiefs, or towels, to prevent discomfort and pressure; but, of course, the patient's clothing serves instead of padding until the doctor arrives. The splints are tied by bandages or strips of any material, one tie being placed above the seat of the injury and one below. Other ties are applied where necessary to keep the splints from slipping.

Dislocations and Sprains

are injuries to joints. The aim of First Aid treatment with them is to keep the joint at rest until the doctor comes. A sprained ankle is a common accident. When it occurs out of doors a firm bandage should be applied over the boot, and after reaching home the boot must be removed. It is necessary to cut the back seam and the laces to do this if there is much swelling. The ankle should now be bathed with cold water, and when this does not any longer relieve pain, hot water may be applied. A firm bandage will give comfort, and the limb must be raised and supported.

A bruise is caused by a blow or knock. The discoloration and swelling are simply the result of hæmorrhage beneath the skin. The popular and homely applications of fresh butter and raw beef have not the least effect in stopping the hæmorrhage; cold-water dressings or applications of ice are the correct treatment. A "black eye" is the most familiar example of a bruise, and once the black eye is there, only time will remove the discoloration, which gradually fades as the blood clot beneath the skin is absorbed.

We have now treated the chief accidents briefly and simply, and anyone who will read, learn and inwardly digest the directions given will be a more useful member of the community in consequence, and ready to act in case of accident if the emergency should arise.

Our Toy Competition: Final Notice

By THE EDITOR

First Prize: Lady's or Gentleman's Gold Watch

Second Prize: £10 in Goods

Six Thermos Flasks, Six Onoto Fountain Pens, and Book Prizes

THIS is the final announcement of our Toy-making Competition. April 29th is the last date for receiving entries, and most of the competitors, on reading this, will have less than a month in which to prepare what they are going to make, and to send it in.

I must first of all express my liveliest satisfaction at the response which has already been made. This Competition is going to be a success in every sense. For months past I suppose not a morning has come but what I have received some shillings from readers—entrance fees for the League of Loving Hearts. I have been asked whether I would not throw open the Competition to all readers; but I am glad to know that whilst competing for a prize we are at the same time helping forward ten deserving charitable societies. So I shall maintain the condition: every competitor must be a member of the League, and if you are at all interested in the good work being done among the unfortunate and helpless, I know that you will not object to paying your small share to help it on.

Good Intentions and Missing Toys

I have not the slightest doubt that many who have read the announcements of the Competition from the first, and who all the time have resolved to compete, are now wondering if there is any way of cheating their first intentions! On the other hand, there may be many who read the announcement for the first time in this issue; possibly they may be at the front in the list of prize-winners. To one and all I would say that this is the last opportunity of making up your mind on the subject, and if you have not already started, may I urge you to commence at once?

It is hardly necessary to remind constant readers of these pages that no

effort put forth in this Competition will be wasted. After the awarding of the prizes, all the toys will be carefully packed and sent on to such institutions as the Ragged School Union, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, The Salvation Army (Children's Department), Queen's Hospital for Children, etc. All these institutions are in constant need of toys to brighten up the careworn faces of the little charges committed to their care. A great number of toys are wanted; and even if you do not think your effort will secure a prize, it will be sufficient inducement to take the necessary trouble to remember the thousands of children to whom your effort will mean a ray of sunshine.

From the toys that are already coming in I can imagine that there will be considerable variety in the entries. This is as it should be. The judges in making the awards will take into consideration the ingenuity of the workers. But at the same time there will be plenty of room for "ordinary" toys; in fact, for all toys that will delight the heart of a child. I do not know if it is possible to construct a toy railway at the cost of only a Shilling, but if it is I shall be delighted to receive one; railway engines, wooden elephants, monkeys-on-sticks, dolls, boats, Noah's arks, whistles, wool-balls, rocking-horses, butcher's shops, tramcars, wooden toilet sets, desks, pencil trays, rulers—these and a thousand and one other articles can be made for One Shilling, which is the total amount which may be expended on the toys.

How to Send

Many readers will already have finished their toys. If so, will you kindly send them in at once? I do not wish to disorganise the postal service at the end of April. Send your entry as soon as

THE QUIVER

possible, carefully packed up, and the label addressed as follows:—

THE EDITOR,
"THE QUIVER,"
La Belle Sauvage,
Ludgate Hill,
London, E.C.

"Competition."

All competitors must be careful to have pinned on (not sewn) a label with their name and address. No money should be sent with the parcel: it might be overlooked in unpacking. If you have not joined the League, cut out the coupon from the advertisement section of this issue, and send it separately with a Shilling to The Editor.

Conditions

For the benefit of those who may be reading this for the first time, I will again briefly give the conditions.

The prizes are for the best home-made toys made of any material, by any person, irrespective of sex, age, nationality, country of residence, subject to the following conditions:—

(1) The cost of materials must not exceed One Shilling, though odds and ends of trifling value that the competitors have by them may be employed.

(2) The Competition is only for members of the League of Loving Hearts, but all readers may join this by filling in the coupon to be found in the advertisement section, and sending to me with a subscription of One Shilling. As I have explained before, all money received is

devoted to the charities the League helps to support.

(3) In all matters relating to this Competition the decision of the Editor is final.

The Prize List

The First Prize is a handsome "Field" Gold Watch, either lady's or gentleman's, of the value of £25, supplied by the well-known watchmakers, Messrs. J. W. Benson, Limited, of Ludgate Hill, London.

The Second Prize is an order on Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Limited, of Holborn, for £10 worth of goods.

The next six winners in order of merit will each be awarded a Thermos Flask, value One Guinea.

Then there will be six Onoto Fountain Pens—self-filling and non-leaking pens—and twelve handsome books. Thus it will be seen that there are twenty-six good prizes to compete for.

The Awards

I hope to be able to announce the awards in the July issue of THE QUIVER, whilst full particulars of the results, and some photographs of the winning toys, will find a place in the August number.

Last year we had a splendid number of dolls sent in for our Competition. I am hoping this year we shall beat all records, both in number and quality. The Competition is now in my readers' hands, and I hope they will do their best.

The following are the societies the League helps to support:—

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES, Stepney Causeway, E.
RAGGED SCHOOL UNION, 32, John Street, Theobald's Road, W.C.
CHURCH ARMY, 55, Bryanston Street, W.
SALVATION ARMY (Social Work), Queen Victoria Street, E.C.
MISS AGNES WESTON'S WORK, Royal Sailors' Rest, Portsmouth.
THE QUEEN'S HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN, Hackney Road, Bethnal Green, E.
LONDON CITY MISSION, 3, Bridewell Place, E.C.
ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL, 73, Cheapside, E.C.
CHURCH OF ENGLAND SOCIETY FOR PROVIDING HOMES FOR WAIFS AND STRAYS,
Old Town Hall, Kennington Road, S.E.
BRITISH HOME AND HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES, 72, Cheapside, E.C.

The photograph on page 505 of our last issue—"A Fairy Tale"—should have been acknowledged as by Miss Winifred H. Prout.



Nature's New Year Joy

THE man or woman who at the spring-time of the year cannot feel within the wild joy of life—well, must be getting old! To feel the warm, though fitful sunshine, after the winter's cheerlessness, hear the birds' mating song, and see the green buds bursting through the old, dry branches in an absolute hurry to start life afresh—is there a man or woman not crabbed by habit or chilled by nature who can experience these things and not sing out for the very joy of living? I could never understand why the New Year should come at the most unseasonable of all seasons, at the oldest, coldest, driest of all times; surely the spring-time is the natural start of the year, the time when Nature herself is forming her New Year resolutions, the time when the rain, cold, warmth, sunshine are as fitful and delightful as the moods of the child, and as full of promise for the things to come.



About Fasting

THIS, too, is the Lenten season, when the Church, together with Nature, waits for the symbol of the triumph of life over death. Lententide is a time of waiting; a time no more complete in itself than in musical phrase is the leading note before the tonic. The Church wisely says that for a time before the glad rejoicing of Easter we shall watch, pray—and fast. Do I believe in fasting? Well, surely, fasting and meditation are going out of fashion, together with many other good things, so the pessimists will tell you. People do not fast nowadays, do they? I do not know, but if by fasting you mean the formal abstinence from certain meats at certain times and seasons, I am by no means sure that I care whether people fast or not. Can you not understand that men in all generations have been eager to grasp at the outward ceremony and miss the inward grace? After all, it is easier to attend Church than to be good, it is easier to pray than to labour for others,

it is easier to abstain from meats than to put an iron heel on one's pride and passion. So I am trying not to be shocked at my neighbour's neglect of the services which I love, and not to censure a man for living better than me and professing less.

All the same, I hope the Lenten idea will not altogether be lost. I care not whether we eat this or that, but is it not possible at this season of the year to get away from the hurry, worry, confusion of life, and face ourselves, God, and the universe? We cannot but know that the great strong men of all ages have been men who have faced the silence—the silence of the desert places of the soul, the silence of retirement, thought, and brooding. Of course, we all know the harm of morbid, self-centred introspection. But are we not in danger, we people of the city and the shop, of living the life of potted cress and unweeded stock, rather than that of the great, simple, sturdy oak, growing alone, on the hill-top, blown by a thousand winds, storm-tossed, swaying, alone—but strong? Is this too rhetorical? Well, then, let me be practical, and suggest that if you stole one solid hour away from the thought of the baker's bill and to-morrow's dinner, or the turning of two and two into five, and devoted that hour to thinking alone and unaided of the great realities, it would help to put the gilt round your everyday existence, to turn your living into a life. Have you ever—why not be daring?—put yourself in thought in the place of the Great Author of the Universe, or gone quite afresh over the simple story of the life of Jesus? Such time cannot be wasted; it will help to keep the perspective of life.



The Sacrifice that Saves

WHAT do you, my reader, really think of this Good Friday sacrifice? I hope you do not go over the Stations of the Cross, and torture yourself into weeping at the physical sufferings of the Saviour—and

THE QUIVER

then count your sentimental tears as some virtuous deed. I think sometimes we want to realise that sacrifice by itself is purposeless and useless. Would Jesus have been justified—say it in all reverence—in sacrificing His splendid manhood and unsullied youth, if the thing He had to attain were not worth infinitely more than even His own incomparable life? Christ never sacrificed without an object; He condemned in scathing terms the fasting for fasting's sake, the prayers for show, the devotion that was only a painting, not a life. No, life in all its wonder, grandeur, is to be lived—nobly, fully, purposefully. The sacrifice that is of value is simply the cutting off of the things that do not make for life, the fasting that avails is simply the ignoring of the smaller things of life in order that the greatest may be realised; the meaning of the Cross and Passion is simply the deliberate, purposeful sacrificing of the lower in order that the highest of all might be accomplished. So let us carry our Cross—not with sentimental tears, but with the majestic, deliberate walk of those who proportion their lives aright and can afford to put aside the smaller for the best and greatest.



Our Sunday Schools

FOR a long time past uneasiness has been felt among those who read the signs of the times as to the position of our Sunday Schools. Are they doing the work for which they exist? Are they bringing the young to Christ, and into the Church? It is with the thought of such questions in mind that I am making the next issue of *THE QUIVER* a Special Sunday School Number. The leading place will be occupied by a very important symposium on the question, "Has the Sunday School Failed?" The contributors to this include the Bishop of Sodor and Man, the Dean of Carlisle, Archdeacon Sinclair, Dr. Garvie, Dr. Adeney, Rev. T. E. Ruth, Rev. Richard Roberts, Lord Kinnaird, etc.

In addition to this the Rev. W. S. Hooton is writing on "The Problem of the Elder

Scholar," and I am adding a paper on "The Sunday School of the Future." Other contents of the issue will be a strong Sunday School story by Oswald Wildridge; "Nature's Love Songs," by Coulson Kernahan; "Life's Tangled Thread," by the Bishop of Ripon; "Comrades," by Mrs. Creighton, "The Art of Story-telling," etc. A copy of this Special Sunday School Number ought to be in the hands of every Sunday School Teacher in the land. I am anticipating a large demand, so will readers who intend presenting copies to their Sunday School friends kindly order in advance?



The Tercentenary of King James's Bible

THREE hundred years ago this year—the month does not seem to be known—what we know as the Authorised Version of the Bible first made its appearance. The work had the support and countenance of King James I., but more than that, its fine, strong, literary character and its general accuracy caused it to supersede the four or five versions then in use, and to obtain the unrivalled place it has held unchallenged for three centuries. The Revised Version is more accurate, but for sterling, simple English, King James's Bible forms a monument in national literature, and is a fitting vehicle for the inspired word it transmits. On the next page I am reproducing a facsimile of the title page of the first edition of the Authorised Version, taken by kind permission of the authorities of the British Museum. The British and Foreign Bible Society arranged for great Commemoration Meetings at the end of March, and in other ways the three-hundredth anniversary of the appearance of this great translation is to be brought to the minds of all English-speaking peoples.

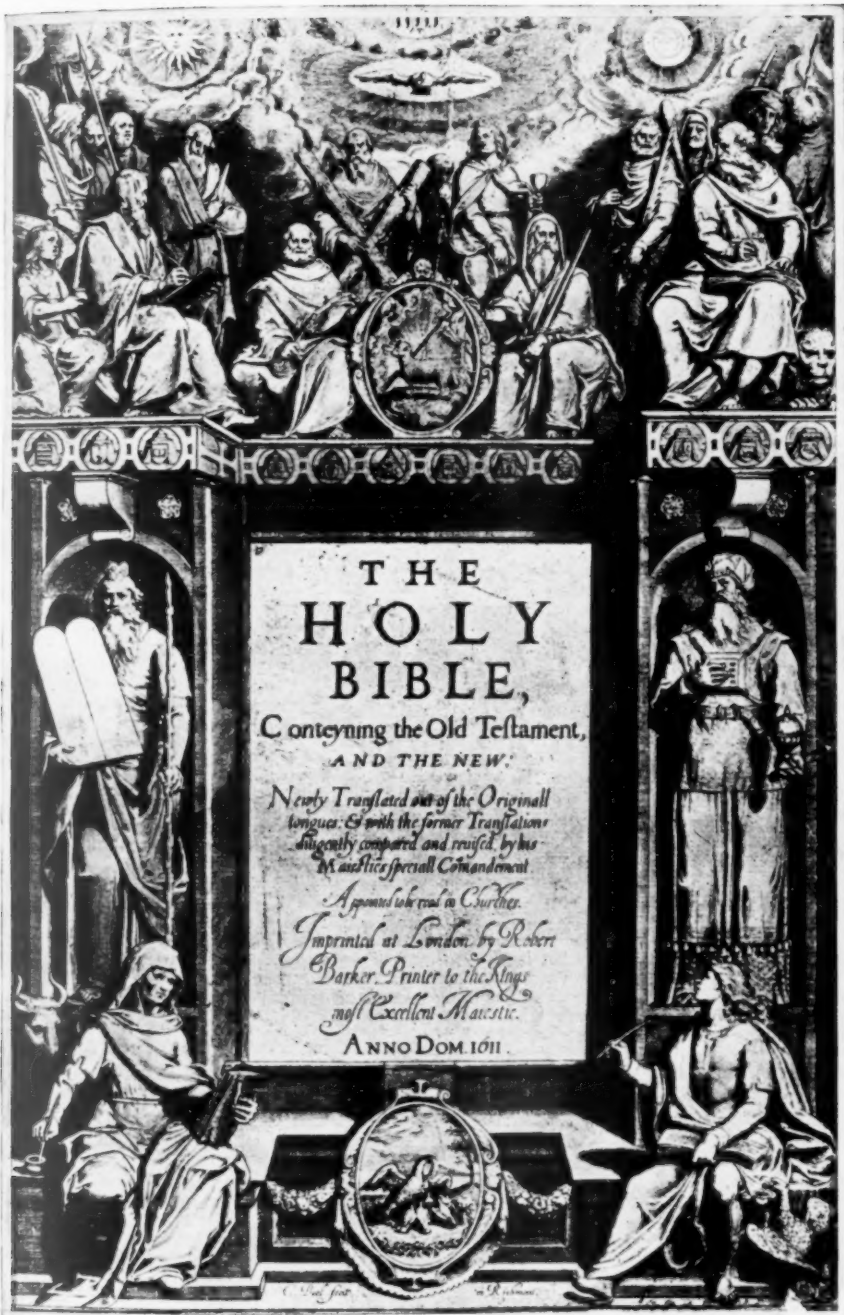
The Editor



PLAIN NEEDLEWORK FOR GIRLS

In connection with the above, prizes for the best pinafores have been awarded to Mollie Burgess, Carisbrooke; Marjorie Peck, Gloucester; and Edith Crick, Walton-on-the-Naze.

The following are highly commended:—Cordelia Wallace, Margaret Collingwood, Eileen Macturk, and Agnes Bone.



FACSIMILE OF THE TITLE PAGE OF THE ORIGINAL EDITION OF KING JAMES'S BIBLE OF 1611.

A WIFE'S POCKET MONEY

A NUMBER of letters have been received in reference to "Amica's" open letter in the January number, "To a Husband who does not think his Wife needs any Pocket Money." Selections from some of these are here given, and a Book Prize has been forwarded to "Equity" for his contribution to the subject:

A Novel Plan

"In giving my views on the subject, I may mention that I am not speaking from theory, but from actual experience. Some eight years ago the thought dawned upon me that the system by which my wife only received the sum agreed upon for household purposes by the week or the month did not work well; not that I had any protest from her side, but the reasonable calls for hats and dress goods were a worry to me, all the more as I do not happen to be observant in that direction. So I devised the plan of giving her at the next Christmas a bank-book of her own, with £50 in the local Savings Bank, to be available for her own use. In the hands of a good wife I have found the plan an excellent one. It relieves me of a great deal of bother. It gives her freedom of action and a measure of independence, together with a certain feeling of self-respect. The ordinary interest on her own bank account is an incentive to economy. Beyond what might be called these minor advantages, the idea has been growing upon me that in the event of anything untoward occurring suddenly in the household, the ready cash in the wife's hands would be in many cases of great advantage. My method is at each Christmas to ask for the bank-book, which, as a Christmas gift, I make up to the original sum; my surprise is often to find how reasonable is the sum spent.—*EQUITY.*"

From One who has Tried

Beth Hope writes:

"Of course, I agree with the one-twentieth part being given as a wife's pocket money, for the simple reason that two years ago my husband began—after eight years of 'nothing fixed'—to give me that amount. In my case this amounts to £1 the first of every month.

"I cannot fully tell you the difference it made in my outlook in life! That £12 per annum has brought rosy—if never fully realised—dreams of lovely hats, boots, gloves, and presents for everybody. Catalogues, heretofore put out of sight because the 'poor dear' might 'think one trying to get round him,' are now openly discussed and heartily enjoyed, and many a bargain secured to touch up an old dress and bring an approving smile; for, after all, most husbands like to see something bright and dainty, even on the no longer very young wife. So, however small the one-twentieth works out, I recommend all husbands to give it, and they will not regret it."

Too Much of a Business Tone

Miss "May" writes:

"I think there is altogether too much of a business tone about 'Amica's' letter. Marriage is not a business contract, and to say that a wife 'has earned her share,' and 'is entitled to it on pay-day as much as the gardener or the coachman to his wages,' is putting her on a business footing. Where husband and wife are truly one, their interests are one. She does her best to make the home and to keep expenses within their means, and when she wants money for her own personal use, if he is a 'good husband,' he will give her what is reasonable. . . . One of the most devoted husbands I know gives his wife money when she wants it. She tells him, 'I want to buy so and so,' and he gives her the money; if it is too much she hands him back what is over."

The Irreducible Minimum

"I certainly am of the very emphatic opinion that one-twentieth of her husband's income is, in a case where the husband whose income is not less than £250 per annum, most reasonable and, as far as my personal experience counts, the irreducible minimum.

"I consider in a case where a man will not allow his wife a pocket-money allowance, even of the most trivial kind, that she is perfectly justified in extracting it from him in other than legitimate means.—*M. D.*"

A Man's Views

A Bootmaker from Scotland writes:

"Her reasoning may appear at the first glance very fair, but when 'Amica' likens Mr. Duguid's wife to a partner in a commercial undertaking, I feel compelled to take up the pen against it. Where is the wife that would submit to such treatment? You would think, to read 'Amica's' letter, when she talks about the man making the woman his wife, he made her his partner—that the woman had no choice. Where is the partnership in a commercial undertaking that can be compared with the relationship that exists between husband and wife? . . .

"Then 'Amica' takes up the injustice to the wife never being granted the absolute use of a single coin. Does 'Amica' know the relationship that exists between husband and wife? Where is the husband who is really a husband (not a husband, according to 'Amica,' in a commercial undertaking), united to his wife by the bond of love, that would seek the absolute use of a single coin, much less the wife? If I may be allowed to speak for myself, I say to my wife, 'All that is mine is thine, and thine is mine.' We are one.

"Then 'Amica' takes up the question of gifts from the husband to his wife. I must admit I cannot see where the husband can have anything left to give when he has given his all."



Young People's Pages

HOW, WHEN AND WHERE CORNER

Conducted by "ALISON"

The Companionship Motto—"By Love Serve One Another"

MY DEAR COMPANIONS,
This afternoon I have been wandering in the garden, watching the growing things, and dreaming of the delicious summer scents and sights for which we are all longing. Of the golden sunshine, too, which we have not had so much of during recent months, and that adds so largely to our happiness. This is a very exciting time in our part of the world for the country lover, is it not? How many wonders there are! The mysteriously brightening haze of green that is clothing the hedgerows and meadows; the spiky leaves of the crocuses and the daffadowndilly; the gleaming fire of the celandine, and the glory of the brave pioneer flowers, all fill us with awe and joy. They help us to imagine the gladness that is coming with the summer-time. Yet the freshness of these spring days brings a joy of its own, different from all other. It is the Easter joy we are feeling, in reality. Not only the intense happiness which we celebrate in our great Easter Festival, but the splendour of the resurrection all around us is marvellous and must touch us with its sacredness. I hope each one of you will think of it during the holiday, and other coming days, and of its innermost meaning.

You must know that the fairies are come from their winter hiding places. Except for the hopelessly blind, it is not easy to walk in the woods and fields without meeting them in their radiant dresses. They trip it lightly over the dew-pearled hill-sides; among the wind-flower leaves they are whispering words of courage to busy buds; and if you look carefully among the black-thorn boughs you will find them making wreaths for their April brides. And in all the sweet country places where the meadows

are unspoiled, the cowslips and the bluebells are hastening to be ready to take part in the grand spring chorus that soon will be echoing over every hill-top and through the valleys of our beautiful land. I don't know whether all of you are fond of poetry, but the best of poets is that they understand this spring delight in a fashion that many others cannot. He was a very "understanding" man, for instance, who once wrote (with a big sigh, I fancy):

"Oh, to be in England now that April's there!"

He was away in a country of gay and luxurious flowers, but he felt home-sick for the English buttercups, and the new elm leaves, and the pear-tree blossoms. Indeed, we who live in the country here will be having big feasts of beauty in the days near by. Happily the spring comes to London town and the other crowded cities also. Those of you who have not gardens and the wide, open fields, with their grasses and myriads of growing flowers, have flowers and trees which appear even more lovely than they are by contrast with the dullness of the town streets and houses. Have you ever noticed how vivid is the green of the new leaves against the soot-darkened bark of city trees? That reminds me of a dainty little poem by E. Nesbit, whose children's books some of us appreciate greatly. If anyone wants some spring verses to learn let me suggest this, "A Child's Song in Spring." The last lines are:

"The chestnut's proud and the lilac's pretty,
The poplar's gentle and tall,
But the plane tree's kind to the dull poor city—
I love him best of all."

But after the garden ramble I was glad

THE QUIVER

to come back to the fireside, for the wind was cold, and a cosy corner in the glowing flame light was pleasant. And for occupation I turned to the reading of your Competition stories. Before we read any of them together, though, I must be polite, and introduce some of our new Companions.

New Companions from Far and Near

From Waikato (New Zealand) we welcome *Ernest Victor Parker*, who is a very busy person, for he milks four cows every day, and takes the milk to the factory, besides going to school, to which he has to walk nearly two miles. We shall look out for some interesting stories of life in Waikato, Ernest.

"My sister *Dora* would like to become a member of our Corner," writes *Harry Blades* (Folkingham). This letter gave me unusual pleasure, for I do like whole groups and families of Companions, and it must be lots jollier for the Companions themselves, particularly if they are keen about our Scheme.

Carrie Sinclair's two sisters, *Marion* and *Rhoda* (Wick), are among our new-comers, and I hope they will write soon. *Carrie* is busy working for the Leaving Certificate. We all wish her success in the examination. She is fond of gardening, cycling, and tennis, and would like a French correspondent.

From the north country we have also to welcome *Winifred Johnston* (Orkney). *Winnie* and her sisters and brother have a "dear little Shetland pony called 'Peggy,' who sometimes gets very frisky and tries to throw you off." They have, too, a clever fox-terrier, "Jackie," who does tricks; and about a dozen cats live on their farm, which is close to the sea. Isn't this a nice ending to the letter?—"Please tell me what I have to do, and I will try and help you in your grand Scheme, which mother thought so much of when I showed it to her."

Then our little chum *Hilda Wilson* (Macduff) has introduced three more Companions: *Maggie Wiseman* (Macduff), *Isabella Downie* (Longmanhill, by Banff), and *Clementina G. Souter* (Macduff). This is really fine, and makes eleven names on *Hilda's* list. Please let us hear from you all soon, girls.

Christina Patterson (Newburgh, Fife) is another Scottish member, and *Peggy Allen* (Buckaburn, Aberdeenshire), who is trying to get her chum to join. *Peggy* has been interested a long time, but was too shy to join. Oh, please don't be shy of us, anybody! We're much too happy and jolly a Companionship for that to be! And then there is a Lady of Mystery, who joins us

at Polmont Station (Stirlingshire), "*Miss Somebody*," who sends a kind contribution for Violet with her coupon. You'll all be curious, of course; and I hope the future will bring a nearer acquaintance with "*Somebody*," who, from her windows, can see "the flagstaff and stones—brought from London Bridge—marking the place where Wallace stood and watched the battle of Falkirk." I am not forgetting you, *Noël Brydon* (Arbroath), and we'll hear your plan for helping our Scheme next month.

Sam T. James (Sheffield) has already joined the ranks of busy city men, but he is deeply interested in our Scheme, and we shall be delighted to have his help. From Cambridge we have to greet *Kitty Willers*, and from Alvaston (Derbyshire) *Ida M. Wood*, who are both scheming for our Violet fund already. *Ida* belongs to the Crutch-and-Kindness League, but hopes that will not exclude her from our Corner. Certainly not, the more the merrier in both associations. And *Kathleen W. Herridge* is a fresh member in the west (Marsmoor). She goes to Gloucester every day to the High School.

Story Competition

Now for those stories. I have just been groaning because the words in this chat are mounting up rapidly, and there are many other letters to quote. Therefore I can sympathise with the competitors who exceeded the 600 word limit in the story writing. But, alas, I must stick to the rule. In the Senior Division, *Dorothy Cropper's* fairy tale was disqualified because of its length, and *Evangeline Steel's* story just exceeded the limit. The prize in this section goes to *Frances M. Boston* (age 21; Lower Bebington). I am glad *Frances* recognises the heroines of everyday life; too often they are overlooked.

In the Junior Division *W. Allison Laidlaw* unfortunately was beyond the limit. *Margaret Begg* and *Vera Eades* send fairy stories which interested me, and I hope they will try again in a similar Competition. *Clarice Hilton* also, in her "Autobiography of an Old Shoe," did well. Among the neatest of the papers sent in was *Gladys West's*. It was rather surprising that more fairy tales were not entered. Perhaps you Home Companions are leaving them to the Foreign members, whose stories will be dealt with later. I am giving a special Junior prize to *Peggy Macpherson* (age 11; Old Meldrum) for her wee story, "The Lily Maiden." I am wondering if all those pussies who kept me awake with their horrible cries many a night when I lived in London, were the ghosts of poor unhappy witches, *Peggy*!

THE "ALABONE TREATMENT" OF CONSUMPTION AND ASTHMA.

FURTHER EVIDENCE OF ITS SUCCESS.

THE enormous value of this specific treatment, which has been instrumental in restoring to perfect health some thousands of persons who, but for its aid, would have met premature death from phthisis, lies in the fact that the inhalations are administered by a method which ensures their penetrating to the actual seat of the disease, and consequently treat it locally, which in by far the greater number of cases means complete eradication.

Up till the present time an incalculable amount of permanent good has been accomplished by the use of these inhalations, not only in instances of persons suffering from actual consumption, but also in cases of bronchitis, asthma, and similar ailments, and there is no doubt that as time goes on the treatment recommended by Dr. Alabone (known as the "Alabone" treatment of Consumption and Asthma) will become still more extensively employed, and will be considered a *sine qua non* in all our great hospitals and institutions where phthisical patients are treated.

A careful perusal of his important treatise on tuberculosis, entitled "The Cure of Consumption," will prove beyond a doubt that Dr. Alabone possesses a complete mastery over his subject. Particulars of that and other works are given at the foot of this article.

Reverting to the treatment itself, one cannot do better than call public attention to the following opinions of medical men and others.

The first letter, which is printed in full, is from a gentleman residing at Margate, who, as the letter indicates, possesses unbounded faith in the "Alabone" treatment and none in the sanatoria method of cure:—

SIR,—It is admitted by all unbiased persons that the so-called open-air "cure" is a tragical farce. In July, 1907, a friend of mine developed consumption of the lungs, and by a curious coincidence I developed the same dire disease myself. My friend went into a sanatorium for a time, and came home and died; but I placed myself under Dr. Alabone's treatment, and was cured in five months. That mine was a genuine case of phthisis there is no doubt whatever, for I was examined by five medical men, and all agreed that I had consumption of the right lung with a cavity. I was declared cured in December, 1907, by one of the doctors who had previously told me that there was no cure for consumption; and, moreover, I have been perfectly well ever since.—I am, yours faithfully,
PERCY WOOD.

Other patients write as follows:—

UPPER FLINT HOUSE.

DEAR SIR,—I should like to report the marvellous success of Dr. Alabone's treatment in two cases that have come under my own observation.

The first was that of a man aged 36, who had been in consumption two years. His lungs were seriously diseased. He had been pronounced "incurable." After Dr. Alabone's treatment his state may thus be described: No pain whatever, no cough or expectoration, no spitting of blood, appetite very good, no shortness of breath; he can walk about with comfort, and is hoping to get work.

The second case is that of a young servant, aged 24 years, who had been under medical treatment in London some time, pronounced to be in rapid consumption, was sent home to die, and was told "she must not expect to live more than three months." After undergoing Dr. Alabone's treatment she has wholly recovered, and has

taken the place of cook in my own house. She never remembers feeling so well as she is at present. I feel such treatment should be known far and wide.—Yours truly,
E. J. BARNES, M.A., Vicar.

DEAR SIR,—I should like to support what has been said in favour of Dr. Alabone's treatment for phthisis.

I was as bad as I could be for a long time; in fact, I thought I never should be any better, for everything I tried had no beneficial result. Several doctors told me my left lung was very badly diseased, and the other one affected, and when I first heard of Dr. Alabone's treatment I was in bed with a hemorrhage (one of several); but very soon after starting with his treatment I felt an improvement, and at the present time I feel better than I have done for years, having lost my cough entirely, and feel stronger every day.

There is no doubt that in my case Dr. Alabone has done wonders for me.—Yours faithfully,
C. G.

"The proof that my cure is complete is assured by the verdict of five doctors who have sounded me since, and can detect no disease of lungs or chest at all." This paragraph is culled from a letter received from another cured consumptive. Before this patient underwent the "Alabone" treatment he, as numerous other poor consumptives have been, was pronounced *incurable*; he had been told he was *too far gone* for anything to do him good.

What the "Alabone" treatment did for the gentleman mentioned above it is equally capable of accomplishing for others, and anyone who may perchance be so unfortunate as to be afflicted with phthisis should certainly decide to adopt this treatment, which has been instrumental in effecting so many complete and lasting cures, and which assuredly is the one which offers the best chance of recovery to a patient.

In conclusion, a further letter from a medical gentleman may be read with advantage:—

In the following terms Dr. A. R. C.—, M.D., J.P., M.R.C.S.Eng., bears testimony to the success of Dr. Alabone's treatment: "I wish to add my testimony in favour of Dr. Alabone's method of treating consumption. I have had the privilege of watching the progress of many cases of phthisis under Dr. Alabone's care, and, from what I have seen, I have no hesitation in saying that his method of treatment is most successful. I have had very many opportunities for many years past of testing these cases in regard to their improvement from time to time, when the patients have visited this health resort, Hastings, and can confidently declare that the improvement in their condition has exceeded my most sanguine expectations. I have no doubt, if the treatment is commenced in reasonable time, that, *ceteris paribus*, a cure must, in a large majority of cases, be effected."

The Cure of Consumption, Asthma, Chronic Bronchitis and Catarrh. By EDWIN W. ALABONE, M.D. Phil., D.Sc., ex-M.R.C.S. Eng., Lynton House, Highbury Quadrant, London, N. Illustrated by numerous cases pronounced *incurable* by the most eminent Physicians. 47th Edition. 168th thousand. Price 2s. 6d., post free.

Other Works by the Same Author:

Testimonies of Patients...	Price 1s.
With Comments on the Open-Air Treatment.	
Infamous Conduct	Price 6d.
How the Cure of Consumption is	
Suppressed	Price 1s.
Facts regarding the Open-Air Treatment	Price 6d.

494 DOCTORS, out of 514, declare that "an increased consumption of OAT-FOOD would greatly benefit the Nation."

Read the startling Food-Facts discovered by the National Food Enquiry Bureau's broad investigation.

What the Doctors told the Investigators:—

Representative doctors—514 of them—doctors in general practice, educational doctors and medical officers of health, gave their views regarding the value of Oat-Food. Almost all of them use it regularly and 494 declare that the health of the Nation would improve if more oats were eaten by the public. Only 9 say there would be no benefit; 11 give no decided opinion.

The doctors were practically unanimous in declaring Oat-Food to be exceptionally nutritious and economical; that Oat-Food promotes the physical and mental development of children; that it is excellent for sedentary workers, and especially advantageous for people of limited means, (because of its great economy).

Athletes—Schools—Homes.

The athletes at the Universities and Public Schools are 10 to 1 in favour of Oat-Food when training. Pupils in the best-class schools, the Kingdom over, have Oat-Food regularly. The slum children—weak, anemic, incapable, scarcely know what the word "oatmeal" means.

The Reason for Oat-Food.

For your money you get in oats more proteids, organic phosphorus and lecithin than in any other food. Proteid is the body-building, the energy-giving food. Phosphorus is the brain-food; lecithin the food of the nerves and nerve-centres.

Oat-Food at its Best.

The whole world knows that Oat-Food is found at its best in Quaker Oats.

The large, thin flakes that cook and digest so easily.—The delicious flavour impossible to any other Oat-Food.

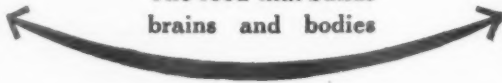


The Greatest of Food Reformers.

The One Perfect Oat-Food.

Quaker Oats

The food that builds
brains and bodies



Through the courtesy of the Bureau, we can send a copy of the Report to you if you are interested. Address, Quaker Oats, Ltd., Dept. 385, 11, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.



IN THE SLUM HOMES

where are bred the pale, the anemic, the incapable, the undersized, Oat-Food is practically unknown.



IN GOOD CLASS HOMES

Oat-Food is the staple breakfast. The parents told the Enquiry Bureau that their children's bright eyes, rosy cheeks, clear brains—good health, are largely due to Oat-Foods.

The purity and cleanliness of Quaker Oats—never touched by hand through all the unique process of milling.—The SEALED packets—

The Economy proved by "40 Meals for Sixpence."—These are a few of the reasons why Quaker Oats is



The Greatest of Foods is sold only in this packet.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES

Arthur Smart (age 13; Langley, near Birmingham) and *Hilda Wilson* (age 11; Macduff) gain the other prizes. On the whole, the Juniors have done well as regards spelling, writing and expression.

New Competition

Ever so many Companions have requested a Drawing Competition, so we will have one. From the Seniors I should like drawings to illustrate (a) Sanctuary (a place of safety: either humorous or serious); or (b) a drawing of any scene in "Robinson Crusoe."

Will the Juniors draw for me "My Own Dolly" (girls), or "My Best Pet" (boys), copying their favourite possessions?

All the drawings must be original, and not copies, and be done in black and white—either Indian ink, or ordinary ink, or crayon. Seniors may try both drawings in their section, if they wish; and if any Juniors are ambitious, they may attempt the Senior test. No drawing may exceed 8 ins. by 10 ins., and must be done on drawing paper. Name, address, and age are to be clearly inscribed on the back of each entry, which must be here by April 20th.

In my hand is a thick bundle of letters I should like to read to you, but it is impos-

sible. Next month we must have a Correspondence Corner. Let me here thank for their kind letters or cards: *Evelyn Betts, Ida Slesser, Mary West, Madge Storey, Eileen Straith, Gladys Richards, Madge Brierley, Alice King, Walter Bridge, Margaret Begg, Hettie Joubert, Molly Bridgman, Catherine and Doris Amos, Alex. Darie, James Anderson, Nellie West, Lizzie Grant, Helen Strong, Nellie Fraser, Phyllis Cartwright, Dora Brogdale, Gladys West, Balgobind Shukulu, Irene Knight, Kathleen Crago, Kathleen Whitmell, Alice Dalghiesh, Sam James, Gertrude Allam, Ida Jones, Mary S. Thomson, Dora Dewhirst, Vera Andrews, Vera Blach, Daisy Valentine, Ralph Hill, Evangeline Steel, and Allison Laidlaw.*

I said we will have a Correspondence Corner in May. Of course a large part of it will be given to our views on the new Scheme. Lots of letters will come, I am confident, about the news of last month. What did you think of it?

Just "Good-bye," now.

Your loving friend,

Alison.



THE COMPANIONS' OWN STORY CORNER

THE LILY MAIDEN

By PEGGY MACPHERSON

THERE once lived a maiden, and she was so fair that she was called the "Lily Maid." She had long brown hair, down to her waist, and it was bound with a silken thread. One day a prince fell in love with her; but her mother was a witch, so she turned the "Lily Maid" into a dove. The prince then went away. But the prince's father was a wizard, so he turned the prince into a black cat.

The witch saw the black cat, and being in need of one, she took it home with her. The cat, when he saw that the witch was asleep, seized her spindle and changed himself and the "Lily Maid" back to their right shapes again. The prince then rode back with the "Lily Maid" to his father's castle, and they were married with great splendour.

When the witch awoke and found out everything she choked with rage, and her ghost turned into a black cat and screamed every night.

A DEARLY-BOUGHT LESSON

By FRANCES M. BOSTON

"GOOD-BYE, old girl, take care of yourself while we're away." The cab drove off, and Eileen Stuart was left alone on the doorstep of No. 32, Alison Street. It was Leslie who

had called out that last farewell. Dear, good-hearted fellow; he, at least, had not left her alone without some pangs of regret. He and his three brothers were just going on a walking tour in Wales—their first real holiday for three years—but funds would not permit of Eileen joining them. Gordon, the eldest boy, aged twenty-four, had put away the suggestion scornfully. "Take Eileen?" he had exclaimed in astonishment, "why, she couldn't stand the walking; besides, look at the expense. It would mean an extra room everywhere we stopped, and—No, it can't be done," he finished up decidedly, whereat Donald and Dugald had bowed acquiescence, for was not Gordon their senior by three years? Leslie, however, clung to the idea to the end, doing his utmost to persuade Eileen to join them.

Three years ago the Stuarts had been well off, but business failure, followed by their father's death, had impoverished them, and from their comfortable home they had drifted to this small house in the dull street of a London suburb. Eileen, aged twenty-six, looked after the comfort of her brothers, and chiefly through her economy sufficient money had been saved to make possible this holiday tour. Of the boys, Gordon and the twins were rather selfish, purely from thoughtlessness. It did not occur to them that Eileen required rest and change as much as, or even more than, they did.

THE QUIVER

She never complained, so her happiness was taken for granted, though, had they but noticed, her face had become very thin and wistful-looking of late.

Leslie, the sixteen-year-old schoolboy, was a boyish edition of his sister. He had volunteered one day to spend his holidays at home with Eileen, but knowing the sacrifice that would entail, she gently refused the unselfish offer, doing her utmost to hide from the lad her obvious weariness. With ready smile and pleasant word she kept up till the last, and Leslie's bright excited face was her reward. The boys had not chosen a definite route, leaving Eileen in ignorance of their address, and as she entered the house, after the cab had disappeared, she realised that she could hold no communication with her brothers for three weeks.

A fortnight later four travellers stood on the summit of Snowdon, enjoying the beautiful scenery before them.

"I wish Eileen was here," murmured one, regretfully; "wouldn't she just love this!"

"Oh, for goodness' sake be quiet, Les; that's about the hundredth time we've heard that to-day," interrupted one of the others, evidently the eldest of the party. But was there really a tone of compunction in his voice as he addressed his little brother?

Another week! Time flies during the holidays—at least, so thought the four Stuarts as they entered Alison Street one Saturday afternoon, three weeks after our story begins.

Contrary to their expectations, Eileen had not met them at the station, so they had walked home. A cry from Leslie startled them, and they gazed upwards fearfully. At No. 32 all the blinds were down.

The doctor met them in the hall. "Your sister died this morning—typhoid," he said shortly, in answer to the unspoken question in their eyes.

By his sister's grave Gordon realised his selfishness. Too late he reproached himself for his neglect of Eileen. He had learnt his lesson, but at what a cost!

THREE LITTLE RUNAWAYS

By HILDA WILSON

THE fleecy snowflakes fell unceasingly and noiselessly. They silently tapped at the window-pane, and ever and anon beckoned to the children inside to come out and play. Inside were three solemn little faces, gazing abstractedly through and through the panelled walls of their luxurious nursery. They had been rather naughty, and nurse had said they could not go with her and Jones—the "coachie," as they called him—in the carriage to meet mother and daddy.

They had been away for ever so long, and now they were not to get the first refreshing peep of them.

"It's a shame," wailed Elfie, a mischievous damsel of eleven, "it is a shame! I know what

we'll do, though, we will run away. Then, when we are lost, they'll be sorry they ever treated us badly."

"Yes, yes," piped the other two; "you always do think of such splendid things, Elfie, dear," they sighed. The other two were Enid, a fair-haired little lady of seven, and a boy, Derrick, who was five.

Three little fur-clad figures were walking aimlessly about in the snow, two of them crying. They were the would-be runaways.

"Oh, Elfie dear, do carry me a little bit! I'm all wet," cried poor Derry. Elfie lifted him on her shoulder, and once more they trudged on silently.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Whatever shall we do, children?" sobbed Elfie, who was now weeping dismally. "We are lost, dears, and it was I who put running away into your heads."

"Don't cry, Elfie darling," said tender-hearted Enid, comforting her, and little Derry leaned down to kiss her, and to pat the weary little face.

Enid then burst out with a heartfelt prayer. "Dear God, please save us!"

It was almost dark now, and Elfie was contemplating spending a night in the snow, when suddenly Derry cried, "Look, look! I see a light."

"Yes, Elfie, yes," cried Enid delightedly. "I knew God would answer my prayer."

Elfie felt once more a flame of hope spring up in her heart, and they all ran as fast as their legs could carry them to the light.

It proved to be a little cottage. They knocked at the door and cried, "Let us in, please, we have lost ourselves."

A kindly-looking man opened the door, and then exclaimed, "Why, if it ain't the Squire's little folks! What be you a-doing here, eh?"

Elfie, somewhat shamefacedly, told their escapade.

"Well, well," said the man, who happened to be one of the Squire's workmen, "I don't think you'll ever do the likes again." The man took them into his cosy cottage, where his wife took off their wet wraps, and made them partake of good, homely fare. "You shall sleep in my Jim's bed," she said, "him that's a sailor now, and George'll take you home in the morning, won't you, George?"

"That I will," said her husband.

The children woke refreshed by sleep, and when they arrived home they promised daddy, who had been searching everywhere for them, never to run away again. As for the workman, he got a handsome reward, and his cottage free of rent.

A BRAVE DEED

By ARTHUR SMART

EVERYONE liked Fred Austin, for he was one of those boys who are cheerful even when in the greatest of trouble.

Fred was about eleven years of age, and he attended a Sunday school in the little village of Renvil.

One Sunday he was sitting in his class in the Sunday school listening to the superintendent,

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES

who was giving an address on "Love your enemies."

Fred could not understand it. How could one forgive his enemies?

Now Fred had a father who spent all his money on drink, and who used to thrash him without any reason. He did not deserve the name of "father." How could he forgive him?

The superintendent went on to say that they could not do this by themselves, but must pray to God for help.

Fred did not forget that address.

The day following (Monday) Fred was standing on the doorstep of his home when he saw his father, who was intoxicated, reeling along the road.

When he reached the house he said to Fred in a surly tone, "Get out o' the way."

Fred moved away, and his father went into the house.

Soon after Fred heard a scream, and running into the house, saw his father repeatedly strike his sister Florrie. He courageously ran between the two. His father ran towards him, with an oath. Fred, however, kept dodging him, and at

last he ran out of the house. Just as he was about to leave, his father kicked him, saying, "Never come here again."

The week following was full of trials for Fred. His father would not let him go into the house, and he was forced to earn all his meals. On Saturday our hero was walking along the canal side. He was thinking of last Sunday's address, when a yell startled him. Looking up he saw a sight that "froze his blood," as the novelists say. A man had fallen in the canal, and Fred saw that it was his father.

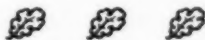
Many thoughts passed through his mind in the space of a minute.

"He sent me away from home, and would not give me anything to eat; yet 'Love your enemies.'" A fierce battle went on in his mind, but in the end right won.

He could swim, and he jumped into the water and held his father up. It put a terrible strain on his arms, but in the end his father was saved.

The result of that fall into the canal, and the way Fred saved him, was that Mr. Austin became a reformed man. If you go to Renvil now you will hear that Mr. Austin is the Sunday school superintendent.

All young people are invited to become Companions in the "How, When and Where" Corner. Those desiring to join should fill in the coupon in the advertisement section, and send, with penny stamp for certificate, to "ALISON," THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.



THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE

By the Rev. J. REID HOWATT

A Sweet Art to Learn

THE Japanese are a very knowing people; they have not lived so long as a polished and kindly folk, having a high civilisation of its sort, without learning the best way of getting at the best. This struck me the other day when I read how a young Japanese wife, but a short time wed, learns how to understand a baby so as to feed and clothe and train it properly. When she was herself a little girl she had her doll, of course—for there never was a time or place when your tiny little lady hadn't her doll of one kind or other; and every girlie has enjoyed the dressing and undressing of the wooden figure, and so learnt a lot that came in useful by and by. But the finest doll in the world isn't a patch on a little breathing, smiling, cooing, living baby. It isn't so easy to get on with the living one as with the waxy or the wooden one, for while Katy Woodeny never makes any

complaints, no matter how badly she may be treated, the living lovey-dovey will squall in a way that shall leave no room for misunderstanding, if he has been used for a pin-cushion, or been otherwise carelessly treated. So a time comes when the young Japanese wife borrows a real baby from some neighbour, and the mother is proud to lend it, for this is considered a high honour which has been done her. And the young Jap wife cossets that baby, washes and dresses it, and gets to know what every whimper or smile or gurgle means, and makes such a good imitation mother that when she comes to have a baby all her very own she quite knows her business, being no longer a mere apprentice. It is the only way to get the knowledge, for it is the practical one.

And it is our only way on many matters. There is talking to children, for instance. Everybody thinks it comes natural. Not

THE QUIVER

a bit. It has to be learnt, like every other great accomplishment. Not long ago I heard a man addressing a nice little group of children; the language he used was awful. Not that he said anything naughty—quite the reverse—but if he had, and had said it in the same way, it wouldn't have done any harm, for the children wouldn't have understood. His words were all big and all dictionarified. He meant to say they "were young," but what he did say was that they "were adolescent"—and every child suspected a slander. Even the mothers began to let their angry passions rise when he declared that the children were in the embryonic stage. Yet he only meant they had yet a lot to learn. Ah! it is an art to speak to children, and like every fine art has to be cultivated. Most women acquire something of it, but unless a man goes into training he can no more speak to children than he can dress a baby with the garments right side up.

This brings me to an important point. I am grateful to say I have now several thousand members in the Crutch-and-Kindness League, dwelling in every part of the world, and each member writes a letter once a month to his or her little cripple in London. It is a grand training for getting right into children's hearts. I have seen many, many of these letters, and it hasn't been difficult to tell which member had been writing for some time and which was only beginning, for the letters of some of the beginners could have been improved at least a *little* bit if they had had more practice. For some write "I have frequently observed," when they might just as well have said "I've often noticed." Children "notice" things but never "observe" anything. One explained that something or other was "circular," but the explanation only confused the small cripple, who would have known the word "round" better.

These are only hints, and the need for them generally passes away after a few months of correspondence, but the thing to notice is, that most people hope to feel quite at home with children some day, their own or others, yet it is doubtful if they ever can be unless they take a kindly course of instruction in the art of saying the greatest things in the smallest and simplest way.

I venture to say that no reader means

for cultivating this sweet art, and cultivating along with it all the practical graces of love and pity, can be found than by joining the Crutch-and-Kindness League. As I have hinted, the one thing that is asked of each member is, that he or she shall write a letter once a month to some small, lonely, suffering, crippled child, or, if at any time unable to write, shall send a picture postcard, old illustrated magazine, cheap toy, or such-like kindly reminder to the wee prisoner of God that he or she has not been forgotten by an unseen but faithful, loving friend.

All further particulars about the Crutch-and-Kindness League may be had for a stamp from Sir John Kirk, Director and Secretary, Ragged School Union, 32, John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.

New Members for the Month

Miss Winnie Albertyn, Stellenbosch, South Africa; Mrs. Auner, East Dulwich, S.E.
 Mrs. Barnes, Clapham, S.W.; Miss Elizabeth Beer, Finchley, N.; Mrs. Bulow, Brixton, S.W.
 Mrs. Compton, Streatham Hill, London, S.W.
 Misses Caroline M. and Hilda M. Davis, Bourne-month West.
 Miss Hilda Elphick, Pevensey, Sussex.
 Mrs. Foster, Leamington Spa.
 Miss N. W. Grossmith, Eastbourne, Sussex.
 Miss Haywood, Loughborough, Leicester; Miss G. Head, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.; Miss Annie Hodson, West Hindmarsh, S. Australia; Miss E. Holden, Durban, S. Africa; Miss P. E. Hooker, Exeter, Devon; Miss B. Hutchens, Salisbury, Wilts.
 Miss Doris Ingleson, Bushey, Herts.
 Mrs. Ivor Jones, Forge by Huntley, N.B.
 Mrs. King, Hove, Sussex.
 Misses L., Dora, and F. Lane and A. Graham (Group 108), Hokianga, New Zealand; W. H. Letty, Esq., Harlesden, London, N.W.; Miss Sarah Livingstone, Waikato, New Zealand.
 Miss Margaret Mackintosh, Crumpton, Manchester; Miss Isa M. Macdonald, Dunedin, New Zealand; Miss Meynell, Wolverhampton, Staffs.; Miss Morris, Maidstone, Kent; Misses Muriel and Gladys M. Morton, Crouch End, London, N.; Miss Jessie McMillan, Waikato, New Zealand.
 Miss Elsie Nash, Chiswick, Middlesex.
 Mrs. Paterson, Westmount, Quebec; Miss Winifred Parry, Redland, Bristol; Mrs. Peake, St. Albans, Herts.; Miss A. Pemberton, Beccles, Suffolk; Miss Ella Petric, Forge by Huntley, N.B.; Miss Esther A. Provis, Stokes, E. Australia.
 Miss Mary Rance, Blechley, Bucks.; Mrs. W. P. Rankin, Glossop, Derby; Mr. N. Rodgers, Jun., Westport, New Zealand; Miss Lily Reynolds, Chiswick, Middlesex; Misses Muriel and Mary Roy, Kirkton, Perth, N.B.
 Miss Seward, South Hampstead, London, N.W.; Miss Smith (Society Class) and Miss P. Smith, Cheltenham, Glos.; Miss Stringer, Tunbridge Wells, Kent; Miss Barbara Stuart, Tighnabruach, Argyll, N.B.
 Miss Taylor, Stoke Newington, London, N.E.; Miss G. Travin, Witheridge, N. Devon; Miss Winifred N. Tweedale, Harrogate, Yorks.
 Miss Elaine Watkins, Aberdare, Glamorganshire; Miss Wrey, Torquay, Devon.

THE QUIVER



"My dear, I can't imagine how it is my daughter is putting on flesh to such a degree of stoutness."
 "Oh, well, it doesn't matter what the cause is; let her have Antipon. I simply swear by it. It cured my obesity completely."

FATNESS, FASHION, AND FADDISM.

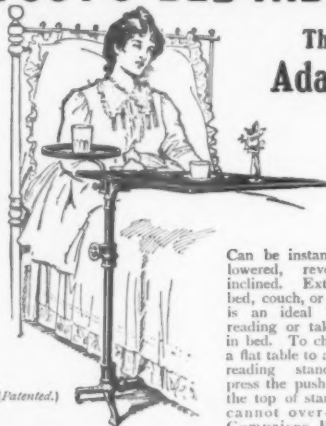
The idea of being very stout is very repellent to ladies of beauty and refinement, and at the present moment, when the fashionable gowns rather emphasise any tendency towards growing *embonpoint*, the dread of fatness is more prevalent than it used to be. This not unreasonable fear of over-stoutness is unfortunately, the cause of not a little faddism, and some women are, we regret to say, needlessly sapping their strength and impairing their health and vitality by so stringently dieting themselves that they are literally half-starved. Sometimes drugs are taken, the dangerous properties of which these ladies know next to nothing, and add woefully to the mischief done by lack of proper nourishment. We most sincerely recommend our readers to abjure all such lowering methods, and if they are stouter than they could wish, to try the simple, harmless, and strengthening Antipon treatment for recovering normal weight and perfect proportions. They will find Antipon a splendid tonic, as well as a matchless weight-reducer; they will be able to eat

what they most enjoy, and will find the digestive system greatly stimulated. Perfect assimilation and nutrition is as essential to health as to beauty, and Antipon helps nutrition in a supreme degree. This "feeding-up" in no wise stops the reducing action of Antipon, for that marvellous product goes to the root of the matter and destroys the threatening tendency towards obesity. Meanwhile, all superfluous fat, subcutaneous and internal, is quickly banished, the figure becomes supple and strong as well as slender, and any over-fleshiness about the cheek, chin, throat, &c., disappears without leaving any wrinkles. The skin regains tone, fineness, and purity, and the complexion the radiant hue of health. Antipon contains none but harmless vegetable substances in liquid form, and is extremely refreshing.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by chemists, stores, &c.; or, in the event of difficulty, may be had (on remitting amount), carriage paid, privately packed, direct from the Antipon Company, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

FOOT'S BED-TABLE.

The
Adapta



(Patented.)

Can be instantly raised, lowered, reversed, or inclined. Extends over bed, couch, or chair, and is an ideal Table for reading or taking meals in bed. To change from a flat table to an inclined reading stand, simply press the push button at the top of standard. It cannot over-balance. Comprises Bed-Table,

Reading Stand, Writing Table, Bed Rest, Sewing or Work Table, Music Stand, Easel, Card Table, etc.

No. 1.—Enamelled Metal Parts, with Stained Oak Top £1 7 6

No. 2.—Ditto, with Adjustable Side Tray and Automatic Book-holders (as illustrated) £1 15 0

No. 3.—Complete as No. 2, but Polished Oak Top and superior finish £2 5 0

No. 4.—Complete as No. 3, but with all Metal Parts Nickel-Plated £3 3 0

Carriage Paid in Great Britain.

Write for Booklet A 24.

J. FOOT & SON, Ltd. (Dept. A 24),
171, New Bond Street, London, W.

Flako

Regd.

FOR FINE FABRICS

THE PUREST SOAP PRODUCED.

Try **FLAKO** this week on your Woollens, Flannels, Laces, Silks and Fine Fabrics.

WON'T SHRINK FLANNELS

An Excellent Hair Wash.

From All Grocers, 1d. & 3d. packets.

If your Tradesman cannot supply Flako at once, send Two Penny Stamps to Dept. C.Q. for a Sample Packet, Post Free.

JOHN KNIGHT, Ltd.,

Soapmakers by Appointment to H.M. King George V.,

**THE ROYAL PRIMROSE SOAP WORKS,
LONDON, E.**

HOOPING COUGH CROUP

The Celebrated Effectual Cure without Internal Medicine

ROCHE'S Herbal Embrocation

will also be found very efficacious in cases of
**BRONCHITIS, LUMBAGO AND
RHEUMATISM.**

Price 4/- per Bottle, of all Druggists.

W. EDWARDS & SON, 157, Queen Victoria St., London, Eng.

New York: FOUGERA & Co., 99, Beckman St.
Paris: ROBERTS & Co., 5, Rue de la Paix.

BORWICK'S



The Best
and Purest
**BAKING
POWDER**
in the World.

WILDSPUR Embroidery Thread

(British Made).

Everybody who tries Wildspur Embroidery Thread appreciates its brilliant lustre, its delicate shades, and its permanent dyes.

Your work is worthy of the best thread.

Wildspur costs no more than ordinary threads.

From leading fancy work dealers.

Send 1d. stamp for samples and booklet, and try it yourself.

**COPLEY, MARSHALL & CO.,
Ltd.,**

Lustre Thread
Factory,
Newmill,
Huddersfield.

Cto



Sunday School Pages

POINTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES

APRIL 2nd. ELISHA HEALS NAAMAN THE SYRIAN

2 Kings v.

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The concern and suggestion of the little maid. (2) The prophet's message to the great general. (3) Naaman's indignation and his wise servants. (4) The advice followed and the cure performed.

Christianity and Leprosy

ELISHA'S concern for Naaman is typical of what Christianity has done and is doing for sufferers from the terrible leprosy. According to one medical authority leprosy is distinguished from all other diseases in that its mention in literature dates from a period forty centuries before the Christian era. An Egyptian papyrus, 4260 years B.C., mentions a fatal and disfiguring disease which is no doubt the malady we now know as leprosy. An Indian classic of 1400 B.C. refers to it. It is likewise recorded in Japan 1250 B.C. It was not until A.D. 950 that leprosy invaded the British Isles. Here its terrible ravages filled the rulers and clergy with alarm, and during the four centuries, A.D. 1006 to 1472, no fewer than 112 leper asylums were built in England alone.

In India and other Eastern lands Christian missionaries are at work among the lepers and are doing a great deal for their temporal and spiritual welfare. In "Lepers" Mr. John Jackson shows what has been done by the Leper Mission for the poor people afflicted with this awful disease, and contrasts their condition to-day with what it was before the Christian missionary entered the field. He tells of a mandarin in a certain district in China, who, finding the presence of these unfortunate people an offence to him, hit upon a method that can only be described as diabolical in its combination of treachery and cruelty. To the delight of the lepers for many miles around it was notified that a great feast was to be given to them. Attracted by such unwonted kindness, they assembled in crowds. While these unsuspecting people were feasting the building was set on fire by order of the mandarin, and the lepers who escaped the flames were shot down by soldiers placed on guard.

How different is the treatment of Christianity! The poor sufferers are treated with the greatest kindness, and noble men and women, out of their great love for Jesus Christ, spend their lives among them.

APRIL 9th. ELISHA'S HEAVENLY DEFENDERS

2 Kings vi. 8-23

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The warnings given by the prophet. (2) The King of Syria's plan to capture Elisha. (3) The guard of angels. (4) How the captives were treated.

A Bloodless Victory

THE story recorded in the lesson recalls an interesting historical incident. In the year 1799, when the armies of Napoleon were sweeping over the Continent, Masséna, one of his generals, suddenly appeared on the heights above the little town of Feldkirch on the frontier of Austria, at the head of 18,000 men. It was Easter Day, and the morning sun as it rose glittered on the weapons of the French, at the top of the range of hills to the west of Feldkirch. The Town Council hastily assembled to consult what was to be done. Defence was impossible. At last, after various plans had been discussed, the old Dean of the church stood up. "It is Easter Day," he said. "We have been reckoning our own strength, and that fails. It is the day of the Lord's Resurrection. Let us ring the bells and have services as usual, and leave the matter in God's hands. We know only our weakness, and not the power of God."

His words prevailed. Then all at once from the three or four church towers in Feldkirch the bells began to clang joyous peals in honour of the Resurrection, and the streets were filled with worshippers hastening to the house of God. The French heard with surprise and alarm the sudden clangour of joy-bells; and concluding that the Austrian army had arrived in the night to relieve the place, Masséna suddenly broke up his camp, and before the bells had ceased ringing not a Frenchman was to be seen.

APRIL 16th. THE RESURRECTION MORN

John xx. 1-18

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) Mary's discovery at the sepulchre. (2) Her meeting with Christ. (3) Her story to the astonished disciples.

THE whole system of Christianity rests upon the Resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ. "If Christ hath not been raised," says the Apostle Paul, "your faith is vain," and "they also which have fallen asleep in Christ

THE QUIVER

have perished." But the Resurrection is a demonstrated fact, and, as Christ has risen, so also shall they who believe in Him rise triumphant from the grave.

An Illustration of the Resurrection

A man working for Farady, the great French chemist, accidentally knocked a splendid silver cup into some fluid and was astonished to see the silver rapidly disappear. The workmen gathered round and were greatly dismayed, deploring the loss of such a valuable article. Being informed of the occurrence, Farady appeared upon the scene. Taking a small quantity of a certain fluid, he poured it into the basin, and gradually the silver fell to the bottom. Carefully pouring off the liquid, he took the silver and sent it to be remade at the silversmith's who had designed the cup.

What was possible to the great chemist in the realm of science is possible to God in the spiritual realm, and though our finite minds cannot grasp the wonder of the miracle, we know that He is able to give us the victory over death and the grave, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

APRIL 23rd. JOASH REPAIRS THE TEMPLE

2 Kings xi. 21—xii. 16

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The youthful monarch. (2) His concern for the house of the Lord. (3) The preparation for the restoration of the Temple.

The Prophecy of Youth

THE early experiences of life are often prophetic of the character of one's future career; but, unfortunately, Joash did not in later life adhere to the ideals of his youth. He began well. Placed on the throne when only seven years old, he showed a deep concern for the condition of the Temple, and faithfully followed in the right path.

Joash's lapse, however, is one of the exceptions that prove the rule. Moses again and again exhibited the noble traits which ripened into the genius of the deliverer. Abraham Lincoln's early life was prophetic of his grand mission. "He sees a little bird fallen from its nest; he stops his horse, dismounts, and places the little thing back in the nest. He sees a hog drowning in the mire, its foot having been caught in a root; he plunges in and frees the hog's foot and saves its life. He sees a drunkard in the gutter, jeered at and pelted by the loafers standing by; he picks the fellow up, and with his wonderful strength throws him on his shoulder and carries him to his home. A widow's son is accused of crime; there is no money for his defence; Lincoln volunteers

to defend the boy, wins the case, and will not take a cent of pay. That is the spirit of the man whom God was raising up to do a great work for Him."

APRIL 30th. GOD'S PITY FOR THE HEATHEN

Jonah iii. 1—iv. 2

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) Jonah's commission. (2) The repentance of the Ninevites. (3) The anger of the prophet and how God taught him a great lesson.

The Value of a Soul

It is not God's purpose that any should perish, but that all should be brought to repentance, and this is clearly illustrated in the lesson before us. Jonah was sent to call the Ninevites to repentance. He did not realise the value of a lost soul, but God did.

There was a year in the little church at Blantyre when but one convert was welcomed to the Lord's table, but that lad was David Livingstone, whose mighty work in Africa will last for all time. A young Sunday-school teacher, a poor seamstress, one Sunday gave to a rough street arab a shilling to induce him to go to a Sunday school. That boy, Amos Sutton, was converted, went to work as a missionary among the Telugus, and after twenty-five years ten thousand converts were won in a single year.

If Christian people only realised the value of a soul in the sight of God there would be a keener desire to tell the Gospel to those who sit in darkness, and missionary societies would not have to plead so hard for the money with which to carry on their work. A young Brahmin once put this question to a missionary: "Do the Christian people of England really believe that it would be a good thing for the people of India to become Christians?" "Yes, to be sure," he replied. "What I mean," continued the Brahmin, "is this: do they in their hearts believe that the Hindus would be better if they were converted to Christianity?" "Certainly they do," replied the missionary. "Why, then, do they act in such a strange way? Why do they send so few to preach their religion? When there are vacancies in the Civil Service there are numerous applications at once; when there is a military expedition a hundred officers volunteer for it; in commercial enterprises also you are full of activity. But with religion it is different. I see one missionary here with his wife; 150 miles off is another, and 100 miles in another direction is another. How can the Christians expect to convert the people from their hoary faith with so little effort?"



JUST A GRAIN OF WHEAT

And Its Relation to Our Daily Bread

By ELIZABETH STUART

SOME years ago the observant section of our nation opened its eyes to a novel experiment and watched with deepest interest for its development. A few grains of wheat had been discovered clasped in the unknowing palm of an Egyptian mummy, where for a matter of two thousand years they had lain unmolested. The precious grains were planted, and given an ordinary chance to prove themselves "alive," and the people who awaited the result with eager anticipation were by and by delighted to hear that the corn was not only growing, in the limited sense of the word, but promising to come to perfection.

It is not surprising that those few grains of wheat, like the widow's mite and the alabaster box of ointment, passed into history. They offer evidence that is absolutely unique and convincing of the infinite patience of Nature and her utter disregard of human hurry; they also demonstrate the almost incredible power of duration of the life-principle under circumstances that do not encourage such duration, but only render it barely possible; and they tell, further, of the tremendous force of that tiny life which can show itself exactly as perfect at the end of two thousand seasons as at the end of one.

The Soul of Bread

There is something else to say about this experiment. It has become world-famous, not in spite of its homeliness, but because of it. If the seeds in the mummy's palm had reproduced some marvellous but long-forgotten variety of flower or plant, with a name only to be understood by learned folk, the event would have been a nine-days' wonder of very little interest except to the few; but, when considering so exceedingly familiar an object as a grain of wheat, one cannot but feel that here is something that "belongs"; a helpful, active, beneficent atom, whose tiny soul is of real importance to learned and simple alike.

If we were clever enough to split up a grain of wheat into what analysts call its "component parts," we should find that to every 98½ parts of something else there were 1½ parts of *germ*. The germ part of the wheat is exceedingly valuable from the dietetic point of view, because it is the portion of the grain which contains *fat* and *proteids*. *Protein* is the tissue-building, energy-producing part of our food. Without it we cannot get along anyhow; our tissues fall out of repair, and we become limp, flabby, and inert—fit for nothing.

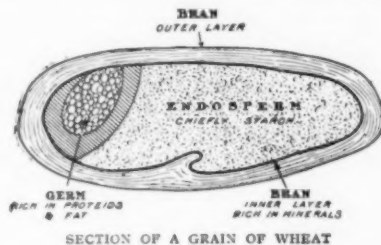
One of the first preliminaries to the production of finest white flour is a ridding of the wheat of every particle of germ. This germ, from the miller's point of view, is a nuisance, and quite unprofitable as a constituent of the flour. The fat in it clogs the steel rollers, and, even if coaxed past that stage, presently turns rancid in the flour and imparts an objectionable flavour.

A miller, whose success depends upon turning out so many thousand sacks of flour per week or per day, is greatly apt to be impatient of hindrances.

His chief concern is to supply the growing demand for an ultra-white, superfine flour; and he will be a very exceptional man indeed if he listens to the feeble complaint of the few, and pauses to consider what effect his superfine milling is likely to have upon the teeth, bones, muscles, fibres, and brains of a generation yet unborn.

Germless Bread and Its Effect upon the National Health

But we are in no such hurry, and, after some twenty or thirty years' experience of flour that has been getting more and more "fine," we may be in a position to draw our own conclusions with regard to its effect upon health. What about the teeth of our little children? Is it a small thing that we have now to pay medical men regularly to examine the mouths of the school-children—from the "infants" upwards? And why are such diseases as rickets, consumption, wasting of the bone, and childish debility for ever on the increase? Consider the diet of the average child: bread and milk or bread and butter for breakfast, vegetables and a floury pudding for dinner, bread and butter and cake for tea, bread and milk for supper. There is not much of a robbery, counting it grain by grain;



but just lump it for a year or two, and the amount of nutriment stolen from the child becomes simply appalling. Not only so, but you must remember that we—the mothers—have ourselves been robbed in like manner, probably for years before our children were born, so that we have handed down to them a predisposition to suffer from this continued deprivation of the natural sustenance provided for them in the living grains of wheat, given us for their daily bread, and maltreated by our sanction.

What is Meant by the New Bread

We women have a strange way of picking up our education. Statistics baffle us; they go in at one ear and out of the other, leaving a most unsatisfactory impression behind. Just now we are being considerably worried by a continual repetition of the words "germ" and "semolina," and not a few of us have been wondering whether the germ in bread is a germ put into it, instead of belonging to

THE QUIVER

it, and whether the semolina in bread is the same sort of thing as that we have been in the habit of purchasing as such from our grocer. Semolina—first-class semolina—is not always a product of wheat. Much of the semolina one buys is prepared from maize, much of it is finely ground macaroni, and it is only a certain grade of semolina, indistinguishable to the ordinary buyer, which is prepared direct from the central parts of hard wheats. Suffice it to say that the semolina which should be found in our wheaten bread has been put there by Nature. You remember that when we split up our grain of wheat into a hundred parts we specified $1\frac{1}{2}$ parts as "germ" and $98\frac{1}{2}$ parts as "something else." The semolina is a very valuable integral part of the "something else," and any bread flour deserving its name contains its full quota of semolina.

Hovis Bread and How It Compares with Newer Varieties

Have you ever seen a fussy and pompous old gentleman, with spectacles pushed above his sight-level, go fuming about looking for those same glasses, and quite failing to find them until, in a moment of final perplexity, he knocks them off his forehead?

There are a good many people doing much the same thing just now with regard to the new bread. "Here's a pretty to do," say they; "the millers are robbing us of the germ and the semolina in our bread. What can we do to force them to give it back to us?"

Well, for the last quarter of a century the bread known as "Hovis" has been regularly supplied to thousands upon thousands of us. We have pinned our faith unwaveringly to it, recognising its nutty flavour, its delicate crumb, its crisp, toothsome crust, but, all the same, our eyes have not been fully opened to its real merits as a body-builder. The so-called new bread offers us $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of energy-producing, body-building "germ." What, then, have we to say to Hovis, which adds to all its other virtues this crowning one, that it contains *twenty-five* per cent. of specially treated wheat germ?

Dr. Robert Hutchison, in his famous book, "Food and the Principles of Dietetics"—a book written entirely in the interests of public health, and one in which there is no private axe to grind—says emphatically: "With the free addition of butter or some other fat Hovis is not far from being a complete food." The same indisputable authority considers that ordinary brown bread possesses no advantage over white household bread, for the reason that although it is better *chemically*, yet *physiologically* it is not so easily absorbed. That is to say, the brown bread really possesses more nutriment than the white, but has it in such a form that the additional nutriment doesn't get digested. But *again* an exception is made in favour of Hovis, which is, according to Dr. Hutchison's belief, "the most nitrogenous bread on the market."

This great authority does not by any means stand alone in his contention. Dr. A. T. Schofield, in his essay on "Nerves in Order," says: "Hovis Bread is of real value as compared with other breads on account of the amount of fat it contains, making it nearly equal to bread and butter."

One might multiply such evidence, but where is the need? To those who give the matter thoughtful attention it will already have been made clear that Hovis Bread offers an absolute guarantee to all those who are looking for the highest possible Standard in Bread.



Over-fatness is a mask to facial beauty as well as a destroyer of beauty of form.

Antipon will permanently restore perfect proportions of face and figure, and reduce weight to normal.

Telegrams: "ILEKLEAN, BIRMINGHAM."

THE DAISY VACUUM CLEANER

reduces hours of domestic drudgery to minutes—and congenial work at that—which is not possible in the old domestic way.

THE DAISY WAY

—By means of powerful suction the DAISY VACUUM CLEANER completely removes all traces of dust and dirt from CARPETS, RUGS,

CHAIRS, UPHOLSTERY, etc., and with less wear and tear than by the use of duster, brush, or beater.

Write to-day for Booklet to

THE DAISY VACUUM CLEANER CO., Ltd.,

Gravelly Hill, Birmingham.

Telephone 565 East

PRICES FROM

42/-



MODEL B. £7 7 0



"KYL-FYRE"

THE BEST FIRE-ESCAPE

It is the delay whilst waiting for the Fire Brigade which causes the serious loss of property, and, in many instances, of life. With this Extinguisher installed on the premises the danger is reduced to a minimum, as an outbreak can be subdued immediately it is discovered.

No House or Factory is safe without this wonderful Appliance, which is daily saving both life and property.

Instant Extinction of Burning Petrol, Oil, etc.; the Best for Chimney Fires.

Price 5/- each.
Full particulars from—

"KYL-FYRE,"
Limited,
EASTBOURNE.

7, Mark Lane, London, E.C.3, & 92, Market St., Manchester.

The GOOD OLD BROWN BREAD

of our forefathers made strong and healthy Britons—because it contained all the wheat.

"ARTOX" WHOLEMEAL

(STONE-GROUND)

contains ALL the wheat and is stone-ground. It has all the valuable mineral phosphates—bone, teeth, and nerve-forming, and the nitrogenous elements which build up the body. These are all thrown away in white flour. It not only makes a better bread than our forefathers were privileged to use, but Cakes, Scones, Puddings, Pies, and Pastry.

Sold by most Grocers and Stores.

FREE. Name of nearest agent and copy of our handsome Cookery Book, "Grains of Common Sense," sent free on application to

APPLEYARDS LTD. (Dept. 100), ROTHERHAM.

Imperial Hotel

500 Rooms.
Central for Business
or Pleasure, near chief
Shops & Theatres. Room,
Table d'Hôte Breakfast and Attendance, from 5/-

Write for Illustrated Booklet.

Russell Square,
LONDON

COUPON.

"How, When, and Where" Corner.

To Alison, "The Quiver,"

Isa Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

I should like to be entered as a Companion of the "HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE" CORNER, and will try to help in any way I can. I enclose a penny stamp for a Certificate of Membership.

Name.....

Address.....

Age.....

"THE PRIVY SLANDERER"

Already a great number of letters have been received in reference to Miss Ada Cambridge's story in our March issue. I am only able to print selections from a few, and hope to announce the prize-winner next month:—

"At the beginning of the story I felt indignant at the note of sarcasm on the part of the writer: but as the story developed I felt how possible it was for a girl to deceive herself as to her first duty, and then how sadly true such a story might be. But from my knowledge of missionaries, and the care taken in sending out such, there is a weak point in the story. If a girl offers to any missionary society she is put to the test in various ways, and I venture to think that such a girl as our story depicts would hardly be sent out."—A. F. D.

"I think if the sister-in-law had not filled the position of mother's help so admirably, the wife would have made a better wife and mother, and the domestic situation would never have reached the climax that it did. 'The very fact of it being one of the 'successful cases' of three proved it never should have existed.'—M. B.

"Yes: I do indeed think Miss Cambridge is perfectly right in emphasising the danger of neglecting the *nearest* duty. Mission work is the grandest work on earth; but home should come *first* in a Christian's witness."—M. M. B.

"The forceful way in which Ada Cambridge makes her readers feel the terrible results of a whispered slander is very arresting. The perfect wreckage of home, love, and life through the sin of the lips of a good woman is an object-lesson not easily forgotten. To me the regrettable part of the story is its foreign missionary setting—such a handle for those who hail eagerly anything that helps to vindicate their position either of indifference or opposition to work in the foreign field. They will not see that where one goes, by treading upon or over a God-given home claim and duty, fifty will disregard altogether the fields already white unto harvest, and settle down comfortably, almost thanking Heaven they are not fanatics. Then the testing experience of the work upon Grace herself surely would not in real life let her come home on furlough the same conscious piece of imagined goodness as she was when she left. One of two things must have been, I think—either that the required plod, the often wearying monotony, the absolute sinking of self, with much more, would so disgust or frighten her that she would return a failure, or there would come such a revelation of her real self, weakness and impotence, when in actual contact with the powers of darkness, as would beget a genuine humility and sweet tenderness, making her an instrument more fit for the Master's use.

"The outlining of the story is so vigorous, it seems almost thrown at you. This may be the source of its power; and the awful sadness of Agnes dying, to say nothing of the other ruin, with no reparation, literally slain by her friend, certainly burns in upon heart and brain a much-needed lesson and warning to us women to guard the door of our lips. One thanks the writer for the story, realising that what one may deem its faults are really the commendation for its purpose."—H. C.

"I read that haunting story 'The Privy Slanderer' with great interest, and am glad you had the courage to insert it. Upon some it may have a bad effect; others will learn much from it.

"Ada Cambridge is a keen satirist, but not a genial one. She cleverly scans the seamy side of excellent material, but her readers should insist upon looking at the other side too. The story's strength is in its truth, but the whole truth is not told. Human nature at its best is but human. There may be a suspicion of alloy in the coin that rings truest.

"I believe Grace Codrington to be better than a first reading of the story would suggest. She does possess something of the theatrical and likes to be under the limelight. But her steady devotion to social work where glamour soon fades, and duty wears sorry garbs, shows that her goodness, even when most obtrusive, is sincere. We have it hinted that Melbourne itself presents a field large enough for service. But has our author realised how limited are the opportunities at home for a young woman to dedicate her whole career to Christian work? The institutional churches are providing openings as 'sisters.' But one of the lessons Christianity must learn from its foreign fields is the utilisation at home of woman's time, brain, spirituality, and heroism.

"I admit that her mother would have been eased in her domestic duties had Grace stayed. But I venture to prophesy that the younger children would not so soon have learned valuable lessons of kind thoughtfulness and mutual aid. In this special time of China's crisis, I trust that many a home-loving girl may, on her knees, be guided to a right choice of where duty lies. The better must not be displaced by merely good. If only the call to go is a Divine one, the care of the home must be cast upon the caring One who knows best.

"Agnes seems to be the favourite in the story, and truly the pathos of her story compels us to look lovingly on her failings. But she certainly was too 'superior.' At that late stage there was no need to reveal to her guest her ignorance and unsuitability as a missionary. What good purpose was in her mind? Doubtless she had a fund of exact information upon comparative religion; but whom did it benefit? It did not even contribute much wisdom to that poor weak brother-in-law of hers. Of course, we can admire her practical devotion, and it was this that averted so long the sad but inevitable results of a wrong life-choice.

"I cannot excuse Grace for her spiteful remark. But biography teaches that the best of men, the Church's saints, have lamented in heartfelt, prayerful confessions that their unguarded and unspiritual moments have been far too frequent. We find them pleading for the cleansing of their secret thoughts, and for pardon of offences unwittingly committed. Poor Grace, who was no saint, only at best a consecrated girl, had one such moment. Unfortunately, it proved a very fruitful one, and its harvest of sad woes will never be fully reaped till the world's end as the story says—if then. But I am sure that long ago the recording angels have blotted out this sin of an unbalanced, impulsive soul, and that God in His goodness will graciously over-rule even her fault for good.

"At first I was inclined to think that our writer had 'piled up the agony' in Agnes' story. But now I think differently. That early grave, with its cross of white, was necessary to make us realise the unconscious ease with which Grace so carelessly committed her murder. She has no remorse, for she has no remembrance. With a steady step she marches on towards her heavenly crown, little guessing that before she received it she will be confronted—at any rate, I imagine that our author thinks so—with the terrible chain of sequences from the cruel word she spoke and forgot.

"But let Ada Cambridge also beware. Another story may be written of equal sadness. It is of a sensitive young Christian who dedicated her life to the sublime cause of raising and redeeming the vilest of her sex. But one day she heard that there was a theatrical element in her work: that the worse her 'cases' were the more interesting to her. It was even hinted that the prurient promptings of her curious lower nature formed part of her motive. Abashed, dismayed, the girl listened to these poisonous hints. She relinquished her labours. One poor sister, almost rescued, waited in vain for another thrust of the helping hand, till in despair she fell back into the abyss, lost herself, and became once more a medium and centre for others' loss. And all because someone was unduly suspicious of the purity of another's motives."—J. H. C.



Advance Styles for Spring

FROM ENGLAND'S PREMIER DRESS WAREHOUSE

To the 300,000 ladies who have favoured us with their instructions during the past two years, and equally to the thousands who have not taken advantage of our exceptional facilities, we would say

WRITE FOR OUR NEW PATTERNS

WRITE NOW! We have confidence that the new ranges represent just that "step in advance" of previous efforts which it is our constant aim to attain, and the delightful assortment of serviceable and durable materials includes everything choice and smart for Spring wear.

WRITE WHEREVER IN NEED OF ARTISTIC AND EFFECTIVE STYLES: The various departments are at all times comprehensively stocked with current fashions at remarkably keen prices, and our prompt and willing service is always at your disposal.

WONDERFUL COPIES OF HARRIS AND DONEGAL TWEEDS from 16 per yard; The "Challenge" Herringbone Tweed, 11½ per yard, 45 in. wide; The "Errol" Mixture Striped Tweed, 14 per yard, 45 in. wide; Coats, Coatings, &c. &c. All prices to 6/- per yard.

PLAIN DYED CLOTHES. Latest Colorings, Delightful Shades. Sedans, Fine Venetians, Faced Cloths, Chiffon Amazons, &c. From 2/- per yard up.

FANCY DRESSES. Delightful range of smart Stripes, Checks, Suitings, &c. Novelties in Black, Grey, and White. Extra value from 16 to 29.

COLOURED DRESSES. Exclusive designs. Over 200 different colourings dyed to our own shades. All Wool Crepes, 15/-; Striped Mignonnets, 15/-; Taffeta Brillantes, 18/-; Superfine Cashmeres, 110 to 23/-; Rich

Eolienne, Card, Ottoman and Floures.

BLACK DRESS GOODS. Duinity Silk and Wool Novelties, Grens'ines, Anoures, Fine Fancies, Eolienne, Mohairs, Voiles, Mignonnets Fancies, &c. All tastes and purses gratified.

CREAM FABRICS. Newest makes in Cheviots, Voiles, Fancy Serges, Mohairs, &c. &c.

EDMONDSON'S RELIABLE SERGES. All makes guaranteed fast dye and best quality material.

SKIRTS. Latest British and Continental Novelties in great profusion.

COTTON DRESSES. Delaines and Delainettes, 10/- to 18/-; Voiles, 9/- to 18/-; Dyed Goods, from 8/-; Muslins and Crimps, 8/- to 13/-; Zephyrs, Cambrics, Linens, Satines, Swiss Muslins, &c. &c.

It will pay to keep in touch with Edmondson's Warehouse all the while. Dress Fabrics are a speciality with us—not a side line.

WE GUARANTEE—
a) The largest stock in the Kingdom.
b) The lowest warehouse prices.

The cumulative experience of years has been directed to perfecting every detail of organisation, and orders are executed with the utmost promptitude and efficiency. Carriage paid on all orders over £1 in value. Address inquiries to

EDMONDSON'S WAREHOUSE, Ltd.,
(Letter Order Dept.), LEEDS. (Established 74 years).

PATTERNS
POST FREE
on request, together with Illustrated Catalogue.



TURKISH BATHS AT HOME.

All the delights and benefits of every form of Hot Air, Vapour, Perfumed and Medicated Baths can be enjoyed privately, economically, and with absolute safety in your own room.

Our Patent Folding Cabinets embrace every desirable feature and possess several exclusive advantages, such as—
Efficient and Absolutely Safe Outside Heater; Adjustable Seat; Heat Regulator; the Bath is not fastened by the neck to the Cabinet; Exit is easy and immediate—no assistant is required; Durability and Perfect Hygiene.

DR. GORDON STABLES says: "Foot's Bath Cabinet is the best."

Prices from 35/-. Write for "BATH BOOK," No. 24.

J. FOOT & SON, Ltd., (Dept. B 24), 171, New Bond St., London, W.

C. BRANDAUER & Co., Ltd., CIRCULAR-POINTED PENS.

SEVEN PRIZE
MEDALS.



Neither Scratch
nor Spurt.

Attention is
also drawn to the
**NEW PATENT
ANTI - BLOTTING
PENS.** Sample Box of
either series, 7d.

Works: BIRMINGHAM.

WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE: 124, NEWGATE STREET, LONDON.

Household Linens of Durability

EXAMPLES OF BARGAIN VALUES. HEAVY DOUBLE DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS

(Design No. P.340, Wild Rose and Ivy.)

Size	Price	Size	Price	Size	Price
2 x 2 yds. Each	11/-	3 x 2 yds. Each	16/6	3 x 2½ yds. Each	22/-
2½ x 2 " "	13/9	2½ x 2½ " "	17/4	3½ x 2½ " "	23/8

DINNER NAPKINS to match, 27 inches square, per dozen ... 18/9

SHEETS M 52. Pure Linen Sheets, heavy make, 2 x 3 yards, 26/10; 2½ x 3 yards, 34/4 per pair.
G 431. Hemstitched Linen Sheets, 2 x 3 yards, 38/6; 2½ x 3 yards, 49/6 per pair.

TOWELS H 51. Hemstitched Linen Towels, Damask border, 25 x 43 inches, 24/6 per dozen.
H 105. Grass bleached Linen Diaper Towels, 27 x 43 inches, 29/6 per dozen.

SAMPLES and ILLUSTRATED LIST POST FREE.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Ltd. 36, C. Donegall Place, BELFAST.

HOUSEHOLD USES OF NYLON

"MEN make houses, women make homes," but a home without perfect cleanliness is not worthy the name. Nylon, the cleanser and disinfectant, deodorises everything, and makes spotless homes. A pail of water, with a little Nylon in it, and dirt and dust, spots and stains, mustiness and bad odours are banished as if by magic.

For cleaning boards, cupboards, deal tables, and chairs, for cleansing and disinfecting all kinds of earthenware vessels, for "washing up" plates and dishes, for cleaning and polishing silver and silver plate, for cleaning glass and china, and giving them an "extra polish," Nylon is "just the very thing."

For cleaning painted walls, linoleum, and oilcloth; for polishing windows and looking-glasses, for removing old stains from marble, Nylon is "just the very thing," and as a disinfecting agent there is nothing to excel it.

Sponges, by their absorbent nature, harbour germs, and become a source of danger. Nylon will cleanse and disinfect them, and make them as fresh as new. Hairbrushes, too, are more easily cleaned with Nylon than with anything else.

Clothes will last double the time if sponged in the stained parts with Nylon, and the colours of carpets, rugs, and table-covers are readily restored and all stains removed by Nylon.

In the laundry Nylon should always be used, if only for its antiseptic properties. But it helps to wash linen white as snow, and is invaluable for washing blankets, flannels, and woollen garments without shrinking.

All sorts of delicate fabrics, such as silks and laces, may be cleaned by Nylon.

It brings cleanliness, brightness, and sweetness in its train, and no household is complete without it.

Nylon is sold in large-size bottles only, at the price of 1s., by chemists, grocers, stores, etc., from stock or on order. Should difficulty arise, a full-size bottle will be sent carriage paid (in the United Kingdom) by the Nylon Company, Store Street, London, on receipt of a 1s. postal order. When replying, applicant is respectfully invited to give the name and address of a local chemist or grocer.

RESTORATION

THIS article treats, not of the historic restoration of the exiled King Charles, about which Macaulay says, "every school-boy knows," but of a modern restoration of which Barrie would say "every woman knows."

Nearly all necessities for ladies are considered luxuries by the man who has to pay the bills. There would be far less friction in the family if more were known about cleaning and dyeing.

Ladies' and children's dresses, jackets and wearing apparel generally, however trimmed, can be dry-cleaned by the French chemical process without any part being unseamed. Made-up garments which have become faded should be sent *just as they are* to Campbells of Perth. Many of them can be dyed without unpicking, but if a better result can be attained by unseaming any part, this firm can be relied on to undo just what is necessary, and if so desired, will remake and return ready for use.

Feathers are beautifully cleaned or dyed and curled in the latest style; furs are cleaned and freed from moths; gloves of good quality can be repeatedly cleaned to look like new.

Messrs. Campbell make a speciality of gentlemen's clothing. Suits, etc., are invariably dry-cleaned whole, tailor-pressed and returned ready for wearing. They can also be repaired, and overcoats and sporting suits shower-proofed.

"The Perth Dye Works" have special appliances for cleaning and tinting starched curtains. The stiffening is made consistent with graceful draping and a smooth, dust-resisting surface.

Curtains in silk or wool can be dry-cleaned or dyed an entirely different colour, to harmonise with their surroundings.

Window blinds calendered by Campbells long retain their high finish, and can be relied on to run evenly on the rollers.

Eiderdown quilts take up so much of the exhalations from the body that special appliances are required to purify the downs and revive the colours of the coverings. Such work is successfully carried out by this firm.

Bad work is dear at any price. Better work cannot be got than at "The Perth Dye Works," and the reasonableness of the prices can be seen by writing Messrs. Campbell for a copy of the new edition of their catalogue, which suggests numerous economies that can be effected both in dress and furnishings. This brochure can be had post free from P. & P. Campbell, Limited, Perth. Inquiries to the same address will receive a prompt and courteous reply.

PEARS' SOAP

is sold in ONE QUALITY and
FOUR STYLES

6d. The popular *unscented* tablet. The ideal soap for *every-day* use. Absolutely pure and of the highest possible quality. Sold the world over.

1/- and 1/6. The same soap, but larger tablets and beautifully scented.

2/6. A still larger tablet, but fully scented with *Otto of Roses*, the most exquisite and most expensive of all perfumes. This represents the highest achievement in ancient or modern soap-making.

This world-famed soap is made in tablets intended to be sold at prices here mentioned, but retailers not infrequently sell PEARS' SOAP at less than the marked prices for the purpose of attracting customers to their own business. This forms a striking testimony to the merits and popularity of this great soap.

MATCHLESS
FOR THE
COMPLEXION

NEEDLESS ANXIETY

THERE are troubles enough in every woman's life, and she is foolish indeed who embitters her days with *unnecessary* worry.

Take the case of the one whom Nature has endowed with charming features and graceful figure, yet who suffers the disfigurement of superfluous hair on lip or chin. It is open to every woman to quickly remove this great bar to beauty, instead of enduring her trouble in passive silence.

Madame Tensfeldt's patented apparatus offers a remedy that is in every way kindly and reliable. The use of it is quite painless. The skin is *not* pierced as in ordinary electrolysis, the sensation is much slighter than the pressure of a pin-prick, and there is no shock or electric tingling. Neither nerves nor muscles are affected, yet, at each touch of this wonderful contrivance, the soft germ-root of one hair is painlessly dissolved.

To obviate the slightest degree of doubt or uncertainty as to the truth of these statements, Madame Tensfeldt offers to send her complete apparatus and magnifying mirror *on hire* for six months, for the trifling sum of two guineas. The one who accepts this offer can, in the privacy of her own boudoir, entirely rid herself of every superfluous hair. Lessons are sent with the apparatus, and special advice is gladly given if desired. A further mention of the Tensfeldt treatment appears in our advertisement pages, where, as it will be seen, instructions are given to apply for all information direct to Madame Tensfeldt, 122H, Princes Street, Edinburgh.

DISEASES OF CHILDREN

THE bronchial ailments of children are so common that advice as to treatment should be welcome to every mother. There are whooping-cough, croup, bronchitis, all of which are termed inflammatory bronchial diseases. Then there are the bronchial complications incident to scarlet fever and measles. Medical aid and advice should *always* be taken, but one is absolutely safe in first isolating the patient and allowing him to inhale the fumes of Vapo-Cresolene as soon as the slightest signs of the disease show themselves.

The effect of these Cresolene fumes is to destroy the germs of the disease and to act as a balm to the throat. This soothing induces sleep, and while the child sleeps the fumes are still attacking the root of the trouble.

Vapo-Cresolene is one of the very few cures which are prescribed and recommended throughout the world by doctors.

SPRING CLEANING WITHOUT WORRY

WHEN during the period of Spring Cleaning you come across here a carpet, there a rug, or some other of the household draperies or hangings which looks really past all renovation, don't get worried about it. All you need do is to send them to the cleaners, and, provided the actual fabric is intact, they can be cleaned to look practically like new at a fraction of their original cost, or, if faded, can be dyed to almost any desired colour. Then, too, when carpets or hangings are not in keeping with any proposed scheme of decoration, they can be dyed to harmonise.

The firm I would specially recommend to you is Messrs. Clark & Co., of 34, Hallcroft Road, Retford; they have been established over 100 years, and their works are equipped with all the most modern appliances for quickly and effectively handling articles of every description. Their charges are decidedly moderate, and nothing but the best work is ever turned out, whilst they pay carriage one way on everything. Ask them to send you their Price List—I know they will gladly do so.

THE knowledge of the dangers of dust in the home brings many to the sensible, practical, and perfect way of keeping it in check, by the use of a Daisy Vacuum Cleaner. Dust cannot be satisfactorily dealt with save by the vacuum system. It is not enough to chase it from floor to furniture, from furniture to shelves, and back again to the floor; it were wiser to allow it to rest undisturbed rather than to send it into the atmosphere, for in dust of every description the germ finds a most suitable abode. Every lady who realises that dust has no place in the clean, healthy home must relegate broom and duster to the past. With a Daisy Vacuum Cleaner in the home *all* dust can be captured from carpets, upholstery, bookcases, curtains, tapestries, pictures, or wearing apparel, and carried in its air-tight cage out of the house away to a safe distance, where it becomes no longer a source of worry and risk. The time is not far distant when a Daisy Vacuum Cleaner will be as familiar in every household as is the sewing machine to-day, for the cleaner is now offered at prices which will bring about its use in cottage, villa, and mansion. A copy of an illustrated book which gives prices and particulars of all the models may be had for the asking from the Daisy Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., Leamington Road, Gravelly Hill, Birmingham.

Analysis **proves** that
PLASMON
OATS

**Mid-
Lothian**

— Scotland's Best —
 "Is The Premier Oat-Food"

Medical Times.

4 minutes' boiling only. 6d. pkt.

PLASMON is used by the ROYAL FAMILY



RILEY'S BILLIARD TABLES.
 Roberts and Gray both made their record breaks on Riley's standard tables.
 The Riley's Miniature Table is built in exact proportion to the standard one played on by Gray. Get one. Riley's Miniature Billiard Tables to fit on your own dining table from £37/6. The 6ft. 4in. size, £54/6, is suitable for most rooms. RILEY'S combined Billiard and Dining Tables from £13/10/0 to £24/10/0. Prices include all accessories, carriage paid, to nearest railway station. Cash or easy payments. FREE, on receipt of post card, full detailed Illustrated Catalogue of Billiard & Dining Tables.
E. J. RILEY, Ltd., Birch Works, Accrington.
 London Showrooms: 147, ALDERSGATE ST., E.C.

**NOW, LADIES
 AND GENTLEMEN
 WE WANT YOU
 JUST TO TRY**

A WOMAN'S
 PRIDE
 AND GLORY.
 BEAUTIFUL
 HAIR.

"Egglossa"

THE
**WONDERFUL
 HAIR TONIC.**



No other tonic acts so effectively. It cleanses away the congealed secretions of the hair follicles, and kills dangerous dandruff germs and other bacilli. Then it penetrates to the roots of the hair, which it feeds and stimulates, thereby promoting a growth of

**SOFT, SILKY,
 LUSTROUS
 TRESSES.**

It positively stops falling hair.

In Bottles 1- & 2 1/2 of All Chemists, or post free from
**THE EGGLOSSA
 MANUFACTURING
 COMPANY,**
 Bishopston,
 BRISTOL.

I'm sure "EGGLOSSA" would be a fine thing for your hair. It has done wonders for mine.

**SKIN
 LUXURY**



**CUTICURA
 SOAP**

It does so much for poor complexions, red, rough hands and dry, thin and falling hair. It does even more for skin-tortured and disfigured infants.

Sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 10, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; India, B. K. Pail, Calcutta; China, Hong Kong Drug Co.; Japan, Maruya, Ltd., Tokio; So. Africa, Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town, etc.; U.S.A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., 133 Columbus Ave., Boston.

64-32-page Cuticura Book, post-free, a Guide to the Best Care and Treatment of Skin and Hair.

THE QUIVER

KEMO

Razor Sharpener

For all kinds of Razor Blades. The effect of this dissolved metal upon a Razor is extraordinary. No other sharpener gives to your Razor the perfected edge which results from a KEMO Strop.

KEMO Strope are made in two qualities in both Graduating Cushion and Hanging Strap styles. Price 2/9 and 4/6.

KEMO Strop for Safety Razor Blades, 2/- post free.

KEMO Sharpener for self-treatment of Strope is easily applied, and will convert a useless Strop into a perfect edge-producer. Price 6d., from all Cutlers, Stores, &c., or post free



Makes a keen edge



KEMOLINE RAZOR SHARPENER CO.
17, BILLITER ST LONDON EC 4



STAIN GREY HAIRS

The Hair, Whiskers, or Eyebrows are simply and safely done with

"NECROCEINE."

Restoring the colour (any shade) to the roots, it has a lasting effect, and makes detection impossible. Does not stain the skin. Undoubtedly the cleanest and best Hair Stainer in the World. Light Brown, Golden, Dark Brown, and Black. Secretly packed by Post for 3/3, 2/3, 3/3, 5/-.
LEIGH & CRAWFORD (Desk 10), 32, Brooke St., Holborn, London, E.C. 4.

CHIVERS' CARPET SOAP 6d

is the best carpet cleaner in the world. It removes ink, grease and all dirt from carpets and woollen fabric. A damp cloth—a little Chivers' Soap—a carpet like new without taking it up. Sample ball sent post free 8d. stamp. F. CHIVERS & CO., SOAP WORKS, BATH.



—and his sole goes marching on



because his heels are fitted with 'Wood-Milnes.' Wood-Milne Rubber Heels restore the spring and liveliness of youth to the heavy, pounding footsteps of old age. They increase any man's walking 'output'—save his health and nerves, save shoe-leather too. The great thing is, of course, to get the genuine

WOOD-MILNE RUBBER HEELS

Many styles, many sizes, all the best money-value to be had. Better rubber than any others, therefore better resilience, better wear, better value.

See the name WOOD-MILNE on each heel—and let the Bootmaker fix them.

SIX REASONS WHY babies thrive on Nestlé's Milk



1. **NATURAL FOOD.**—Milk is the natural food of infants. Nestlé's Milk is the purest milk with all its original cream, and nothing added but pure refined sugar.
2. **EASY TO DIGEST.**—Nestlé's Milk is easy to digest, and agrees better than fresh milk with children who are at all delicate.
3. **PURITY.**—Nestlé's Milk is guaranteed free from disease germs. It is not a patent preparation, but pure milk, unskimmed, uncoloured, undrugged, and unadulterated.
4. **STANDARD QUALITY.**—Unlike fresh milk, Nestlé's Milk always contains exactly the same proportion of cream.
5. **FLAVOUR.**—Babies like the deliciously rich and creamy flavour of Nestlé's Milk, and take to it at once.
6. **THE SIXTH** and many other reasons are given in booklet "Nestlé's Milk as a Food for Infants." Write for free copy.

Address, Nestlé's, 6 and 8, Eastcheap, London, E.C.

Nestlé's *condensed* Swiss Milk

Richest in cream.

Best for every purpose.

The Bread for our Families

Try the
GERMATA
STONE-MADE
BREAD



It contains
all the essential elements of
A PERFECT BREAD
scientifically prepared

The Good Old Bread
of our Forefathers

Feed your Boys and your Girls
on this Bread and so lay in them
the foundation of **STRONG** and
HEALTHY MANHOOD and
WOMANHOOD

2 GOLD MEDALS in 1910.

Particulars of—

The Boy— The **GERMATA MEAL CO.,**
What will he become? **BEDDINGTON, Surrey.**



Yes. There are special merits in **CARNA DENTIFRICE SALTS** that others do not possess.

They cleanse the mouth to a degree rarely equalled by any other means.

They harden the gums and give them a healthy feeling and appearance.

They preserve the teeth and arrest decay. Have you a decayed tooth? Use **CARNA DENTIFRICE SALTS** and the decay will go no further.

They impart a pearly whiteness to the teeth which is much to be admired.

They give that cleanly and refreshing feeling to the mouth which is enjoyable.

After using them one gets the true flavour of the food one eats.

**No waste in use. Just try them.
SIXPENCE A BOX.**

Of all Chemists, or post free of
CARNA MANUFACTURING CO., Ltd.,
110, Strand, LONDON, W.C.

Cut this out. **FREE Coupon for**

PANSHINE KITCHEN MAGIC

PANSHINE is the ever-ready domestic help. From the time you get up until all the work is done PANSKINE is a willing and able worker. If you are cleaning

PANS, TABLES, LINOLEUMS,
DISHES, FLOORS, OILCLOTHS,
KNIVES, PAINT, BATHS,
ENAMEL WARE, WINDOWS, TILES,

anything except clothes and silver, PANSKINE will effectively and quickly do the work for you.



For Marble Tops.

THIS COUPON IS WORTH TO YOU

1½d.

and if presented duly filled in at foot, together with 1½d., enables you to obtain from your dealer a

3d. DECORATED TIN of PANSKINE
Or THREE 1d. DREDGER PACKETS.

NOTE TO TRADER

This Coupon will be redeemed at full face value if presented or forwarded within 30 days to—

H. D. POCHIN & CO.,
Limited,
MANCHESTER.

Your Name and Address

Trader's Name and Address

O Dept.

This Coupon available until April 30th, 1911.

COUPON.

The League of Loving Hearts.

To the Editor, "The Quiver,"

Isa Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

Please enrol me as a Member of the League of Loving Hearts and forward a Certificate. I enclose One Shilling.

(Signed)

Address

Dr. J. Collis Browne's

Chlorodyne

The Best Remedy known for
COUGHS, COLDS,
ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.

**Cuts short all attacks of
SPASMS, HYSTERIA, and
PALPITATION.**

**The only Palliative in
NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE,
GOUT, RHEUMATISM.**

Acts like a charm in DIARRHCEA and DYSENTERY.

**Refuse Imitations and insist on having
Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S Chlorodyne.
The ORIGINAL and ONLY GENUINE.**

Convincing Medical Testimony with each Bottle. Of all Chemists, 1/1½, 2/9 and 4/6.



The Most Valuable Medicine ever discovered.

The QUEEN'S HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN.

HACKNEY ROAD,
BETHNAL
GREEN,
E.

The Largest of Hospitals.
134 beds always full.

Economically
Administered.

£12,000 a year expenditure.
Assured income under £1,000.

**PLEASE
HELP.**

T. Glenton-Kerr, Sec.

Late "North Eastern" Hospital.
33,000 Out-Patients annually.

Inquiry
System
in force for
prevention of
abuse.

87,000 Attendances.
No funds in hand.

INDIGESTION

is the primary cause of most of the ills to which we are subject. Hence a medicine that stimulates the digestive organs will relieve quite a number of complaints.

WHELPTON'S VEGETABLE PURIFYING PILLS

arouse the stomach to action, promote the flow of gastric juice, and give tone to the whole system. Headache flies away, Biliousness, Kidney Disorders, and Skin Complaints disappear, while cheerful spirits and clear complexions follow in due course. A-K FOR

WHELPTON'S PURIFYING PILLS.

And remember there is NO PILL "JUST as GOOD."
Of all Chemists, 1s. 1½d. per Box.

Waterman's (Ideal) Fountain Pen

The first year the
public bought 200
Waterman's Ideals.
Last year—over
1,000,000.
Inference obvious.

PRICES: 10/6, 15/6, 17/6,
21/6, and upwards. In
Silver and Gold for Pre-
sentation. Of Stationers,
Jewellers, etc. Booklet
free from L. & C.
HARDTMUTH, LTD.,
Koh-i-noor House,
Kingsway, London.

(New York: 173 Broad-
way. Paris: 6 Rue
de Hanovre. Vienna:
1. Franzensring, 20.
Milan: Via Bossi, 4.
Dresden: Pragerstrasse,
6. Zurich: Löwen-
strasse, 23. Brussels:
14 Rue Pont Neuf.)

Also ask to be shown Waterman's
Ideal Safety Pens and Pump-Filling
Pens, 12/6 and upwards.



HEALTH INSURANCE



A good **POLICY** is to keep a bottle of **ENO'S FRUIT SALT** always in the house.

It is a reliable Health Insurance. Nothing else can better protect you from the ills the flesh is heir to.

ENO'S FRUIT SALT

for over 35 years has been helping millions to regain and retain health, energy, and comfort.

Don't suffer from injudicious eating or congestion from lack of exercise. If you take **'ENO'S'** every morning you will soon find a great improvement in your general health. Your food tastes good and is beneficial, your sleep is unbroken and refreshing, the colour comes back to your cheeks, eruptions disappear, and you find life a delight, work a pleasure.

FRUIT SALT is pleasant to take and gentle in its action, and is the best remedy for Headache, Biliousness, Indigestion, Impure Blood, Congestion, and Feverish Conditions of the system.

It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested, and approved literally from Pole to Pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

Fry's
Pure Concentrated
Cocoa

Cocoa and Chocolate Manufacturers
to the Royal Houses of England
and Spain.

BY SPECIAL WARRANTS OF APPOINTMENT.

P & P
Campbell Ltd.
The **PERTH**
DYE WORKS

Solicit orders for **SPRING CLEANING** Chintz
and Cretonne, Curtains and other Furnishings;
also Ladies' and Gent's Garments
Costume from 5/-; Gent's Suit, 4/-.

CLARK & CO

Send your Dress or Suit
to **CLARK & CO**
THE CLEANERS
to be dry cleaned & made like new
FIXED CHARGE 4/-
Postage paid one way.

SEND FOR
PRICE LIST

34 **HALLCROFT ROAD** **RET FORD**

BEST WORK
LOW CHARGES

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

RED
WHITE
& BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.